

POEMS

O N

Several Occasions.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Francis Saunders* at the *Blue*
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Strand. 1696.

PROEM

TO

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written by the Honorable
Sir Robert Howard

LONDON

Printed for J. Smith in the Strand
1702



TO THE
READER.

IT has been the usuall custom of Epistles, to give the Reader an account of the causes that brought those writings into publick, that were onely intended for a private Closet; and commonly it has been at the request of friends, perhaps with mingled truth and designe, to prae-engage the judgments of many, by telling the opinion of some, so to preserve their modesty as much in the pretence, as they could have done in the concealment of their Writings,

Though I cannot pretend such a cause as this, I can yet free my self from that vanity that others would avoid, by assuring the Reader, I had not stock of confidence enough to shew these things privately to many friends, much lesse to be furnish'd with enough, to make them publick to all

To the Reader.

indifferent persons, had not the desires of the Book-seller prevail'd with me : to whose civilities I believ'd my self so far engag'd, as to deny him nothing that he thought a kindnesse, which could not be severely prejudiciall to my self. Yet I doubted not, but that I should receive the censures of many ; which, upon the granted principle of prejudice, appear'd not a reasonable argument to prevail with me to deny his request, since the same should as well perswade me not to live ; for life and conversation render man in Print more than letters can do ; and is made more publick by that way, than he can be by this. His life is mingled more with his defects and passions, than probably his writings are ; and whether they are equall, or exceed others, need not trouble him that writes : He may be satisfied, the production of retir'd hours are the best of himself. I had no great reason then to deny his request, that imagin'd he ask'd his own advantage, when he desired nothing that I believed contrary to mine.

Yet I wish that it may so far give satisfaction to all, that they may as little repent the reading, as I did the writing ; whilst in these gentle studies I found a diversion from greater follies ; and by that comparison they received obliging natures. Perhaps, there's few that read them, may
not

To the Reader,

not as well be conscious to themselves, to have spent some time not so innocently; and for that cause forgive that, which for its own sake they cannot admire.

For the severall subjects which here make one bundle, there is not any of them that I have not layn by me these many years (two or three copies of Verses onely excepted); and had been wholly perhaps laid aside, but for the reasons given, applying my self now to more serious studies, according to the severall seasons of encreasing age; as the earth produces various fruits to the different seasons of the year. By this short account of time, the Reader may discern in what cloudy days my Muse spread her wings, as little contributing to her flying a noble height, as to shew a just subject: He that most deserv'd it was most deni'd it (as he was indeed his right in all things) either from private fear, or publick power, though I equall not the crime of faint thoughts in passive submission, to the guilt of bold profession in publick action. 'Tis now to be hop'd, that the praises of our Prince, who so much merits it, may be received willingly by all, since nothing can be said of him, that has not been done by him; and man's largest invention has been excell'd by His actions, there being nothing capable o

To the Reader.

make him appear more excellent than himself; unless it had been our want of him, when by experience we found his miseries were ours, and all that we inflicted on him returned in double measures on our selves; like stones madly tost into the air, and forc'd from their proper center, that fall back with increas'd weight upon their heads that flung them. We are now presented that in him, which this world sparingly produces; in one composition, an object for our Consciences and Interest, in whose preservation, our Temporall and Eternall states have equall shares. Yet I should a little be dissatisfied with my self to appear publick in his praise, just when he was visibly restoring to power, did not the reading of the Panegyrick vindicate the writing of it, and, besides my affirmation, assure the Reader, It was written when the King deserved the Praise as much as now, but separated farther from the Power; which was about three years since, when I was Prisoner in *Windsor-Castle*; being the best diversion I could then find for my own condition; to think, how great his Vertues were for whom I suffered, though in so small a measure compar'd to his own, that I rather blush at it, than believe it meritorious.

For the other Verses and Songs, I must profess

To the Reader.

fesse they were never directed to any particular Beauty, which may (to the Amorous Reader at least) be a just excuse, if they want Perfection, to remember I wanted Passion, and had onely my own warmth, unassisted by the influence of a Mistresse. Nor shall I envy him that writes better, by being much in love, if he must purchase the advantage of Wit by the losse of Freedom.

For the Translations, the Authors have already received those Characters from the world, that they need none of mine, especially *Virgil*, of whose works I have onely publish'd this one Book, that lay finished by me; not judging it convenient to perfect those other Books of his *Æneid's*, which I have rudely gone through, having long since 'laid aside all designs of that nature; and this little of it rather grew publick from accident, than designe, the Mingle it had with my private Papers, was the greatest cause, that it received its share in the publick Impression.

For *Statius*, he had received commendations enough; had he been alone commended by *Juvenal* in his 7 *Satyr*. but *Alexand. ab Alex.* also, lib. 6. ch. 14. relates, that he thrice received the Victor's Lawrell in the publick reading of his Verses, and was once vanquish'd; as unjustly

To the Reader.

* *Agelli lib. 17. ch. 4.* perhaps as * *Menander* was judged to be overcome by *Philemon*, whose faction was greater, though his wit lesse; inso-much that meeting him afterwards, *Menander* desired him to confesse ingenuously, if he did not blush when he vanquish'd him. For this piece of his, I confesse I chose it as most pleasing to me, I wish it may be so to the Reader; though there wants not

* *Nonn. Cy in unâ Achilleide ira surgit ut illic multò sublimius ferri videatur, quàm quò potuerit toto Thebaide pervenire. Demir.*

* ingenious men, who prefer'd it before his other Poems. The *Annotations* may in some places perhaps be judged too large; yet, had I omitted any thing, it is probable that the same persons would have censur'd me for ignorance: so that being equally sensible of these extreams, I judg'd it the testimony of the greatest modesty, By omitting little, to shew my self not at all secure in the world's opinion.

I have thus, ingenuous Reader, given you a clear and true account of my Self and Writings, not oppress'd with apprehension, nor rais'd by neglect; but preserv'd by an indifferency, that destroys not my civilitie to others, nor my own content; desiring not to engrosse, but share satisfaction. If in any thing I justly need, or designe to ask pardon, 'tis for Errors that probably the
Reader

To the Reader.

Reader may meet with; having been reduc'd to the strait of neglecting this, or businesse. I confesse my Interest prevail'd with me though, not wholly to neglect the Reader, since I prevail'd with a worthy Friend to take so much view of my blotted Copies, as to free me from grosse Errors. Having thus set down all my designe and reasons, I leave the Reader with as little Concern to use his, as I have shewed him mine.

to the bottom.

I have been thinking of writing to you for some time, but have been so busy that I could not find time. I have been very busy with my work, and have not had time to write to you. I have been thinking of writing to you for some time, but have been so busy that I could not find time. I have been very busy with my work, and have not had time to write to you. I have been thinking of writing to you for some time, but have been so busy that I could not find time. I have been very busy with my work, and have not had time to write to you.



To my Honored Friend,

S^r ROBERT HOWARD,

On his Excellent Poems.

AS there is Musick uninform'd by Art
In those wild Notes, which with a merry heart
The Birds in unfrequented shades expresse,
who better taught at home, yet please us lesse:
So in your Verse, a native sweetnesse dwells,
which shames Composure, and its Art excells.
Singing, no more can your soft numbers grace
Then Paint adds charms unto a beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even calmnesse does suppose them deep,
Such is your Muse: no Metaphor swell'd with high
with dangerous boldnesse lifts her to the sky;
Those mounting Fancies when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withall so sweet,
Did never but in Sampson's Riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no signe of toil, no sweat appear.

Either

Either your Art hides Art, as Stoicks feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:
Or 'tis some happinesse that still pursues
Each act and motion of your gracefull muse.
Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious * Net that is for fancies
spread,

{ Rete Mira-
bile.

Let's through its Meshes every meaner thought,
While rich Idea's there are onely caught,
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e're produce so beautifull a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong Genius then which does not feel
Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel:
To carry weight and run so lightly too
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne're do more
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end,
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a Beauty and a Fortune too.
Of Morall Knowledge Poesie was Queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been;

who

Who like ill Guardians liu'd themselves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like some brave Captain, your successfull Pen
Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again;
And gives us hope, that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but Fanatique Bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober Prince's Government is best."
This is not all; your Art the way has found
To make improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal Lawrells bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore
Elisa's griefs, are so exprest by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido rather then what Jove had said.
If funerall Rites can give a Ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those.
Elisa's shade may now its wandring cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no lesse
Your kindnesse great Achilles doth confesse,
Who dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those Virgin's Rokes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your Numbers with your Author's view;
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiffe as if design'd in luffe;

His

*His colours laid so thick on every place,
 As onely shew'd the paint, but hid the face :
 But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
 Which in the Glasse, not in the Picture be ;
 So here our sight obligeingly mistakes
 That wealth which his your bounty onely makes.
 Thus vulgar disks are by Cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.*

** Annotations } Your curious * Notes so search into
 on Statius. } that Age,*

*When all was fable but the sacred Page,
 That since in that dark night we needs must stray,
 We are at least misled in pleasant way.
 But what we most admire, your Verse no lesse
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confesse.
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtfull streak
 Of light, you saw great Charls his morning break.
 So skilfull Sea-men ken the Land from far,
 Which shews like mists to the dul Passenger.
 To Charls your Muse first pays her dutious love,
 As still the Antients did begin from Iove.
 With Monck you end, whose name preserv'd shall
 be,*

** Hic fitus est Rufus qui } As Rome recorded * Rufus
 pulso vindice quondam, } memory,
 Imperium asseruit non si- } Who thought it greater honor
 bi sed Patria. } to obey*

His Countrey's interest than the world to sway.

But

*But to write worthy things of worthy men
Is the peculiar talent of your Pen :
Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.*

*" This Work by merit first of Fame secure
" Is likewise happy in its Geniture :
" For since 'tis born when Charls ascends the Throne,
" It shares at once his Fortune and its own.*

JOHN DRIDEN.

There is a world of good in
it: it is the best of good
I ever saw: your grace is
well contented in your sight to behold.

“ It is a goodly sight to see
“ the grace of your grace
“ for ever in your grace
“ it is a goodly sight to see

JOHN DRIDEN



The g
Make
With
Thofe

(1)



A
PANEGYRICK
To the
K I N G.



THE true *Parnassus* (Sir) which
Muses know,
Are Subjects which they choose;
to whom they owe
Their Inspirations, differing as
the times,
Unhappy Vertues, or successfull
Crimes.

The greatest Choyce is, where the most Success
Makes Fears as great, nor their Ambitions lesse.
With the Usurped Crowns they strive for Bays;
Those readier not to Act than These to Praise.

B

My

My Muse (Great Sir) has no such fears, or knows
 A better Inspiration than your VVoes :
 To sing those Vertues which are all your own,
 Not brought you by Successes or a Throne ;
 But by the malice of the world withstood :
 So much 'tis easier to be Great than Good.
 Which knows no end, or change by human things ,
 But like the world (Eternall) whence it springs.
 Greatness is, as forbidden Pleasures are ,
 Reach'd by th'impious hands, that will but dare
 Attempt all Crimes, still scorning a retreat :
 Onely the Bad can be unjustly Great.

By Falls from Thrones, such, and the vertuous know
 What Fate to them, or they to Fortune owe.
 By courage nor by vertue can be staid
 Fortune, which tired grows by lending aid.
 So, when all Thrones on *Cesar* were bestow'd ,
 Not Fate to him, but he to Fortune ow'd ,
 And paid her back the vastest Principall
 She ever lent, in his too-wretched Fall ;
 To whose successfull Courage once she gave
 The * Mistres of the World to be his Slave.

To fair days, storms succeed; to storms, the fair :
 We know but what we are by what we were.
 And Mans condition's valu'd more or lesse ,
 By what he had, not what he does possesse.
 For no Extreame could ever gain a Height
 From their own natures, but each other's weight.

* Rome, call'd by *Etivie*, *Totius Orbis Dominatrix*.

So * *Lucan* made the flying *Pompey* blame,
 Not present Woes, but his too-early Fame.
 Great * *Scipio*, whose too happy courage made
 His Country free, and *Hannibal*'s enslav'd,
 Had been more happy, had he been but lessle,
 And not fear'd want of glory, but excessle.
 Whose Countre-men's ungrateful fears were more,
 For his successle, than *Hannibal*'s before.
 So much Plebeian Souls from Nature's School,
 Are fitted more for Servitude than Rule.

Would such Examples had been onely known;
 But we have felt à greater of our own,
 In your Great Father seen; whose Sunshine-days
 Deserves not more our wonder than our praise:
 Nor did his days of Tempests lessle proclaim,
 But taught us more of Miracle and Fame.
 And equal'd all the miseries it brought;
 By vertues, which unequal'd sufferings taught.

* ——— *Sed longi pœnas Fortuna fvoris* { *Lucan.*
Exigit à misera, quæ tanto pondere famæ { *Phar.*
Res premit adversas, fatisque prioribus urget. { lib. 8.

* *Hannibal*, in his excellent Speech to *Scipio* between
 their Armies, then ready to fight, set down by *Livie*;
 among other motives to *Scipio* for peace, by his own
 example, advises him to be secure from the Ingratitude
 of his Country; which afterwards was too largely evi-
 dent by their reducing him to Privacy as great as his for-
 mer Glories, and render'd themselves unworthy of his
 Ashes, which to this day lie in an unknown Grave.

Frailty affliction brings ; and yet a friend,
 In giving those afflictions too an end.
 Yet immortality can no blessing give,
 But make that perfect, which must ever live.
 His soul, refin'd so by Cels'trall heat,
 One could not hurt ; and t'other ha's made great.
 He pay'd his scores of Frailty, and of Joy's,
 To live, where nothing that's enjoy'd destroy's.
 And fell, lest this frail World like Heaven might be,
 At once admitting Him, and Constancy.

Happy were we, had we but understood,
 None were too great, nor we our selves too good !
 Within our selves, and by our selves confin'd:
 One by our Ocean ; t'other by our Mind.
 Whilst the obliged World, by War unsought,
 Was willingly by gentler Traffick brought.
 Secure and Rich ; whilst every swelling Tide,
 That brought us safety, brought us Wealth beside.
 Above the reach of the World's power grown,
 And had been safe, had we but fear'd our owne.
 What the Grave *Spaniard*, and the *Belgian* too,
 The active *French*, by power could not do,
 Our passions did ; and quickly made it known,
 We could be Conquered by our selves alone.
 And acting that which others could not do,
 Are now fit for their Scorn, and Conquest too.
 How just, and sure Heaven's revenges are !
 We slighted peace ; and grow despis'd by War.
 Like Mad men then, possess'd with Lunacy ;
 We now must find a Cure in misery.

And

And by our suffering, to our wits redeem'd,
 Our long-lost peacetull temper grows esteem'd,
 For man does most, by the Comparative,
 At the true knowledge of Extreame arrive.
 And in affliction's ready to adore,
 That which he hardly could indure before.
 How fatally this Nation proves it true,

In mourning for our banish't Peace; and You!

To You, Great Sir, Fortune's in debt alone,
 Who can be no way pai'd, but by your owne,
 Your Vertues have not more made Crowns your due,
 Than sufferings taught you how to use them too,
 Stroaks upon solid bodies do provoke

A secret brightnesse free, unmixt with smock
 No grossnesse mingled; but bright sparks declare,
 What mighty firmnesse their Composures are.

So whilst the stroaks of Fortune on You light,
 Your mighty frame appears more firm and bright.

Affliction often by its powerfull weight,
 Is the Case-shor of Destiny and Fate.

Routing faint principles together brought
 By prosperous vertues; not by hazards taught.

Whilst the weak man is too much understood,
 His frailty more, than his substantiall good.

As in the low declining of the day,
 Mens shaddows more enlarged shew, than they;

So in the worlds great, last, adversity,
 When every Element their power must try;

To dissolution they must all retire,
 And leave but one pure Element of fire.

All that was grosse, which from weak nature flows,
 In your great trialls, so expiring shows.
 And all unto your Nobler Soul resign'd,
 Nothing seems left in you, but what's refin'd.
 No longer, now, subject to what is frail,
 But have from Nature, cut off the entail.

Nor yet could Fortune with her pow'r or frowns,
 Ravish your Father's Vertues, though his Crowns;
 So little was th' esteem of human things,
 To that once best, and now most blest, of Kings.
 One that in all his time, was never known,
 Greedy of Lives, though weary of his own. [time,
 Peace Crown'd his thoughts, though not his wretched
 His Nature was his fate, his Crown his crime:
 Despis'd by his own people, first; because,
 He stoop'd below his power, and their laws.
 His casie gifts seem'd all but debts; when they,
 Had nothing left to ask, nor he to pay.
 Yet that he might unjust, or mean, appear,
 For what his nature gave, they thank't his fear.
 All the fair vertues of his Halcyon-times
 Instead of gratitude contracted crimes
 In those, who from the fears he ever had,
 Of being ill, took boldnesse to be bad.
 Such as on peace, the name of [idle] fling,
 And make their Prince a Tyrant or no King;
 So fell that Prince, too good for such bad times,
 By his own Vertues, and by others Crimes.

Now against you, Great Sir, their swords are turn'd,
 And joy in what the VVorld besides has mourn'd.

Still

Still constant in their Crimes and Cruelty,
 All Conscience turn'd into Necessity.
 Which by the view of acted sins before,
 Does safe appear, onely by doing more :
 As those who quit firm shores, when the wind raves,
 Must not retire, but bustle still in waves.
 The wandring Needle so can never stay,
 Till it finds out the Point it should obey.
 Our Constitution toucht by Monarchy,
 Till it rests there, must always wandring bee ;
 And that must fix in You: None could convey
 True light, but He that ought to rule the day.
 VVhen *Phaeton* did to that heighth aspire,
 He brought not influence to the world, but fire :
 So those led by Ambition to your Throne ,
 Have brought us ruine, and have found their own.

VVhilst thus our Sphear is over-cast with Clouds,
 You (the bright Sun) their envious darkness shrouds,
 As ready to break forth, when Factions here
 Divide, as when dark clouds part in the Sphear,
 The Sun can be. No offer you neglect,
 To warm us with your lustre, and protect
 From such foggs of mean Souls, which still will flie
 O're us, till all's dispell'd by Majesty.

Once for your Kingdome's sake you durst oppose
 Your Laurel'd Enemies with your * conquer'd foes.
 Yet Heaven from your assistance then was itaid,
 Left the ill Act the good had over-vveigh'd ;

* Coming in with the Scots, who were before
 Conquer'd by the *English* at *Dunbar*.

And in the Victory those *Scots* had found
 Their Crimes together vvith your Vertues crown'd.
 Then 'twas You did attempt your debt to pay
 To Us or Nature, by a noble way.
 The bold * *Aeneas* so, having left *Troy*
 In its own funerall flames, scorn'd to enjoy
 Safety alone; but, led by Vertues great
 As vvcre the Dangers he was to repeat,
 Return'd among his ruin'd Friends and State,
 To bring them safety, or to fetch their fate.
 VVhilst our dull souls all nobler vvarmth deny'd,
 The Covvard and th'Insensible divide
 Our vvocs made habits by the use, or dare
 Not think vve knowv how great our sufferings are.
 Like those vvho dwell in still-resounding Caves,
 VVhere *Nile* sends headlong down his rapid vvaves,
 Are deaf, because the Clamors constant are,
 The VVater not out-thundered by the Air.
 So, still oppress'd, Custom at last denies
 Unto our Souls the use of Faculties.

Thus is Your case in forlorn habits drest,
 Rob'd of your friends by fear and interest.
 VVhilst Princes little think (since change is sure)
 To pity others is to be secure;
 Like those, vvho neither dying men deplore,
 Nor have more thoughts of frailty than before.

* *Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti
 Per Trojam, et rursus caput obesse periculis.*
Virg. lib. 2. Aeneid.

But HE above, to make his Power known,
 What exceeds ours, has fitted for his own;
 And can by those bad Instruments restore
 Your Crowns, that were their ravishers before.
 By Jealousie, and their ambitious Pride,
 Which may their Crimes among themselves divide;
 Till in each others guilty bosome too,
 They sheath their Swords more justly than they drew.
 Like *Cadmus* children that were born with strife,
 Their quarrells not lesse ancient than their life,
 Which never in successive mischief dyes,
 And factions still on others ruines rise.

So a swell'd VVave in all its pride appears,
 Whose certain fate the following billow bears.
 In Storms, ruine on ruine still depends,
 Till want of giddy waves the quarrell ends.

So Justice your returning Throne prolongs,
 Till they upon themselves revenge your wrongs.
 That without Vict'ry you may Conquest find,
 And without Blood your peacefull Brows may bind
 With all those Crowns, which are as much your due
 As Birth and Vertue can contribute to.

Thus the great Power of all, having first chose
 To make your Vertues great and safe by Woes,
 Will, by as unexpected ways, restore
 Your ravish'd Crowns, as they were lost before.

To AMARANTA.

The Fate of Scorn.

IF you the world could Conquer one by one,
You'd then want Trophies for your boundless
mind;

Like that ambitious (1) Prince, who wanted room,
In the strait circuit of the world confin'd.

Then like the Tyrant (2) *Nero* you must fall;
Such fate's as his due to such cruelty,
Unpittied and unminded too of all,
At once without a Friend or Enemy.

The Soldier that joins Conquest to his name
By Victories, when overcome with years,
(As you must one day be) preserves his fame,
Not by those wounds he gave, but those he bears.

So when your Charms in Age's furrows lie
Lost, and forgotten, they had once so mov'd;

(1) *Alexander the Great, of whom Juvenal, 10.
Estuat infelix angusto limite mundi.*

(2) *Suetonius, in the Life of Nero, reports, that in his last extremity, when he sought for Spicillus the Fencer, or any, to dispatch him: And equally wanting Friends and Enemies to afford him that last favour; Ergo ego (inquit) nec Amicum habeo, nec Inimicum?*

One Wound amidst your heaps of Victory
Would better tell, that you had been belov'd.

Then like a Tyrant ravish'd from his Throne,
You'll wish, that you had gentlier us'd your own.

*Song at AMARANTA's Command,
set to the Tune of ARCHIBELLA.*

FAir *Amaranta*, if thy Eyes
Could force some feigned tears to rise,
It might my easie thoughts suffice.

And joyn'd with mine, perhaps might prove
Enough my Sorrows to remove;
I do not ask they should my Love.

But mine, I fear, thy tears will fright;
And like those * Rivers that take flight
In the same Banks, yet ne'r unite.

Those streams from springs like ours might flow,
The tears can ne'r united grow,
Of feigned grief and reall woe.

* The *Gave* and *Danubius*, whose streams never mix in
threescore miles together, as *Sir Henry Blunt* in his *Travels* affirms.

Should you too weep, though 'twere for me,
 I should be so concern'd for thee,
 To beg again thy cruelty.
 No, there's no way to cure my pain;
 But paying Truth and Love again,
 Such, and as great as feeds my flame.

To the unconstant CYNTHIA.
 A SONG.

TELL me once, Dear, how it does prove
 That I so much forsworn could be
 I never swore always to love,
 I only vow'd still to love thee:
 And art thou now what thou wert then,
 Unsworn unto by other men?

In thy fair Breast, and once-fair Soul;
 I thought my Vows were writ alone;
 But others Oaths so blurr'd the Scrole,
 That I no more could read my own.
 And am I still oblig'd to pay,
 When you had thrown the Bond away?

Nor must we onely part in Joy,
 Our tears as well must be unkind:
 Weep you, that could such truth destroy;
 And I, that could such falseness find.

Thus

Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided Joys and Pain.

Yet we may love, but on this different score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

To the Same.

YOU are not, *Cynthia*, better pleas'd than I,
That you first led the way
Through this dark night of blind Inconstancy;
And first found break of Day.
To freedom now we'll sacrifice dreams past.
'Twas my good fate to cry Good-morrow last.

Perhaps so soon I could not dis-engage,
Having a greater score.
Some Birds will longer hover round the Cage,
Though 'twas their Jail before.
Yet sure I meant not long to sit about
The ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out.

Since now my Jaylor has my Chains unty'd,
I'll hold my hand no more
Up at Love's Bar; he is condemn'd untride,
That has been burnt before.
Now that heart-sickness which she gave, protects;
'Tis seldom that the same plague twice infects.

Breasts that have known Love's cruell slavery,
 Are better fortifi'd
 By that experience than they ere can be,
 By reason or by pride.
 Then blush not that you quench'd this am'rous flame,
 But blush with me, if we two love again.

To the Same.

TEmpt me no more (fair *Cynthia*) 'tis as vain,
 As was the hated Action when you lost,
 What you unjustly fancy novv to gain;
 Though at the same repeated vice's cost.
 For he you lov'd more than your Constancy,
 Must suffer now as then you injur'd me.

Such punishment attends that hated sinne,
 That the repentance of it, is a Crime:
 And you to gain my heart must act agen
 The vice which lost it first, from being thine.
 How justly does Love's-god his power show,
 In making the unconstant ever so?

That * Queen whose charms on *Cesar* all could do,
 He did to others by his Sword and Mind,

* *Cleopatra*; whose beauty gain'd her as absolute an Empire over *Julius Cesar*; as he had over others, by his victories and vertues. After him, this Queen as various in Love, as in Ambition, extended her Conquests over *Marcus Antonius*, to whose power *Octavius Cesar* put an end, overthrowing the Lovers in a Battell, and design'd *Cleopatra* to adorn his Triumph, who by death prevented a shame, so contrary to her former glories.

He

Making the VVorld his Slave and Lover too ;
Had she as constant been as fair and kind.

Othavius vvould have blush'd at thoughts to have,
Romes conquering *Cesar's* Mistris for his slave.

Nor did one *Cesar* justlier think his Love,
Paid to her charm's, vv whilst equall flames she feels,
Than t' other vvhen she did unconstant prove,
Design'd those beauties for his Chariot-wheels.

So you may fall unpittid as she did,
Unconstant unto all things bur her pride.

Those beauties vv which in your fair face and eyes,
So long have rendezvouz'd in Constant pay,
Like Armies still attempting victories,
And alway's kept on duty, must decay.

Then vvhen those troops of beauties once decline,
You'l feel the vvant of your lost Truth and Time.

TO CELIA.

*Who desired to have Verses, that were
written on Her in a glasse Window,
to be given Her in a sheet of Paper.*

YOur praises vv which the vvounded glafs did bear,
By your Command this paper now must wear ;
Both's

Both's due to you, 'tis just all praises meet,
Of VWomen, in a glasse, or in a sheet.

To AMARANTA.

The Confession.

Now I confesse, I am ore'come,
Though the out-works were storm'd before,
Yet they seem'd slighted and not vvonne;
VVhilst I had a Reserve in store.

But she that Conquers not in part,
Storm'd then my heart;
VVhich famish't reason kept before.

She had corrupted so my Spies,
And me to that Condition brought,
I durst not send abroad my eyes;
But like a Coward vink't and fought.
For vvhén I did those helpers use,
They brought me nevv's;
She had fresh troops of beauties got.

See vvhat is unrestrain'd desire,
And to give leave to vvandring eyes,
Like that fond fool that plaies vvith fire;
VVhere all the Ammunition lies.

And to attempt retreats is vain,
VVhen the laid train
Had taken fire from her eyes.

Now

Now my blown flame can fewell find,
 Of every thought I have, and knows
 How to disgett my peace of mind;
 For in distemper'd breasts Love grows.

Well did the antient Poets feign,
 That from the Main;
 And troubled Waves, Love's goddesse rose.

Yet though condemn'd, I blush to grieve,
 As much as once I did to love;
 I'm pleas'd his Laws grant no reprieve:

He that to Fate would slowly move,
 Has lost his courage with his heart,
 And that mean part
 May make her scorn a justice prove.

To Mrs. Mor. on the Birth of her

First Son.

THUS Heaven does you & us from fears redeem:
 At once gives Joy; and to that, Joy Esteem.
 Those relish Ease that first have tasted Pain;
 By knowing what we want, we value gain.
 So great and perfect now your blessings are,
 You seem in more than what is frail to share;
 Whilst you renew your lease of life and fame,
 By living thus in vertues and in name.

'Tis just this child should be in all your heir,
 And equally of life and vertues share.
 For whilst he lay within his living Tomb,
 How could he but contract what was your own?
 So water, pour'd into a vessell, owes
 A relish to the cask through which it flowes.
 Thus you give vertues and give life away,
 Yet not lesse good, nor suffer by decay.
 One flame unto a thousand may give light,
 Yet has not lesse, nor does remain lesse bright.

But thus whilst life and vertue you bestow,
 Think to his happy passion what you owe.
 Had you left unrewarded his pure flame,
 You must have lost your share in time and fame.
 So in the Chaos before Love made way,
 Both Time and Glory unregarded lay.
 But see what mutuall obligations past,
 You gave him Joys, and he thus makes them last.

The Dream.

Stay thou still, dearest Shape, O do not fly!
 Why do those charming looks appear so strange?
 In t'other world there's no inconstancy,
 Nor has my Love in this admitted change.

The Joys in t'other world the gods bestow,
 Do from enlarged love and knowledge flow.

Since

Since then you needs must know I have been true,
 And my faith tells, you cannot but be so ;
 What cruell unknown Law obliges you,
 By this reserv'dness, to encrease my wo?

Like *Tantalus*, who always is deny'd [glide.
 Those streams which by his longing senses

Is it as wise men often tell us here ,
 Though love and knowledge shall have an encrease,
 They'l have no partiall applications there ;
 Knowledge resolves in Praise, and Love in Peace.
 As Sunshine equally on all reflects ,
 Yet to one object most no beam directs ?

Or are you now forbid to own a fire ,
 (Though kindled by the blessed shape you bear)
 Whilst rak'd in living ashes ? This desire ,
 You sure may own, and sure the gods will hear.
 In pity of my woes this blessing give ,
 That I may die, or unconcern'd may live.

A DIALOGUE.

Thirsis.

Charon.

Thir. *Charon*, O gentle *Charon*, bring thy Boat.

Char. Who's this that calls with an unusuall
 note ?

Thir. Hither thy Vessell, gentle *Charon*, drive.

Char. Thou speakst as if that thou wert now alive.

Thir. And may I still be so, unlesse to me
Thou tell'st large joys of your Eternity. [have

Char. Why wouldst thou know? since those that bodies
I seldom row, or those that want a grave.

Thir. I prethee why? [*Char.*] A sinful Soul will sinck
My patcht-up Bark almost below the brink.
Should Bodies too with their offences go,
'Twould sinck me quite. [*Thir.*] By that then
thou dost know

If any Soul has past these fatall streams,
Whom good or ill has govern'd in extreams.

Char. Perhaps I may. [*Thir.*] Then, gentle *Charon*, tell
What I shall ask, and I'll reward thee well.

Char. Ask quickly then, for here I never wait,
(Souls croud so fast; Ambition, War, and Fate
Send custom still. [*Thir.*] Did not thy fatall
Boat,

But lately, as if lost in tempests, float?

If thy Boat feels the humor of the Soul
It bears, sure it did lately strangely roul.

Char. I carried such a one, a Woman too,
Who then I guess had been too much untrue,
My Boat so totter'd still. Would it go where
she

Now lives? [*Thir.*] Not I, but rather tel to me,
What she does there? [*Char.*] She sickly wanders now,

And ever must, in gloe my shades below.

'Tis just they never should directly find, [mind-
Or know their way, that never knew their

Thir. I should have wander'd too, it seems; had I
But thought it fine to whine, and grieve, & die.
Nor yet her fallness, nor the cruelty
Of one more fair and good, could work on me,
To break my heart; perhaps it did my sleep.
Didst thou not carry, o're this fatall Deep,
One that appear'd severe, yet strictly good?

Char. My Bark did then but gently kiss the Floud;
She was no weight, for vertue was her guide,
And helpt me too as much as could a Tide.

Thir. She sure sits always still; but should I find
Her in your World, Might she at last grow
kind?

Char. No, Never now; for there may grow a crime,
Where there can be a change in thought or
time.

But if to go to her thou dost desire,
Thy joy must be, at distance to admire.

Thir. I thank thee, gentle *Charon*; now I'll stay,
Since I must either doat, or lose my way.
I'll back to our dull World again, and find
A Mistress, if I can, both fair and kind.
For since at last we hither all must throng,
'Tis good, I see, to bring one's heav'n along.
I hope the gods too will with this dispence,
To be unconstant in one's own defence. [scores

Char. Why then farewell. [*Thir.*] When I return my
I'll pay in vertues which shall be thy Oars.

Back to my World I'll go, [*Char.*] and I to
mine.

Chor. That Breast has heaven's light where Verrues
shine.

Heaven dwells in breasts, kept free from crimes
and hate ;

The place does but preserve from change and
fate.

The Resolution.

NO *Cynthia*, never think I can
Love a divided heart and mind ;
Your Sunshine love to every man ,
Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller *Persians* kneel,
And the bright god of Beams implore :
Whilst others equall influence feel.
That never did the god adore.

The riches of your Love's put forth,
And ev'ry man retains a part,
You can't call't in, to make you worth
The purchase of a faithfull heart.

Hope not to be mine, or your own ;
You can't your selfe to me restore,
The Nest is left, the Birds are flown :
And bankrupt-Love sets up no more :

Your

Your kindnesse which at randome flyes,
 Makes your Love-patients all secure,
 But they will find your Emp'rick eyes ;
 Can only palliate, never cure,

Though I resolve to love no more,
 Since I did once ; I will advise.
 The love of Conquests now give o're ,
 Disquiets wait on Victories.

To your much injur'd peace and name,
 Love's farewell as a tribute pay,
 Grow now reserv'd and raise your fame ;
 By your own choice not your decay.

She that to Age her charms resignes,
 And then at last turns Votary ;
 Though Vertue much the change inclines ,
 'Tis sullied by Necessity.

The Opinion.

Long have I thought, It was in vain,
 To seek to purchase Love or Fame :
 For both alike would slide away,
 Or by my own, or her decay.

For Love and Fame, crown'd with successe,
 Do from enjoyment both grow lesse.

Had the god's so, but been content,
 I would have liv'd indifferent.
 Not to have fear'd extreams of fate,
 Or Cares, that from lost Joyes take weight;
 Indifferency all safety keeps,
 Ther's none unhappy whilst he sleeps.

But strangely wak't, she did surprize,
 My blisse and reason with her eyes :
 So lazy Princes wanting aime,
 To seek to purchase love and fame,
 Are by some flighted power o'recome,
 The scorn of others, and their own.

Now she too much her power knows ;
 So some resisted stream o'reflows
 More than its usuall banks ; nor I
 Dare longer her just power deny :
 That must above the Common rate,
 Not reward passions but Create.

*To AMARANTA, doubting his
 Constancy.*

AS from a neighbouring rock, afflicted eyes
 See their lov'd object, tost by threatening waves,
 Rude messengers of angry destinies ;
 Their swelling wombs grown fertile too with graves.
Safety

Safety and joy, their nature lose ; whilst he,
Share's with the others, fears and destiny.

So from the height of all my happinesse,
Whilst I see storms of fears oppresse thee so,
I wish thy justice more, though kindnesse lesse ;
My grief is far more gentle then thy woe.

Though both wayes led unto my fate, yet I
Would as thy Martyr, not thy Traitor, dye.

Seldome, its true, the mighty stock of Love,
Meets in one mind, with such refined sense,
As to preserve that which it can't improve ;
Only by paying its own just expence.

Not all those taxes which vain eyes designe,
To many beauties, and decaying time.

Yet there is Love, like mine, can know no end,
Above the reach of any change or fate,
He smile at beauties too, that would pretend
A reformation in my happy state ;

Be but as kind, as I will constant prove,
And make my Joyes as perfect as my Love.

Upon bearing Mrs. M. K. sing.

O Ur vain Philosophy can only teach,
But not command, when sorrows make a
breach

Upon

Upon the heart : but to thy voice we pay
 Obedience, whilst we slight what wisemen say.
 Thy charming breath through our enchanted ears,
 Possession takes, where once our hopes and fears
 Rais'd storms before, and the becalmed breast,
 No longer now by cruell care's oppress.

'Twere Heaven protect'd thus from all extreams,
 Were but thy breath Eternall, and our Dreams.

So *Orpheus*, led not by his fate but choice,
 To the dull world of shades his charming voice ;
 Brought Heaven there, and made the torments cease,
 Th' infernall businesse all lock't up in peace.
 His voice, the busie Furies could compose,
 And thine our passions, Furies great as those.
 By *Lethe's* streams, which brought forgetfulnesse,
 Souls were secur'd of present happinesse.
 So thy Loud voice, not only Joy procures,
 But, by oblivion too, our cares secures.

We, whilst you Sing, in state of blisse remain,
 And when you cease, shrink to our selves again.

AMARANTA, to the god of Love.

AH, mighty Love, what power unknown,
 Hast thou now us'd more than thy own !
 It was thy conduct and designe,
 But not thy power that Vanquish't mine.
 As a great Captain to his Name,
 Of every Conquest joynes the fame ;

Though

Though 'twas not by his power got,
 But Army's, by his Conduct brought :
 So when thou could'st not do't alone,
 Thou lead'st his troops of Vertues on.

And I now feel by my surprize,
 Thou hast not only darts but eyes ;

Just god ! now take again thy Arms,
 And rally all I have of charms.

What pow'r and conduct cannot do,
 Make his believe contribute to.

So, when the earth some promise shows,
 That she does greater wealth inclose ;
 Believing men search her rich veins,
 And crown their hopes with unknown gains ;

May he, but at the first, incline to Love,
 Then by my Faith, and Time,
 His Justice, after the surprize,
 Shall be more fetter'd than his eyes ?

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THE
BLIND LADY,
A Comedy.

The Persons.

Sigismund King of Poland.

Albertus Vaivvode of Rutbenia.

Phylanter his son.

Mironault Vaivvode of Lithuania.

Hippasus, friends to Mironault.

Pylander, friends to Mironault.

Lycespes, friend to Phylanter.

Symonbacles, Generall to the King.

Peter, servant to the Blind Lady.

Messengers, Huntsmen, Tenants.

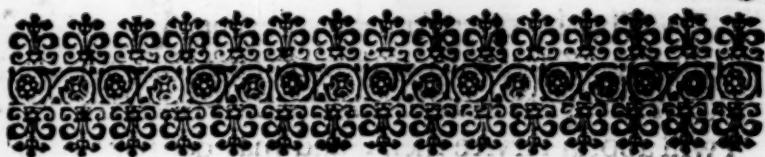
Mirramente, the Princesse.

Amione, sister to Mironault.

Philena, a great Lady attending the
Princesse.

Cæca, a Blind Lady.

Quinever, her Maid.



The Blind Lady.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter Albertus, Phylanter.

Alb. BUT upon what injury, *Phylanter*? [injuries

Phy. LOVE and Ambition, Sir, those two great

Of mens seduced minds, which fill the thoughts,

Full of Revenge, not with the justnesse of it.

What *Mironault* has done, moves not my hate;

But what he may, my fears. By her, a Kingdom, Sir;

And, with her self, a World —

Falls in my arms. How slow you are to crown

Me and your self with happinesse?

You can love neither, and deny.

Alb. But are you sure he comes?

Phy. I am certainly inform'd so.

Alb. Yet consider, son, how will the King resent,

That whilst he's paying his duty to the Princess,

He should be there surpris'd?

Phy.

The Blind Lady.

Phy. That is your part for to prevent, Sir,
 Telling the King, (such minds are ever jealous)
 That his designs were to surprize the Princeſſe;
 'Twill appear ſervice then, and may deſtroy
 My Rival's intereſt, if not advance my own.
 Thoſe, Sir, that traffick in theſe ſeas,
 Fraught not their Bark with fears:
 Beſides, there needs none now.

Alb. Yet think again, though, as you are my ſon,
 I can deny you little; and 'tis more juſt
 You ſhould deny your ſelf, and not obey
 Theſe haſty paſſions. He ne're injur'd you;
 Or if he had, there were a nobler way
 For your revenge than this. You are angry
 That the world's pleaſed with him, and that he may
 Enjoy a bliſs you wiſh for; or, at leaſt,
 Be cauſe he wiſhes it as well as you;
 A Quarrell which Mankind muſt lay aſide,
 Or all be Murderers.

Phy. You told me, I did obey my paſſions;
 To thoſe you give your reaſons then:
 As much you may expect from them,
 As if you told the winds they blew too hard.
 Think of the Cauſe, then judge of the Effect.
 'Tis Love—— Love for the Princeſſe too,
 For whoſe fair ſake, Who'd not attempt
 The angry billows ſwell'd with horrid ſtorms,
 The Sea-gods Pyramids, when every wave
 Bears too, like thoſe, within its womb a grave,
 Or dangers yet unheard of? Determine, Sir,

For

The Blind Lady.

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For I resolve to act; and let the story then
Come to his unprepared ears.

Alb. Well, that I may preserve you
From some more unadvised course, (if more can be)
I'll do it; but take heed

Of letting violence be offer'd to him:
Preserve thy self free from so foul a crime.

Love's way lies not through blood. Consider too
What we now go to act; nor blush

To think thou didst do ill, or that 'twill throw
Aspersions on thy judgment, to dislike
The folly thou hadst dotingly embrac'd.

Hee's wife that sees his error at the last,
Who weighs all these in perfect scales,
Shame of his crime, and not his wit, prevails.

Farewell, I leave you to your thoughts.
—— I'll on my way to night.

Heaven direct and prosper you. *Exit.*

Phyl. How nice his conscience was---- now to my
business.

And thou, great god of Love, that rul'st my heart,
Attempt but Fortune with as kind a Dart;
That whilst I reach at what can scarcely be,
Fortune as madly too may dote on me.

—— Now all things but designe

Leave me--- and yet---- it looks but odly,
To put off all this honesty at once;
And to have none about me.

Or was it ever mine? sure I borrow'd it,
And 'tis a thing that's taken up on trust;

The Blind Lady.

I owe the world so much: I'll think on't
 When I can pay it. *Lycespes*, welcome, { Enter
 I was resolv'd just now to seek you. { *Lycespes*.
Lyces. You would have found me still prepar'd to
 serve you.

Phyl. You are my noble friend, nor will I say,
 That I shall try it now; this onely can
 Preserve it. But words are wasters of our time,
 And robs us still of action. As fast then as you can
 Get all our friends in readinesse, as many
 As possibly you can, well arm'd and mounted.
 Return with all the speed your Love can make.
 As we go you shall know all,
 The rest must live in ignorance.

What Power now to invoke I hardly know,
 Yet every god has felt what Love can do. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT I. SCEN 2.

Enter two Huntsmen.

1. **C**OME, the Princesse is hard at hand:
 And if we haste not, she may overtake us.
 To night too, we must lodge the Deer.

2. We need not care for that; this Forrest
 Is so well stor'd, that Game's in every Thicket.
 It causes the Princesse constant progresse

Into

Into these parts--- But who are these? Enter

1. 'Tis the brave *Mironault*.

Mir. Well overtaken, Huntsmen, } *Mironault*,
Is the Princeſſe } *Hyppasus*,
} *Pysander*.

Yet far behind?

2. No, my Lord, he is almost in sight.

Mir. I thank you----

} *Exeunt*
} *Hunts.*

----- Whither does Love thus hurry me?

A Tyrant that denies the ſmalleſt hopes,

Where he gives largeſt wiſhes!

The greateſt Beauties are like greateſt Wealths,
Subjects for all mens wiſhes, not their hopes.

Fears ſhare with Love the Empire of the heart,
Rending alike the Lover and the Coward.

Danger's the awfull Miſtreſſe of the one,

Who fears to tempt her, leſt he ſhould endure

That fate too quickly, which he knowes is ſure.

So, whiſt the other's Miſtreſs too is ignorant,

Onely more ſlow, the pining Lover dies,

And that ſure fate but haltes, if ſhe denies.

Hyp. Dear Sir, let not grief thus torment you.
You ſhould have there a nobler Guest, your Reaſon;
And were that there, there hardly could be room
For ſuch diſorders. Paſſions are like Thieves,
That watch to enter undefended places,
And rob you too of all that put's a difference
Between Wild-beaſts and Man. Yet, miſtake not;
Your grief, if not diſpair, is the fond paſſion.
I ſpeak againſt, and not the love they ſpring from:
That were her injury, to whom alone.

All is due, as Rivers to the Ocean.

Yet Nature has decreed, that she must love :

Believe your worth and your devotion then

As great as any-----

Mir. O *Hyppasus*-----

'Tis easier far to counsell than to act ;

And every one's provided with the wisdom ,

That has not interest in the misfortune.

And those that in Feavors, though 'tis their ruine,

Wish Rivers of drink; the standers by ,

That then advise, and, may be, wonder at them,

Would, in the same disease , do just so too.

Pysan. You know not, Sir, but this great goddesse
May be a little mercifull: by this hand ,

If she be not, I'll be revenged ,

On half the Sex at least , by proving rigorous

To those poor Wenches I have prated to ; [sooth

That's every one almost that e're I saw--- Then for-

Will the poor creatures wish their amorous heads

Fill'd with Romances, pine, and die ,

With Willow-garlands under Myrtle-shades:

And grief for them will kill the Mothers too.

Your Princeesse shall not have many Female Subjects.

Mir. I thank thee, good *Pysander*, for attempting

To mix thy mirth with my opposing griefs.

But they are contraries, and cannot meet in one.

-----but let it perish with me----- I must again

Desire your secrecies.

Hyp. Nay that's-----

Mir. Pardon me, *Hyppasus*-----

I know it's needlesse to repeat
A wish of mine to either of you :
But what men's thoughts are full with, issue forth ,
With too much haste and freedom.

Pyfan. Will you take my advice, Sir ?

Hyp. Nay pray, Sir, hear him.

Mir. Come, what is't, *Pyfander* ? [tution

Pyfan. Wholsom extreamly! For the kind consti-
Of a decaying Lover; this is the short Receipt.

In the first place, make your self-- very-- drunk.

Nay, nay, you need not wonder ; by divine *Bacchus* ,

'Tis a rare expression of passion to court disorderly ,

To make a meer Chaos of one's self , and then give
her

The honor of Creating you ; then, besides,

All truth and all good nature will appear.

If this be not the way to be consider'd, I'll be judg'd--

Hyp. How do you like it, Sir ? [sus ;

Mir. There's kindnesse in't to me, I know, *Hyppa*-
And were I capable of mirth, it might produce it.

But Grief and Love are throng'd together,

And have scarce room enough. [you ;

Hyp. Have either Joy or Grief, wee'l share with
Nor was't our fears of having part

That made us wish you none; we value you

And our own lives at the same rate :

We wish them free from all misfortunes,

Yet share all willingly rather than part.

But we must alter now that shew of trouble

Which we have given our selves; for the Princess

Must needs be necr.

Mir. See *Hippasus*---

I had forgot the subject of my thoughts,
How greedily I wish, yet fear to see her !
Like some poor Votary, whose holy thoughts
Sets off so much, the joyes of Paradise,
That it employes as many fears as wishes.
---Hark she comes! You Powers above,
Lend Love and Fortune now their eyes,
To help, or see at least, their sacrifice.

Prin. You're well met, my Lord,
Was it a chance,

Or your designe that brought you ?

Mir. 'Tis all I have about me of ambition,
And of large wishes, that I may often
Have leave thus to present my service. [rable,

Prin. Your service, Sir, has been so much confide-
That I should be alone guilty of folly,
Did I not vallow it at such a rate,
As the whole World have sett upon it.

Miro. If I had such a power, to oblige
As much, as you are pleas'd to say I have;
The World's applause, could not so much reward
My services, as your receiving of them.

Prin. My interest, next to my Father's,
In this obliged Nation by your valour,
Has made it gratitude ever for me,
To avow that and more. [crown'd,

Mir. I have then much of my best wishes
Yet should you know all that my heart conceals,
Though

Enter
Princesse
Philena &
followers.

Though it be much like this, you'd be displeas'd
With what you have pretended to allow.

Prin. I cannot find this guilt about me, and can
lesse guesse. [me.

How you should have a thought that should displease
You cannot but oblige, and I as hardly
Can tell what's injury, if you should do it.

Mir. This is a kindnesse, still admired Princess,
That I must never ask the meaning of;
But to my flatter'd fancy, so interpret
As you would never do: yet 'tis unjust,
That I should use, the least kind word from you,
With an advantage to my selfe.

Prin. Sure, I may give you leave to do it,
For such a confidence I justly have
Of your great vertues, that you ever
Pursue your own advantages with others.

Mir. 'Tis true, to the undeserving World,
I can perform all this, only to you
I am unjust, that never wish
A good to you, when I desire most.

Prin. I hardly understand you: if I do,
The world is more oblig'd to you than I.

Mir. Such a strange Character, my fate
Has thrown upon me, yet my selfe,
And all that World, which seems so much
Beholding to me more than you,
Are as much lesse in my esteem,
As are the sands unto the mingled jewells,
The *Negro* brings up from the Deep together.

The Blind Lady.

Prin. Is there a possibility to know,
Your meaning then? [give it,

Mir. You should, if I were sure you would for-
Yet thus much take in guesses. Could Shades be sen-
sible,

And with the embraces of the Sun, were not that
Lamp,

Injar'd by that which lov'd it, could rude beasts

Be passionate for Empire, and not injure

The Throne because they lov'd it. 'Tis I

That am more dark then all those shades,

You brighter then that Sun; 'Tis I

That am that Beast rob'd of all reason.

And you above all Empires; I have acknowledg'd

My unsuspected guilt, because 't was so,

And though I cannot leave my Love,

I may my Life.----

[guesse,

Prin. You have done more than given me leave to
And since I have my selfe been guilty too,

In giving you the occasion I shall forbear

Such a displeasure as is due, and let you know.

'T was easie too for me to erre, that could so little

Imagine you to be so guilty: I shall adde

Only thus much, that as you valed

My presence or esteem, repeat no more

Any thing of this nature---- Come let's on:

{ *Exeunt*
Princess
and
Atten-
dants.

Mir. So Merchants for a tempting ven-
ture

Bankrupt themselves; yet what wealth had I

Before I knew my poverty from her?

'Tis

The Blind Lady.

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'Tis nothing I have lost, the difference is,
That I have something now I wish to lose,

Hyp. She is not, Sir, a greater enemy,
To your content, than you are to your selfe:

'Tis you enlarge her frowns by fancied fears,

Mir. Those that are free from danger, my *Hyp-*
pasus.

May look and wonder at another's fears,

That is environd with it: 'tis Concern

That is the excuse for Passion; were you my Rivall,

The Counsell would be juster if you gave it,

—Come we must not stay behind,—

There's nothing but a Lover pleas'd with sufferings.

All other rigors of this World,

Our wishes and endeavours still oppose,

The Prisoner hates his bolts, whilst he remains

Pleas'd not so much with freedom as his chains.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT 1. SCEN 3.

Enter Phylanter solus.

Phyl. **T**Rust me a little, Fortune, with my self,
I do not ask thy aide grow big my hopes,
And swell unto a Throne,
To Crown my Love, and my Ambition on;
From thence I'll view the thing call'd Honesty,

D 4

And

The Blind Lady.

And grieve 'tis so contemn'd, and ought to be.

-----Man is like pliant Wax,
That yields unto a fair Impression,
Though sent not from the noblest Metall:
And, in this world, it bears an equall show
To seem but onely honest, or be so. [fears:
And when the Crown's once gain'd, there needs no
Crimes change their natures then; or Men change
----Dye---- Scruples--- in my thoughts, [theirs.
And let my mind be a preposterous grave,
That bore you first, to bury you again:
----and your base issue---- Fear-----

Dye too, when Beauty and a Crown's so near.

----*Lycespes* welcome; what news? } Enter
Lyces. All as you would have it, Sir: } *Lycespes.*
The Troop is march'd, and flays you in the VWood,
Between this and the Castle.

Phyl. Let's follow then;
For Time's a busie Officer of our Interests
To every check of Fortune.

Lyces. VVe make some threescore Horse,
VWhich will be three Divisions; one for each Port.

Phyl. Let *Martianus* command the last.
As we go, I'll give you perfect Orders.
I wish they had some means to cherish a Resistance,
That he may help to his own ruine;
He must not live to plead his innocence.
But Time, that never will be staid,
Calls us to act what we have scarcely waigh'd.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

Enter *Princesse, Philena, Mironault.*

Prin. **Y**ou're welcome now, my Lord, and I
desire

No cloud may dwell on any brow;
Let no such prejudice happen amidst our sports.

Mir. If you be not obey'd, admired *Princesse*,
Where you command, it is extreamly strange;
And yet, I fear, 'tis possible.

Prin. As possible it is I may suspect my power.
But, my Lord, I had forgot to put you in remem-
Of perfecting the storie you began, [brance
As you then term'd it, of unhappy Lovers.

Mir. The *Princesse*, Madam,
Was taken by *Phylanter*, whose great valour,
Shewn in that day, deserv'd all Prisoners:
To whom he nobly offer'd Liberty,
Without a Ransome, or Acknowledgment
Unlesse to you. Before she thank't him,
She made enquiry for the Prince, my Prisoner;
As if she knew not how to use
Freedom nor life without him; and by reason
That he was full of wounds, *Phylanter*
Waited upon her to my Tent; at the first sight
Of him she so much lov'd, cover'd with wounds,
She stood amaz'd, perhaps too wish'd her self

What

What she appear'd, but a dead Statue.
 At the same time he rais'd his feeble eyes,
 Which seem'd to take unkindly her delay.
 At that she came, and kneeling by him,
 Made such expressions of unfeigned grief,
 That though we understood not what she said,
 Yet that was plain enough. He now grew speechless,
 (And she almost) yet still with signes,
 That seem'd expressions of more trouble.
 For leaving her then all the world
 Within her arms, he died; she but stayed
 To be assur'd that he was dead. Then with a haste,
 That shew'd a willingnesse to follow him,
 She drew a Viall from her bosom,
 And drank it off, before that we could hinder her;
 Whose violence, on an enfeebled heart
 By so much grief, with unbeliev'd haste,
 Wrought Execution.

Prin. Poor Princeesse! 'twas her hard fate to love;
 She had been else no more concern'd,
 Than those that now survive.

Mir. And she perhaps as unconcern'd to dye.
 Nothing but a deserving Love
 Could have taught her a way so glorious
 To end all cares. She now enjoys him too,
 Or else insensible that e're she lost him.

Prin. Did that young Prince command that day
 the Army?

Mir. Yes, and, as we learnt, he was the Heir
 To the Tartarian Empire.

Prin.

The Blind Lady.

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Prin. 'Tis nothing but a Prince
Could have been so unhappy to lose at once
His Love, his Life, his Empire.

[Enter hastily *Hyppefus*, *Lysander*.

Hyp. My Lord---

Hyppefus takes

Mir. Ha

Mironault aside.

Hyp. Let not the Princess see it :

The Castle is surrounded by a Troop of Souldiers ,
Commanded by *Phylanter*; I fear you are their aim.

Mir. I ?

[*Baseness.*

Hyp. You may guesse the causes , Jealousie and
Think, or you'r lost.

Mir. Ha---- 'tis very happy.

Pyf. I don't understand that.

Mir. I'll presse them nobly: Are they many ?

Hyp. They are divided, as we guesse. The gates
are yet kept shut.

Pyf. I'll go view, and instantly return. [Exit.

Mir. The Devill on the mischief! if their aim
Be towards me, it must be for my life.
A Parly cannot save me, I am resolv'd
To sell it.

Phil. Upon my life, Madam, there's some disorder,
View but the eyes of *Mironault*.

Prin. My Lord, why are you mov'd ?

Mir. I, Madam ?

Prin. Pray, Sir, let me entreat of you the cause.

Hyp. Nothing that ought to give you trouble ,
There's something that requires [Madam ,
The presence of my Lord without.

Prin.

Prin. If there be any that would speak with him,
They shall be here dispatcht.

Hyp. That cannot be, Madam.

Prin. Come, my Lord.

[ceiv'd)

There's something I can gueſſe at (if I be not de-
That does aſſure me, I may command you.
What buſineſs breeds this alteration?

Mir. I dare not disobey you ;
The Castle is surrounded by *Phylaster*
With Troops of Soldiers ; and, as we guess ,
My life's their aim. [aim ?

Prin. The Castle surrounded! and your life their
It is impossible: they dare not think it.
I will go see their rudeness. [here:

Mir. Not for the world; they know that you are
And their intents they'll act unto their power.

Prin. Is there a better way?

Mir. Yes any, rather than dye tamely,

Pyfa. For heaven's sake, Sir, resolve: *Phy-* { Enter
lanter's now, { *Pyfan-*
 forcing the gates, being denied entrance { *der.*

Forcing the gates, being denied entrance
For all his Souldiers, who loudly now
Call you, A Traitor. Upon one side
Which I'll conduct you to, it is most probable
You may escape—.

Prin. Ah me!

Mir. May I believe, (fair wonder of your Sex)
That though your cruelty designs my fate,
Yet you're displeas'd, that these should be
The Executioners? I shall then dare

To

To oppose all their furies, that my Life
May be Love's sacrifice alone; forgive me too,
If I dare own that Love, you frown upon.
You need not scruple to grant this---,
To any that must aske no more.
And may that peace, you give my dying thoughts,
For ever live with yours---

Prin. Pray say no more, think of your safety,

Mir. See, she weeps——.

With pitty ever dwells forgivenesse too,
My wishes then are crown'd, and I can have
No greater, unlesse that it were possible,
I might hope more and live.

Prin. O Mironault! ——

So much confusion mingles with my thoughts,
I know not what to say; and yet I wish
That you might live, and cannot be displeas'd,
Though hope should be the cause.

Mir. So Saylers in a sinking vessell,
May see a calm begin---. This treacherous world,
Never wants mischiefs to prevent
The greatest blessings that are near-approaching,
To crown man's greedy wishes.——
But I mistake, to doubt that Life
Which you have given leave I should enjoy.
Who only have the power of it. This shall [*Draw.*
witness,

How much I covet to preserve,
What you wish safety to; nor is it possible,
That I should unsuccessfull prove,

That

That have no other use for life but love ; [*Exeunt.*

Prin. The gods protect and guide you, O *Phylena*,
What's to be done ? [*well,*

Phy. Collect your self, dear Madam , all may be
Let's to a window, that o're-looks that side,
Where they intended to break forth.

Prin. I dare not see him fall.

Phy. Fear not Madam, Heaven will preserve
So fair a Life, that has your prayers too.

Prin. Hark, they are engag'd, lets see { *A noise of*
if it be possible, { *fighting.*
To give him more assistance than our wishes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCEN 5.

Enter *Mironault wounded*, [*A noise.*

Mir. Stay hasty drops, not to preserve
The life that does pursue you.

But the blest shrine, where *Mirramente* dwells,
See, 'tis not my wishes stayes the purple current :
Man's still most near to dye, when he would live,
And live when he would dye ; calamity,
And, the more dangerous extream, prosperity
Commits this violence upon mens wishes.
Yet since the gods denied for either cause
To destroy life, or to protect ;

In

In stead of Choice, we should oppose Neglect.

Hark, the noise increases still.

[*Noise.*

----sure they are lost----

They fought it nobly, though, if my ears

Deceive me not, I hear some coming. { Enter *Hyp-*

Ha *Hyppasus* and *Pylander* !

Then I am happy in spight of all mis- { *pasus* and

fortunes. *Pylander.*

Hyp. Dear Sir, you cut your way so nobly,
We should have reach'd you sooner else. [*fellows*

Pyf. And so we had Sir, but two or three good-
Still staid us upon conference----

Mir. Well, here's no staying, we must forward;
But whither, Heaven knows; 'twas an unworthy
action.

Pyf. For the honorable part of the story,
Wee'l, if you please, comment upon it hereafter.

In the mean time, 'tis more needfull to observe
What a condition we are in to help one another.

Hyppasus would make dainty whistles,

My bones are already rattles :

[*pitall.*

The best house of receipt I know would be an Hof-

A noise again----- On, good Sir.

Hyp. The most by-ways must guide us.

Mir. Heaven direct us----

Pyf. O what a speech could I now make
Of this frail world. But however,

I'll not stay now to do it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT I. SCEN. 6.

Enter *Princessse, Philena.*

Prin. HE cannot sure escape, [fate
Phy. Rather believe he must, there is a better
 Reserv'd for so much worth. Our hopes are now
 The policy as well as justice of our hearts.
 You know we did discern, how o're the plain
 Some hasted single; and *Pylander* said, they were
 divided.

At first you saw how fast he made his way,
 Triumph and Danger waiting on his Sword.
 The villains too, like dull opposing clouds,
 Gave way to the fair Sun; And then *Phylanter*
 Was on the other side.

Prin. Alas, *Phylena*, Fears are so powerfull,
 That in concerned breasts they govern all.

Phyl. It is our follies that enthrones them so;
 And to just wishes hopes are much more due:
 Use them, dear Madam-----

Prin. I need not blush, *Phylena*, to confesse,
 (And yet I shall, whilst I am doing it)
 That I have more concern for him
 Than others have. VVhen you know this,
 You will not judge your counsell then
 So easie to be followed-----

Phil. Pardon me, Madam, if I confesse,
 That I believ'd as much when I advis'd you.

The Blind Lady.

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I have had many reasons for such thoughts
From yours, though greater from his vertues. [grieve.

Prin. O *Phylena*, advise me how to do, not how to
I see I must be forc'd to a hard exigent,
To let him perish, or in his relief
To appear too concern'd, though not too just.

Phyl. Your reason, Madam, will not have leave
To decide that; 'tis Love will be the judge
Of all his dangers. But now, Madam,
VWhat is the next thing we must act?
Or must we suffer too?

Prin. Nay, Heaven knows; I sent one to enquire.
Now---- what's the matter? [Enter a *Servant*.

Ser. They say, Madam, they came for *Mironault*,
Who had designs upon your Highnesse.

Prin. And have they taken him?

Ser. No; but we hope they will.
He has left abundance hurt and dead. [rascalls,

Prin. Go, be gone you fool; you are all suspicious
Fain would be thought State-wife.

Ser. Madam.

Prin. Be gone, you hoping Coxcomb.
There's something more in this, *Phylena*. [lonlie,

Phyl. I cannot guesse, unlessse it be *Phylanter's* jea-
Urg'd by your constant favours unto *Mironault*.

Prin. Its possible. Hark, a noise; we
shall be more inform'd. { *Enter Phy-*

Phyl.-----Escap'd-----

Now by the gods your lives shall pay
for all. { *lanter, and,*
being half
enter'd speaks

You dogs and Cowards----

-----Madam, I humbly crave your pardon,
My passion makes me hasty, when your Cause
Gives the just anger.

Prin. My cause, Sir?

Phyl. Excellent Prince, Yours; for this foul man
That seem'd to pay his duty to you,
Pore in his breast a trait'rous & signe
Here to surprize you; which I hearing of,
Straight hasted to prevent it, though my fate
Was too unhappy in the losse of him.

Prin. Ha!

Phyl. But 'er----

Prin. Dost thou not blush, or blush for me at least,
That I have let thee injure Truth thus long,
And wrong'd an innocence, which never dwelt
Within thy infant-breast? Stay not to reply,
But leave me with your tumults. [Exit.]

Phyl. Then I am lost, my last stroak now I'll strike,
And strike it bravely too---- Despair,
Thou ha's the noblest issues of all ill,
Which frailty brings us to, for to be worse
We fear not, and who cannot lose
Is ever a franck Gamester.
Nor will I fall alone, should he enjoy her,
I should repining dye. Envie's the vice
That never leaves us till we fall from that,
The best companion of a hastie fate:
I'll cherish it as others would a Vertue,
He that declines himself----

----when

-----when Chance or Fortune has declin'd him first,
He learns of those mean helpers to do worst. [*Exit.*

A C T 2 . S C E N 1 .

Enter King, and Albertus.

Alb. **I**T was this day, Sir, that he intended the surprise;

And, notice given my son, with such few men
As he could get in readiness, he hasted thither.

Kin. 'Tis well; but take heed there be no foul
play in't.

For *Mirramant* has ever appear'd
A subject fit to ruine mean suspitions.

Alb. Love, Sir, can alter all; none more than I
Did hear (and wonder, with a pitying thought)
This error of his hopefull Youth; but when I think
He is a Man, and Youth dwells in his veins,
That still prepares for Beauty and Ambition,
The easie heart. Then look upon the Princess,
And see in her the pain and pride of Nature,
Her fresh unsullied beauty, that would tempt
The gods to gaze and love; I could almost forgive
----but must believe.

Kin. Ha! [joyes]

Alb. To add unto the power of Love, and all those
Her heavenly beauty brings a Kingdom too :
Crowns the ambition of his high-fed youth,
That makes all dangers lesse, from whose high top
They see it lessen'd in the common vale, and onely fit
To tame the spirits of the meaner minds.

— he that dares do,
Will act what his ambition tempts him to.

Kin. I know not; I would see just to all, and
would be safe;

And Injuries are as unpleasing to me as Injustice,
I would not bear the one, or act the other.
When malice spreads a rancour in the breast,
That needs a policy to bear it forth,
The minds of Kings most think to fit with jealousy,
As ever apt for that; believing still,
That all such fears dwells with their height of glory.
Take heed, my Lord, that this so loose opinion
Leads not your tongue, and casts that brand on me.
I believe well of all. On farther proof
I shall think best of you.

Alb. Would I were well off. [aside.
We have not yet (Great Sir) so little left
Of kindness to our selves, to play with Thunder;
Nor yet so mean —
A thought of you, to let you live in danger.
Heaven knows all the ambition that now rules our
thoughts;

And

And all we hope for that should crown our wishes,
Is to appear loyall to you, we are as free,
(Whilst you are so from danger), as a young Lamb
From hate or malice. [Heve

King. Nay my Lord, you do mistake, if you be-
You suffer in my thoughts, I am prepar'd
Still to reward your care, equally so
To punish or preserve his crime, or innocence.
When Kings do fall from this, and let each wind
Conduct them with its giddinesse;
Their Kingdoms at the last, must suffer ship-wrack.
Perhaps your innocence, may once as well
Suffer unheard, from some malicious tongue:
I never yet harbour'd an ill opinion,
Rais'd from suspition, or a meaner thought:
From others envy, nor yet forget
To cherish those, whose loyalties are greatest.
Justice is still impartiall, and all Kings,
Should only hold her scales: he that strives
To weigh down one with power, is unjust
To that Great King, that put him first in trust;

Alber. I'me lost ——— [aside.

King. But my Lord; we give you thanks now for
your early care,
We would have none discourag'd, to be loyall,
'Tis that which will adorn you here,
And help you to Eternity hereafter,
Whilst men are just, pleasing rewards will live
Within their breasts; greater then I can give.

[Exit.
Alber.

Alber. Hee's gone. —

— I would his son fly were too,
That sits upon him like to fit a garment,
The workman's paid, to have the credit of it.
Hee'll help the gods to marry cu omers. *{ Enter a messenger. }*
How now !

Mes. My Lord; —

Alber. From whence comest thou, — Ha, —
What newes? my mind mis-gives. —

Mes. From your Son.

Alber. Why, what's the newes?

Mes. But ill, ——— when that your son
Had round beset the Castle, and all thought sure,
The gallant *Mironault*, in his fearful mind
Weighing the bonds of death, and of an end my,
In perfect scales; the first appear'd the lightest,
And through one Port, bravely with his two friends,
Issued like Lightning which foretells a Clap,
And Thunder follow'd too: whilst in despite
Of their resistance, through their lives
He forc'd his way and safety. —

Alb. And so escap't? *[too,*

Mes. Yes, but they are still pursuing; the Princess
When that your son appear'd, as if her eyes
Had borrow'd, rage from the affrighting danger,
That *Mironault* was in; upon her brow
Inthron'd it with revenge, and so with threats,
Left him unto his fears; who by me
Desires you to retire straight from Court,
Whither the Princess now directs her haste,

And

And march with all your forces ; no other way
Is left to make Conditions. In the mean time,
He's still pursuing *Mironault*.

Alb. 'Tis unhappy.

Meß. Necessity has left no other means :
Without this, he bids me tell you,
You may dye tamely.

Alb. Well, I must go ; it is the fate of guilty men,
That such should seek at safety through more crimes.
Men are unhappy when they know not how
To value Peace without its loss ;
And from the want learn how to use,
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.
Ambition gives this blindness, yet permits
The eyes to gaze upon her tempting baits ;
But in attempting, not what dangers are,
They see the Throne, and not the blazing Star.
Thus foolish his ungovern'd youth
Has made us both alike,
Who, rather than to share a common good,
Ventur'd through danger at uncertain glory : [it.
Nor could my power or prayers persuade him from
With such a grief the Ruler of the day
Shook his illustrious tresses, when he heard
The ambitious *Phaeton* make his bold Reque?

— who did prefer —

Before the counsel of the god himself,
The long'd-for glories of his glittering Throne.
Yet *Phæbus* mourn'd, the bonds of Nature tye
Faster than our own good or honesty.

[Exit.
ACT

ACT 2. SCEN. 2.

Enter Princess, Phylena.

Prin. **T**Hat I had wings, *Phylena*; this revenge
Justice it self will follow.

Phyl. Pray heaven, Madam, no designer
Has been before us.

Prin. It is my fear.

Phyl. But yet,

You may be confident of your father's temper,
Which does dispence Justice with deliberation
Besides your interest. [him,

Prin. Would we could learn what were become of
They still pursue him, sure; and heaven preserve
His noble life from an untimely fate,
How the State-rascalls too were pleased
VVith the suspicion of a trecherous danger;
And grew as busie as a new wak't Fly,
At the first news of Summer. [veins,

Phyl. There is a baseness runs through all their
And ranckles in their bloods, which to their children
Descends; a loath'd Inheritance.

Prin. But who are these?

Phyl. A very handfom person.

Prin. Extreemly fair, I swear; she bends this way.

Amio. Excellent Princessse-----

[she kneels.

Pardon the rude griefs of a distressed Maid,

That

That throws her at your feet ; for your clear eyes
(VVhich sends a comfort upon pleased beholders)
To see and pittie; you, that nature gave
Perfections above all; 'tis you alone
VVe must believe excels in goodnesse too.
Nothing that's ill can have so fair a dwelling.

You shall have still a Virgin's prayer,
That yours may ne're successelesse fly
To those above, that those fair blossoms
Never have cares for to disturb their calmnesse,
Or force a wrinkle on those snowy plains;
But may the beauty of a peace within,
Preserve and equall those your outward lures,

Prin. Rise, pretty Maid, you should have ask'd
and tri'd,

VVhether at first I had been worth these prayers.

She must be very good that does deserve 'em.

See, *Phylena*, flowers, I swear,

Receive not so much sweetnesse from
fresh drops,

{ *she rises*
weeping

As she from those. Her grief adds to her sweetnesse.

VVhat is it, gentle Maid, you would desire ?

Promise your self, if I can help you in't.

Amio. The gods reward you. Let me but blush,

And I will say, the act may too; he is too near

That I should tell you more. And yet, me-thinks,

He does deserve as much as I can say;

And his cause named to my poor heart,

Seems eloquence enough to move a pittie.

Pardon my disturbed passions.

Prin.

Prin. Nay, fairest Maid----
 You injure me and your own hopes together,
 To keep me in suspense: I would as willingly
 Yield you my aid, as you could haste to ask it,
 For the blea subject of your fair opinion.

Amio. I do not doubt your goodnesse; pardon the
 throng
 Of all my tedious griefs. Know then,
 You best of Princesses, for sure his name
 Has reach'd your ears, the unhappy *Mironault*,
 That much deserv'd to live, is like to fall
 By bloody and unworthy hands.

Prin. O *Phylena*! I'me lost. [aside.]
 In that beauty is all my comfort buried.

Phyl. Madam, what do you mean?
 Madam, for heaven's sake; why, Madam?

Prin. I prethee let me go, thou art too cruell.
 I shall enjoy peace undisturb'd hereafter.

Phyl. But hear her out, and do but search the truth,
 Then I will let you die. I would not for the world
 Any should guesse the cause.

Prin. Alas! [grief.]

Phyl. Why, if they do, they can't condemn the

Prin. O *Phylena*, when Love has entred in the out-
 ward Forts,

Yet there is still a small reserve of Reason,
 Which Love laughs at, rather than thinks it worth
 His rage or storming; for he knows it must
 Perish and starve, when the relief
 Of all the nobler Faculties are kept out

By

By the insulting Conqueror, who contemns
All the attempts I find would make against him.

Amio. I see I am dejected to all
misfortunes,

That I should now disturb you too, who, heaven
knows,

I willingly would please. Why do you turn

Away your head? How often have I heard

His prayers sent to heaven for your joys,

That now denies to look upon his woes?

I'll kneel again, for in such a cause

It were impiety to rise successelesse.

Nothing but Seas and Winds are deaf to prayers,

And Beasts to mercy; who would expect

A hidden storm in undisturbed skies?

Or in that clearer breast a cruelty?

If you deny, I'll grow a fixed Monument,

Still to upbraid your rigour.

Prin. O *Phylena*; why do you let me languish?

In her beauty dwells an undoing lustre.

Phyl. What mean you, Madam? can you believe

The world can shew a subject for your jealousy?

Amio. I see I grow a trouble, I durst have sworn

You had been more charitable. How often have I

heard

The now unpittied *Mironault* affirm,

You were the treasure of this world's perfections;

And wond'ring any thing but your fair self

Should know what joys were. Perhaps you too

Believe as much, or else you could not think

All his unpittied miseries are just. Had Nature
 Given you a Brother, and your early loves
 Blest undisturb'd from Nature's fruitfull Cradle,
 You would have begg'd----- as now----
 His hopelesse sister does.

But sure I should have pittied more.
 And yet perhaps our interests makes us partiall :
 Yes I could wish I had your power to try.

Phyl. Now, Madam——

Prin. Forgive me, gentle Maid; it was the power
 Of thy told griefs that seiz'd my faculties,
 And left me able to do nought but grieve.
 Forgive the time I lost to share with thee :
 You may forgive the injuries of kindnesse.
 And though my self were witnessse to the action
 Thy griefs made it a new afflicting story.
 Each storm renews in Merchants minds
 The story of the shipwrack. Nor do I blush
 To avow this, since I must not lose
 The justnesse of my breast, that does believe
 His innocence above suspicion.

Amio. May heaven inspire you to wish well,
 And grant your wishes too; you might have then,
 Perhaps, a joy as great as he would have,
 Did he but know you pittie him.

Prin. In the performance then of what I say,
 He will have more; which I so much wish him
 That you shall witnessse all pursued with haste.
 Nor shall you be a stranger longer to me.
 Yet I shall blush, although I give you leave

The Blind Lady.

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To see the partiality: but more time
Now spent in grass, or leaves, would be his injury.
And we may ruine, what we would relieve,
Should we without attempting succour grieve.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 2. SCEN. 3.

Enter Mironault, Hyppasus, Pysenor.

Pys. **W**ould I were a Dog, and could lick my
self whole.

I shall be as fly-blown, as a ruine cheese,
How i't *Hyppasus*;

Hyp. But scurvy, would we might rest.

Miro. O me;

'Tis an unhappineffe, that I should bring
You into these misfortunes; you have deserved
Better of me, and yet you may forgive me,
I would have shared as much with you.

Hyp. We would not make such an excuse then, Sir.

Miro. You chide me nobly, I find, I need some
rest.

And yet by all those powers, that caused these mis-
chiefs,

My life shall end them, e're I be his prisoner.

Pys. Nay, wee'll all dye; I hope 'tis no offence
To talk of saving our sweet lives;

In

In order to that, this next fair house
Must be our Garrison, tis ten to one,
But there we find some three or four brown leaves,
To victuall us for a day; perhaps a sample
Of good seed-Corn, lies in the parlour Cubbard;
We shall eat moderately, come we must advance
And storm it.

Hyp. You have no other way Sir, we are so weak,
There is no refuge else, and we are still
Hotly pursued, if they intend our mischiefs,
VVe may hold out against that petty number,
If they raise more, we too shall have relief
By the Princess, or your friends; if not,
VVe may make some Conditions.----

Miro. A wretched shift, and yet it may preserve us,
But let us use it nobly: Heaven guide us,

Pys. I'll advance, and knock: VVithin there!

Ho!

He struck so hard, the bason broke,-----

Ho! what a Targuin's here,

Pet. VVho have we here?

Pys. Two or three strangers that have lost their
way.

Pet. And you would be directed.

Pys. Pox on your nimble Charity;

We have been sett upon by thieves, and hurt,
And must desire some small refreshment.

Pet. Why, this 'tis; The age is grown so perfect
That all fall's in the way of Bogging,
And by the word Refreshment.

[knock.

Enter

Peter.

[Aside.

now,

For

Pys

Pyf. Nay, Sir, none of your moralities on the age,
Help us to the speech of the Master,
Or Mistress of the house, It must be so, Sir;

Pet. Here's neither.

Pyf. What the Devil it.

Pet. A Lady.

Pyf. Plague on your formall Coxcomb.
Let's see your Lady then,

Pet. That's more then thee I do you.

Pyf. By this light, but she shall.

Pet. Had she sworn so, she had been forsworn;

Pyf. Sir, we would willingly be Civill,
Pray let's receive your Ladic's answer,
But no more of yours;

Pet. You shall have it. -----

[Exit.

Pyf. This Rogue has bagg pipes in his Lungs.

A meer Land-Romana, we wanted but the plague

To have heard his pedigree;

He had learn't the policy of the old Roman,

To ruine by delays, we might have fainted

Under his wife Cunc-tator-ship.

Hyp. 'Twas a rare Scene, be sure, *Pyfenor*,

You shall have none of the best drink.

Miro. VVhen she comes, you shall be chiefly

And we your humble servants.

Pyf. And I'll be insolent enough; now Sir,

For such a Bird as the Princeesse.

Miro. Nay *Pyfenor*, -----

Pyf. Hang it, this love, 'twill make your wounds

ranckle.

There's

There's nothing like a merry plaister.

Hark, I hear them ruffling,
 Mercy on us, what have we here, *{ Enter Cæca, Rui-
 never, and Peter.*

December, with the too scurvy months at her heels?

She ha's dig'd up all her ancestors;

And wrap't their winding sheets about her,

I'll advance.

Cæca. VWhere stands he, *Peter?*

Peter. Straight on; now must not I proceed
 For fear I should discover, she were blind.

Pyf. VWhither a divell will she march *{ She goes
 Hippasus, lie down in the way, { straight on.*

Hyp. And be hanged, put on your serious face,

Pyf. Save you sweet Reverence.

Cæca. Are you the Gentleman? *Peter,* is this he?

Pet. Yes, forsooth.

Pyf. Slight, thee'd have her man make affidavit of
 it, *{ aside.*

VVe are those Madam, that would fain obtain
 Some pitty in your eyes, ----- why, --- shee's blind,
{ aside.

Blind, as an old Do-Gunny.--

VVe want a Charity, and we hope
 That your grave years, ha's taught you that fair story.

Cæca. From whence come you?

Pyf. VVe are Gentlemen, and have been hurt by
 thieves.

You need not fear to help our hard misfortunes,
 Our weak Conditions cannot threaten danger,
 You may believe, we would deserve your kindnesse,
 And

The Blind Lady.

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And our lives, which if you preserve,
Shall wait upon your beauty.

Hyp. What a dissembling tongue the rogue has,
[*aside.*]

Pyf. We went as long, as we could gain a leave
From weaknesse, as unwilling---

To be a burthen to any, but our fates
Threw us on you, for which we dare not chide them.

Hyp. This rogue would court a bitch--- [*aside.*]

Pyf. Sirrah, I'll fit you.---

Caca. A fine well-spoken gentleman.

Pyf. For if we did, we should be too unjust
For you must needs be good, because the gods
Let you so long live to instruct the world,
---Or else afraid of your blind company--- [*aside.*]

But at your feet---

We throw our selves and all our miseries,
And cancell fear, whilst we exp. & to hear
Our doom from your fair lips.

Caca. Quinever.

Quin. Madam.

Caca. I't a handsome man?

Quin. Yes indeed, as e're I saw.

Caca. I feel just such a Qualm, as I had
When I was still falling in love; he has a sweet
tongue.

Noble gentleman, you're very welcome;
You shall have all you want, pray come neer:
Indeed, I am much taken with your speech,
'Tis very curteous, once in my youth

I understood these complements,
 And have not yet forgot them;
 I shall remember them more fresh
 If you rep. at them.

Pyf. Why so, I shall be engaged to tell tales [*aside*
 In the chimney-corner.

Cec. Peter, Go in, get the best chambers ready;
 Let them have something presently to eat.
 Pray come in, you'r very welcom.
 Your hand, good Sir.

Pyf. We are your servants. Now do I walk
 Like the great Turk, that newly has put out
 The eyes of an old kinswoman. Here we shall find
 Good Fortune sure, for that whore too is blind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

Enter King solus.

Kin. **H**OW much unknown is reall happinesse?
 And all are cheated with the name of
 Or we are all deceiv'd, or else the joy [things?
 Grows poor by the enjoyment, to me
 A Crown's a glorious misery,
 Suspition waits on all our appetites,
 And sleep not pleases but affrights.
 Kings have hard ways for to preserve a Crown,

To

To give to others fears, and hide their own.
 The way's but narrow between frowns and smiles,
 To avoid both Contempt and Tyranny.
 For either is a Rock to split upon
 This glorious and frail Bark of Majesty;
 When People do not ask, and yet Kings give,
 Content and safety with them both may live.
 But when they venture to reform the State,
 Princes must suffer then
 By their own fears, or by their people's hate.
 They hide still what they mean in a redresse,
 And know ill acts are buried with successe.
 Seek peace in storms, and in disorder safety,
 — Till in a Chaos they have felt
 Constraint and Freedom undistinguish'd dwell.
 Their first fond way to reach at Liberty
 Is, to assault those they believe too high.
 And had the gods not Thunder, sure there are
 That would attempt — —
 — to light a Candle at a Star.
 But Kings, like Suns, that at some time must pay
 Their luitres in another Sphear, must leave
 Stars fitted with influence to direct this night.
 — Yet, like the Queen of Night, to know,
 That to his beams their lustre they do owe.
 O *Symathocles*, you'r welcom; Did you } Enter *Sy-*
 dispatch } *mathocles*.
 What I directed you?
Sym, I did, Sir; and the Troops were marching,
 But the arrivall of the Princeesse prevented.

Kin. Is she come, then?

Sym. But now arrived, Sir.

Kin. 'Tis well, *Symathocles*.

You have heard sure of the late accident:

'Tis odd; What think you?

Sym. 'Tis hard to guess, Sir, easier far to doubt.
The Princess must inform us all.

Kin. I have suspended too my thoughts in this.
Haste is an ill companion still to Justice.
And whilst we hear at distance things unprov'd,
The story of their lives prevails still most;
That has been fair in *Mironault*. Yet our frailty
Guides us to unsuspected acts, so may the best of men
Fall to the least suspected crimes; that weakness
Grows with our years, and alteration's still
By Nature nurs'd.

Sym. You have weigh'd, great Sir,
Things in so just and serious a scale,
That whilst thus evenly you preserve your mind,
You'll need no other Oracle; mean hasty fears
Still tyranny begets, none can deserve
Their safety, that attempt it that way
That poorly tells the world, he fears the reach
Of common hands; none but the Eagles gaze
Upon the Sun, unlesse it shrink in clouds.
Nor do the common eyes attempt your glories,
Till shrouded in your fears. He's still most safe
That tells the world, He cannot be in danger;
For they'll believe it then, and 'tis most just,
If they will borrow fears, that he should trust.

Justice

Justice will then be ripe, when every thought
Takes its slow birth, neither from fear nor passion.
And 'twill be fruit, worthy a King to bear,
And bless the appetites of them that gather.

Kin. You have hit my thoughts; See, *(Enter Prin. A*
Here comes more Information. *scels, Phylora,*
I'll see if she'll begin. *Followers.*

-----Rise, you are welcom. *(Prin. kneels.)*

Prin. I must not, Sir, till I receive
-----more then a common Blessing.-----
Your Justice is enough to ease my tears,
Yet pardon me, if so much of Woman rules me,
To tell you all I suffer'd.

Kin. What mean you?

Prin. Great Sir, you might believe indeed
I should be undisturb'd, where you procure
Peace from your carefull thoughts. And sure it was
The child of Insolence and High Contempt
That durst attempt the rudeness.

Kin. It was so, but to the matter.

Prin. When at my journey's end I was arriv'd,
Thither came *Mironault* in his own language
To pay a duty which he owed your child;
Where being scarcely rested, and resolv'd
With the next rising Sun to seek our Spoor,
But word was brought, the Castle was furrounded
By Soldiers, commanded by *Phylanter*;
Their business was for *Mironault*, who they said
Went to surprize me there, who onely came
With two braye friends, and I dare swear with
thoughts As

As innocent as Infants ; when he heard
 The Castle was be-set, seriously weighing
 Not Justice sought his life but Treachery,
 Disdain'd to fall upon so mean a score.
 As an ungovern'd Torrent issues forth,
 Bearing down all before it, and in the action
 Finds its unknown power, when its streams
 Are with a stop resisted, o're-whelming
 What was believ'd beyond its power before.
 So from resistance his disdain'g rage
 Archiev'd a victory, which his thoughts [rage
 Would ne're have hop'd nor aim'd at; still *Philanter's*
 Pursues his noble life. This is enough
 Whilst you are just, nor need I to repeat
 The injury to me.

Kin. But they perhaps
 Might have a secret message of the intent
 Of *Mironault*, you would be loath I see
 To have one testifie as much.

Prin. You cannot find one so extremely bad,
 So far from being to himself a friend;
 His story in the world has nobler truths,
 Than to be fouled by any base accuser.
 If all were true, it is your justice sure,
 And not their furie, that should punish. [there ?

Kin. For farther satisfaction of you, Who waits
 Go call the Lord *Albertus* hither. [Exit Messenger.

Prin. In this petition too, Sir, joyns with me
 This Maid, who from one womb
 With the unhappy *Mironault* took her birth :

You

The Blind Lady.

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You will have many knees as he has hearts ;
And yet none needs to beg, for you are just :
Yet you must pardon those loves that mix with fears.
We oftner then we need wipe pretious Jewells.
His value makes us foolish.

Kin. He is beholding to you----

How now---

{ Enter *Mess-*
senger.

Mess. The Lord *Albertus* , Sir, is fled
As soon as he came from your Majesty,
He instantly took Horse.

Kin. He was in haste----- *Symathocles*----

Sym. Sir.

Kin. Gather the Forces in a readinesse
That were to meet my daughter, then wait
For further Orders.

Sym. I shall, Sir.

[Exit *Syma*

Kin. Your pardon, fair Maid, that I seem'd so to
forget you ;

It onely was my care, you shall have justice
And should have had without an Advocate ,
Your beauty though's a great one.

[years

Amic. The gods preserve your Majesty, with your
May peace still grow, that give it unto others ,
Till you shall go to have eternall rest.

Kin. Thanks, gentle Maid, the rich Arabian Fumes
Are not so sweet to the delighted gods,
As thy calm prayers from thy harmlesse breast.
Come hither, *Mirramente*, I have not been
At leisure yet to bid thee kindly welcom.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, that I must once again

Trouble your ears, nor think too lightly, Sir,
Of my request, it is the child of gratitude.
I would in person, Sir, relieve
Him, that has suffer'd for my sake,
And in my sight contentin'd.

Kin. Symathocles, would you not take it ill
To have a Generall put o're your head?

Sym. Not, if it may serue you, Sir. [begg'd it.

Kin. Look here, *Symathocles*, this *Amazon* has

Sym. She does the better, Sir, if there be danger
From her fair name we all shall fight in safety.

Kin. Well, take your course, on more intelligence
Move as you please. [Exit King.

Sym. Excellent Princeesse,

-----How happy I am now to be your Soldier.

Let those be judge that would be sure of victory,

So fair a Cause fought by so fair a Generall,

-----Can never be forsaken

By Victory or Fortune.---

Prin. I thank you, Sir, nor can I think my self

Lesse happy in so brave a Soldier; if you please

For to dispatch before for some intelligence,

Wee'l instantly away.

Sym. With all speed, Madam. [Exit Sym.

Mauger Princeess & Amio.

Amio. Excellent Princeesse;

Which way to tell you all my heart returns

I know not, the gods in blessings thank you,

Who still assist the innocent and mean,

Because

The Blind Lady.

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Because they made them so; *[Friend,*

Prin. I thank you gentle Maid; from hence my

You cannot cheat my confidence, you'll deserve it, of

So does your Brother all my best assistance; *[Friend,*

I reckon it my happinesse, to procure *[Friend,*

Your joyes and safety; that I may then *[Friend,*

Have mine more perfect. *[Friend,*

Amio. Now all the powers defend, they should

You never sure broke yet an houses repose *[Friend,*

With a disturbing dream; in that calme harbour, *[Friend,*

All thoughts have been secur'd from storm, *[Friend,*

May they be ever so. *[Friend,*

Prin. Thy brother's cause deserves as much as that,

--- A thousand blushes stop me, *[Friend,*

Besides thou mayest be much deceived: *[Friend,*

[Friend,

The calmest waters may conceal the fate, *[Friend,*

As well as the insulting waves, *[Friend,*

--- Why dost thou weep. *[Friend,*

Amio. To hear, you have been sad, O Madam, *[Friend,*

Pardon me, to say an undiscerned power, *[Friend,*

Joynes my affliction to your grief; *[Friend,*

Forgive me that, I cannot chuse but dare, *[Friend,*

To accompany you in any thing. *[Friend,*

There's something tells me, that I ought to love you

More then the world does, yet that's very much. *[Friend,*

Prin. When I first saw thee, dearest maid, *[Friend,*

I could have sworn as much, *[Friend,*

And yet thou didst not please me then, *[Friend,*

Come, I shall disturb thee, it's an unkindnesse

Not

Not to be pardon'd, to let thee share my griefs ;

Amio. Now you afflict me more : Is there a way,
To be a friend and stranger to your breast,
Though 'tis ambition, to be an humble one ?
'Tis vertue, not your greatnesse crowns my wishes,
And I shall fear, that you will think me only
A friend to that, or else not worth the other.

Prin. I do not doubt thy Love, the story will
Disturb me, when I tell it, perhaps thee,
And yet it must return to me unhelpt. [nature,

Amio. How do you know ? the meanest thing in
May bring an unexpected aid ; Gyants that passe,
And lets the obstacles alone, do lesse
Then dwarfs that do remove them : as they are
Shur in your breast, fed with that pretious food,
How can they ever starve ? they may at last
Consume your stock of joyes, he does like you,
That would defend, within a fair built Fort,
His enemies against his preising friends
And patiently destroyed by those he saved,
If you believe me worthy, the gods have then
Finish't their parts ; for they decreed us most
To one anothers aid : So to encrease
Our joyes that way, and lessen all our cares,
For still imparted comforts do increase,
And grief divided to a friend grows lesse,
Our natures too are like o'recharged springs,
Willing to vent themselves, and so are you,
Had I but as much worthy, as you have trouble.

Prin. I am not proof against thy perfect kindnesse,

I will keep nothing from thee, but be sure
You quickly understand me, my blushes too
Will tell thee half the storie, what dost guesse?

Amio. That you should have no cares ----

Prin. Can love have any?

Amio. What in this world shall ever be so happy?
I hope it is not that ----

Prin. And why? (pray

Amio. A thousand times I have heard my brother
That day might never be, I wish as he does too.

Prin. Your Brother would not have me then?

---- How innocent she is! ---- [aside.

Amio. He thinks it were unreasonable
That one alone should make the world unhappy.
Weighing their own misfortunes from his joys
I hope it is not that :

Prin. 'Tis that I swear. Love has caused all my
trouble,

And if thy brother thinks me such a blessing
Why doth not he then wish it?

Amio. Alas he dares not welcome such a thought
He onely dares to wish none else should have you;
But who must be so happy?

Prin. Your Brother.

Amio. Madam?

Prin. Wonder no more, I could have told
When I first saw thee that me-thought I lov'd thee
As I would do a sister; yet I was jealous too:
Nay I shall blush, as much as thou canst wonder,
Yet he deserves my Love / sure you did then

Read a confusion in me ; and I am still,
Disorderd by my fears ;

Amio. O Madam, ———

---- Pardon me to say the gods have justly so
Decreed that it should be : for I have heard
Him sit and please himself with stories of you,
Till he has made his griefs too monstrous,
And I thought then too prodigall of comfort,
Yet now I think 't was all but due to you ;
And though I am turn'd of this religion too
And can think nothing superstition in,
Yet you may spare the sacrifice.

Prin. Sweetest maid,

I have some reason to believe he loves me, (Clove
He cannot sure dissemble ; Wert thou ne're yet, in

Amio. Never ;

Prin. Pray that thou never mayst, or that it ne're
Have fears for it's Companions, night will wear
Disturbing blacknesse and not quiet shades,
The light will be too cheerfull, whilst you fare
Like an impatient Sea-man that would faine
Attain the Port, the gentlest calm
Makes mad, and crossing storms disturbs
But from our own experience thus we raise
Advices that are chid and and scorn'd by Fate
Who ofnest sends what we least wish, and makes
What we most cover most unfortunate ;
But now to his relief, for time
Persues his course with an impartiall haste
And my revenge must sit upon his wings.

You

You Powers above what now is just assist :
Their thoughts were poor, that trifled time and
wifht. [Exeunt.]

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

Enter Mironault Solus.

Mirc. **T**O be still subject to calamities,
We all must bear: yet not esteem it hard
Our frailty sets this odds from higher powers,
And their dis-orders are appeas'd by ours,
It is a hard injunction of the gods
To set our natures and our selves at odds
When they afflict though due unto our crimes,
Yet they give to the nature that repines
Though if we use it well, none but they give
That blessing, that we are displeas'd to live
'Twas life first coustred man, and did entice
By knowledge its fair gift to cheat him twice;
Man was a happy stranger to himself,
When he believ'd his ignorance his wealth;
Did these Extreame our knowledge ne're emp'oy
VVe should have lesse of cares, though lesse of joy,
For in the mind, they never gain a height
From their own natures but each others weight;
Thus truly man has either more or lesse,
From what he had, not what he does possesse.

As

The Blind Lady.

As if the god's would give us nothing here
 VVorthy of our affections, but our fear,
 For should we fall from happineffe the store
 Makes us more wretched of those joy's before.

Such a disease is life we hold so dear,
Health's in the other world, our Physick here;

--- O --- *Hypdorus* --- what's to
be done } Enter *Hyp-*
pasus.

Fortune has strangely jaded us --- (fued,

Hyp. Heaven knows : I am confident we are per-
The house is strong, had we but any men
We might resist their numbers, and by that time
They have supplies, we may have too relief.

Miro. Where's *Pylander*? (him

Hyp. Shifting from the old blind Lady, who follows
As if he were her dog and led her,
And as the devil would hav' it, her reverend blindness
Is at a venter faln in love (most hard

Miro. We must resolve of some thing, and what
In ignorance, and without any aid: so may a ship,
With wounds in pieces torn, expect as well
To sail or fight; —

----- And yet me thinks there might be made
Some use of this *Pysander's* fooling.

Hyp. By the Masse it's true, she has Tenants
That were obliged, without all doubt to assist her
In the holy War; they live here till they dye
Of the infection of old age; see Sir,
Where *Pyssander* comes marching { Enter *Pyssander*
with her maid. { *Quinover.*

{ Enter Pysander
Quinever.

Mira.

Mir. Let's conceal our selves a little, and observe.

Pyf. Nay, by this light I'le ne're lye for the matter.
If thou halt no faith thou'lt be damn'd.

Quin. Say you so, Sir?

Pyf. How couldst thou chuse but guesse it? didst
thou e're know

A dunghill without a Cock upon't. Meer sympathy
Guides me to love thee, dost thou not find
Some such kind of thing for me?

Quin. Indeed I have a grudging towards you.

Pyf. The devill take up the quarrell. [aside.

Nay 'tis grown to that I dream on thee,
Me-thought last night I rode a Flanders Mare,
And every night I dream of a fresh Beast,
And then I think on thee.

Hyp. What means the Rogue? [pose.

Mir. Peace, on my life he has some farther pur-

Hyp. Lord how she swells, hold a stick of fire to her
And she'l pisse.

Pyf. But since I love you so, you must assist me

In what I told you, for I should be loath

Now to be taken from thee; and I know

The rascalls will attempt the house for me.

This can be brought about no other way,

But by report that I should marry

Thy Lady, for then all her Tenants

Will be the willinger to assist me.

But all this while thou shalt be dear *Lindabrides*,

Thou shalt rule and govern; and for thy comfort

Above pragmaticall *Peter*; and, by this hand,

If

If he at all crosse us in this designe,
 Ple hang a thousand crackers at his britch,
 Then throw him off from some high Tower,
 In a high wind, hung between bladders;
 And all this for thy love.

Quin. And will you still be constant?

Pys. As a Bell, still in one Tune:
 And that we may be suddain, and I safe
 To follow our Amours, perswade thy Lady
 And instantly conduct her this way.

Quin. I'll take my leave first--- [*She kisses him.*
 [*Exit Quin.*

Pys. Slid, her lips are lin'd with Cosier's wax,
 She kiss'd me in a full Career.
 Sure she has hoarded up a store of onyons
 In her dry chaps, to butter against winter.
 The Devill's troubled but with one Dam, I have two
 ---And there's a formall Weathercock,
 They look which way the wind sits by him,
 That from deliberation fetches wisdom;
 And when he gapes at bed-time, 'tis a clinch
 For my blind Mistresse now, whose chaps are mew'd
 Of all their teeth, which yet she hopes again
 Will spring like a fell'd Copice, and from the gums
 New sprouts shoot up; she's almost deaf,
 Would she were dumb too, for her tongue's oblig'd
 To supply other organs, and tells us all
 Her life, perhaps the History
 Of twenty years a time---- This thing
 Must I make love to, with brevity and ease.

Ple

I'll go through all the scenes of Courtship with her,
She shall have Screenades on an old Jew's-trump,
That was Pirk-abboths, an emblem of antiquity,
And all my little Oaths shall be
By Cupid's Eye and hers, the Devill's in't.

If I am then forsworn — O how
now,
What are you bolted? Come Gen-
tlemen,

What's to be done? *Hyppasus*, thou wert wont
To be nimble at sudden chances.

Hyp. How insolent the Rogue is, now he thinks
We know not his design.

Mir. Nay, *Pyfander*, we refer'd all to you,
We onely are your poor friends.

Pyf. Well, a Mathematician would not have
breath enough

To tell the kindnesse of my Starrs —
Mir. But for this rare fortune —

Pyf. Why my old vessell is sailing this way,
When she appears, stand close

And you shall hear it.
Mir. Come I conceive, and did over-hear

Some of your policy, and believ't
There is no other way to save us now.

If we can get but men, 'tis but throwing
A work up in two places, the other parts

Are strong enough.
Pyf. That shall be my care too, but when you see

The old Beldam comming, be sure you vanish.

The Blind Lady.

Mir. We must be quick, our time has straitned us.
As soon as they can have intelligence
They will be here.

Pys. What if we could send away to Court?

Mir. I'd rather perish than believe I can
Be worth her care.

Pys. Why thanks then to *Pysander*
That believes himself —

Worthy his own —

Hyp. Would her Ladiship were come.
Prethee *Pysander* let's have no time delay'd
In asking how she does, and what's a clock. [writ.

Pys. Thou hast reason to be more confident of my
----- See where they come ----- Enter
And like the Graces leading one another. } *Cac.* and
Let's over-hear a little. } *Quinever.*

Cac. Indeed he is a proper Gentleman,
And 'tis great pitty he should suffer. [head

Quin. It is indeed, I would not for my Maiden-
It should be in your house.

Pys. Nor I by this light. [aside.

Cac. I think as much; indeed he speaks as well
As any that I knew these six King's Reigns:
Where is he, *Quinever*?

Quin. He said he would be hereabouts.

Hyp. Now *Pysander* uncouple them.

Pys. So I may be hunted, but I'll advance.

----- Save your sweet Ladiship -----
I took the boldness, urged by my love,
To trouble your kind ears with a petition.

Cac.

The Blind Lady.

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Cec. You'r very welcome, I shall be glad to hear it;
And though I am old, and people think decay'd,
I can tell how to judge a worthy Gentleman.
Hey ho, in my time I have heard many complements,
And blest was he could gain but a good look.

Pyf. He shall be damn'd now that does. [*aside.*]

Cec. The world and I am alter'd.

Pyf. A Carthusian swear the world is,

----- I'll swear for thee.

Cec. And yet I have warm blood now in my veins,
And it will beat sometimes: I have heard men say,
That age has vigour lies within.

Pyf. She'll tell me by and by she can fart fire. [*aside*

Cec. And so indeed—

Pyf. I must interrupt her; But you forget
To hear what your poor servant asks.

Cec. I pray what is't? [*confidence*

Pyf. First I must beg you, that you'll have the
To believe, I love you; old Lutes
Still sound the sweetest; many a man
Has travailed many miles, and tedious wayes,
To see a lesser monument, and since I love you,
I would preserve my happineffe, sure you ought then
To return equall kindnesse.

Cec. By my troth, but justice, and indeed, I will,
I shall not be so cruell to grieve you long
So worthy a kind gentleman, I esteem
A tedious coynesse vice, you put me in mind
Of my old principles, in my Grand-mother's time.

Pyf. That's according to a new account,

Three hundred years before the world begun. [*aside.*

Caca. And as I was saying in her time
Matters were quickly ended, I am still
Of the old fashion.

Pyf. In short, then, since you see I love you,
I must beg your assistance ; for these rogues
That hurt us, as I hear, are now hard by.
Your Tenants, and a few servants would with ease
Defend us from these wanderers, that I may
Enjoy my happiness with safety. This your Com-
mands

With ease may finish, and I bless
The fate that brought me hither.

Caca. I pray your selfe command them,
You shall have full power, that in time
Must be my husband.

Pyf. Plague on your nimbleness, how she
mumps, [*aside.*

Caca. When my last husband Sir *Percivall* died,
I little thought to have had another suitor ;
But you men have the power to win us,
And I can tell you, such a tempting Gentleman.

Pyf. For ought she knows, a Sign-post
With Friar *Bacon's* brazen head upon't, --- [*aside.*

--- If you please Madam, I will attend you,
When your Commands have settled us in safety,
I shall presume to tell you my Love's story.

Caca. I shall be glad to hear it, pray lead on,
What you Command, shall be a law. --- [*Exeunt*

Manent, Mironault & Hyppasus.

Mir. Yet *Hyppasus*, we breathe; and safety now
Begins to wear an easie shape.

Hyp. The rogue has work't them finely.---

Mir. By Heaven, he is the best composed man,
I e're yet knew, for in the worst extreame,
His cheerfulness, and judgment is the same;
We are prepared, if they find us now,
Phylaster's bold to bring them on to action,
Fortune but guide, an equall sword to mine,
And borrow frowns from all the destinies
To hang upon thy then contemned brows.

Hyp. But I believe, they never will attempt us
But seconded with more, for they will fear
What may proceed from Court.

Mir. Never believe, he would attempt this action,
But with some feigned story to my prejudice.

Hyp. But the Princeesse, Sir, seem'd to resent the
injury,
She is too noble, meanly to suspect.

Mir. Alas, *Hyppasus*, they before corrupted
His goodness that should incline to her,
These flatterers beset the thoughts of Kings,
As an ill enemy besieges Towns,
---First poisons the fair springs.

Hyp. These are the worst of fears, we may as well
Hope, that his judgment scorns unlikely stories.
But let the worst that fortune can prepare
Fall unregarded on us, the least defence
Will help us to the noblest fate.

Mr. Nobly resolved. ———

And when we fall so brave,
The world will find more losse, then we can have.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 3. SCEN. 2.

Enter Peter, and Quinever.

Pet. **N**Ay, you had best teach her to beat a drum,
Do you think to make her now an old blind
Amazon.

We shall have the Sheriff to send warrants for us,
Thus to raise Forces, and not *se defendo*;

Quin. Lord, how wise you are good *Peter*, at least
You would fain seem so, I can tell, I'me sure,
Where you have all your wisenesse.

Pet. Where, good *Quinever*?

Quin. All your law, out of the two old leaves
That lye behind the parlour-cupbord;
Piece, they say, of an old Statute book,
Which has been rotting there these twenty years.

And for your other talk, 'tis taken out
Of your old Erra-pater; and you, forsooth,
Must seem to be more wise then all of us.
I'me sure, when you made love to me,
And once were out of these two trodden roades,
You could not speak a word, but just, How do you.

An

And that repeated over with variety,
Of scurvy tones, nay.-----

Pet. Why, art thou mad, or dost thou think it fit, I
My Lady, should defend all wandring strangers,
And enter into warres? I am resolved
To change my station, they are digging up earth
Before the Gates, I can't passe by,
But I must think of graves, men too brought in,
I think, to fill them. [fear,

Quin. Hang your sheep's face, I see that now 'tis
That your wife worship with your wonted ease,
Should not at leisure drink your morning draught,
And at the Alehouse for two pots
Hear your selfe praised,
And bribe a man to come to you for counsell
That never had need of any, you have worn your
Gloves out

With biting your thumbs ends, to appear wise.
All this put together, got from my Lady's purse,
Thou hast been as chargeable as a Regiment.

Pet. Why, Mrs. *Quin* never, sure you once had
Better opinions of me, though you now
Wash every day your best handkerchief
With yellow starch, and your lac'd quoiff,
Till it now hangs as if the devill
Had frighted you through quicksetts, not a post
But must be beaten for the rotten powder
To make your hair sit well, and all in hopes
That some of these should fall in love with you.
I was once thought worthy, then I was honest *Peter.*

Quin.

Quin. Marry come up, what, love that transparent nose of thine
That gives the Serenades when thou sleepest?
Or thy wide mouth like a dead Lobster's claws,
Or thy starcht ruff like a new Pigcon-house,
Your garters tied above your boots; as if you feared
Your leg so well provided would be gone.

Pet. Why I thank you sweet Mistress *Quinever*
go on

And be all mad whiles I lament you sober:
Nay you shall fight by your selves for *Peter*,
You'll make an excellent ammunition Girle
Get a bottle to carry hot water in, in time
You may arise to be a Sutler's wife.

Quin. I'll have your wife head
fitted for all this

And heer comes one shall do it.

{ Enter *Pyfander*.

Pet. O sweet Mistress *Quinever*

Quin. No fawning now you whelp.

Pyf. Mrs. *Quinever* well met, I was seeking you.

Quin. I am happy I have found you.

Pyf. How go matters? we have got some 50. men.

Quin. All goes well: but this wise Gentleman
(Whose wit lies in his breeches, for 'tis all
He has to know when he has need)
Is much displeased at our preparations;
And asks me if you mean to make
My Lady a blind drummer

Pyf. And cannot you convert him?

Quin. No indeed.

Pyf.

The Blind Lady.

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Pyf. VVhy thou ingratefull piece of wise formality,
How oft hast thou had warning to be wise?
I have threatned thee thou should'st never go
Without a rime pind at thy back
Which should be thy own grievous Chronicle.
I told thee too that I would have thee painted
Riding upon an Ass and reading *Seneca*,
I thought this might have tyed thy tongue.

Pet. Good Sir: (again)

Pyf. Nay hear and mark me, if thou dost er'e
Seem to be wiser than thou art, and crosse
What now is done, nay if thou dos't not help
And put thy assisting hand to't, thou shalt ride
In a hot day upon a well lined saddle (work
With soap in thy new program-breeches, till it
Like new tunnd beer, and every day
When thou sirst down to dinner one or other
Shall pull away thy stool, I'll spoil thy gravity,
Or noint thy feet with butter, whilst a dog
Shall lick and tickle thee, and if any comes
Here to oppose us thou shalt seem a straragem:
For on the walls we'll set thee, like a thing
Stuft up with straw, onely to make them spend
Their shot upon thee, and in thy turn
Thou shalt do duty too, and every night,
Be sure to have alarmes. Speak what you'll do.

Pet. I did but utter my opinion: I shall conform,

Pyf. It's well said, and I forgive you,
But take heed you erre no more.

Pet. You need not doubt me.

Pyf.

Pyf. Come wench, now we breathe in safety,
And thou proud *Peter's* conquerour. [*Exeunt.*

Pet. The Devill go with you ; he has conjured me.
Did ever Turk think of so many torments,
And in what order too he marshal'd them ?
I am not yet out of a chilling sweat ;
Nor shall I get now of enchanted *Quinever*
One drop of good hot water, God deliver me
From this strange hurly-burly ; and yet I dare not
A good strong halter and a handsom beam [*fancy*
I'll go to sleep, for I am now
Afraid of all things. [*Exit.*

ACT 3. SCEN. 3.

Enter *Phylanter, Lycespes.*

Phyl. **T**He intelligence is certain they are here,
At an old Ladies, and all hurt ; we cannot
miss them.

Lyc. Those that I left preparing now come up
Make us 400. strong , your father too
Follows with more, [*relief*

Phy. We must attempt them (though) before
Can possibly arrive from any place,
And if we take him we are sure to make
Our own conditions, the best we can expect :
Our resolutions arm us for the rest.

Lyc.

Lyc. We are prepared and I believe there's few,
That serve you, question policy or danger.

Phyl. Ye nobly all oblige me; and for your sakes
I could even wish I never had attempted
What I must scorn now meanly to repent of
But ill intents when they least prosper
Then must be most persued, to reach again
Our first condition;

Lyc. Nay Sir, I think it were no harm,
To wish us fairly off.

Phyl. I would we were, but I am arm'd;
To dye I fear not, and yet I would
Fall with some pretty character about me,
At least I'll make the Kingdom joy
It had so brave a spirit, and like *Rome* glory
(In spight of fame) in *Catiline* who died
At once men's envie, and her pride,

Lyc. VVe must loose no time Sir, the night
Conceales us, and as yet perhaps
They have had no intelligence,
The house is neer at hand ---- shall we parly?

Phyl. 'Tis the best way to find their confidence
Nor can it be a prejudice to us; we traffick now
Onely for what we've lost: " If we survive
" We'll find at least a nobler way to thrive.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT 3. SCEN. 4.

Enter Pyfander, two or three with him.

Pyf. SO that work's now finish'd.

Let all the guns be brought into the Hall,
'Tis to defend the good old Lady
From the rudeness of Rogues; 'twill be easie work.

1. Yes, yes, wee'l tickle them. [piece.

2. I'll sweep 'em with my father's old Fouling-

Pyf. Bravely resolved; but perhaps

There may be yet no need on't, however

'Tis wisest to resolve against all dangers. [come,

VVell, my good Lads, be in a readiness, if any

VVee'l ring 'em a peal shall make 'em forswear

Such Holi-daies: they all die rather than wrong

Sir *Percivall's* widow. Now all unto your places.

1. }
2. } Agreed, agreed.

Pyf. Now could I hug my genius, that through all
Has brought me to this harbour; and yet to think
If we should scape, what my engagements are,
Imprimis — To marry this old Lady Cow,
And play at Blindman-buff, 'tis as good lying
VVith Bulrushes or penny Faggots; she's mortality
Beyond a Death's head and *Memento*;
And yet she bridles as if she were but now
To be new-back'd and ridden; I have heard

Of

Of a dead body that has long been so,
And yet retain its form, but when once toucht
Crumbles to dust; for ought I know she may do so
And I be hang'd for embracing Mummie. [too,
But certainly I shall touch her gently,
For 'tis a remedy to see her drest
Against all carnall thoughts; beyond bathing
In Rivers in a frosty night.
She follows me, and asks a thousand questions,
Among the rest
Enquired what I was making at the gate?
I answered her, a Curtain: then she mumpt;
And ask'd, If 'twere not for her wedding-bed.
She made the truest Hieroglyphick
That ever blind Egyptian hit upon,
For 'twas of earth, and I most fairly hope
'Twill be her wedding-bed; but death,
The devill cannot find another Rivall.

Mir. *Pylander* come, we must to action. *Enter*

Pyf. As how and how?

Mironault

Mir. *Phylanter's* here hard by already,

And without doubt knows we are lodg'd.

Pyf. Why-- then-- he'l knock us, or we shall
knock him. [der.

Mir. It's worth no greater care, my brave *Pyfan-*
Fortune and you have done your part;
To give us something to employ your valours,
They now shall buy us bravely.

Pyf. Nay, I'll not sell my self at any rate,
I begin to have a wondrous value

Of this small compofure of *Pyfander*, if you mark it
'Tis very lucky to fee an old blind Lady

— should fall in love with't,
One that runs her nose againft pofts.

But come, Sir, fince thefe Lads will never leave us
Let's in and provide for them, they may have

A better welcome than they dreamt of,
Unleffe Gunpowder lay laft under their pillows.

Mir. They fhall hear us-----
In lowder language then they do expect.

The gods but lent us life, and we ftill pay
Them intereft, as casualties and fickneffe;

Death is the Principall, which when we reftore,
VVe owe the world and gods no more. [Exit.

Pyf. VVhy, its exceeding well; we fhall be all
Clean out of debt in nother world then;

Our Creditors are ftangers there, fo are they here
To me, I'me fure, and in the other world

If I fhould want, and thither muft,
There's ftore of faith, and I'll take up on truft. [Exit.

ACT 3. SCEN. 5.

Enter Phylanter, Lyceſpes, Others.

Phyl. **T**His is the houſe ſure it ſhould be
By the deſcription----- How--- VVorks
thrown up?

All's

All's quiet though; we must be cautious,
There may be else some trick in't.

—— Summon the walls ——

Lyc. VVithin there, ho--- ho---

Sure they lie buried in security.
As confident of power and successe,
As if the Destinies slept with them too,
And wak't at their command.
Let's wake them all---- and yet 'tis hard
To rouse an innocence to disorder,
'Tis that I fear is their security.

Phyl. O *Lyceſſes*!

It is as great a crime (when past) to think
Of things ill done, as 'tis unthought to act
The ill before; he that does one first cheats himself,
The other counsels him: now to be nice
Is vain, for us that have been cheated twice.

Lyc. VVithin there, ho---

Phyl. They are dead.

Mir. No, we live, *Phylanter*, *Mironault*, *Hyp-*
And far less fear that fate than *Spalus*, *Lyfander*,
you, and others, appear
That have so many crimes to above.
sink your thoughts.

Spare your pains of asking us to yield,
VVee'll sooner find the worst of all extremities;
Danger will lose its nature when you bring it.

—— Nay do not stay ——

In expectation to hear me ask
VVhy you have thus unworthily thrown off

The

The name of Honesty: Some may fall
Not worth mens pittie, but their scorn,
And so do you.

Phyl. You'r very high, so let your actions be,
Your crimes will need it. But I see words
Displease you, you shall have lowder Rhetorick.

Mir. Fear not, thy basenesse has taught us to un-
derstand That language.

Pyf. You, *Lycistes*, you Treason-hunter,
How, I wonder, did it happen, we did not meet
Your storming worship at the gate?
Pox on you, you were untrussing a point,
The old fighting loosenesse.

Lyc. You'r merry still *Pyfander*, and very brisk,
Are you so well already of your inlets.

Pyf. Hang you, if you bleed as much
As a staid man would let out from a witch
To save himselfe from enchanting,
The Physicians, Potheccaries, and Surgeons
Must stand about thee, like Pensioners;
If *Hypocritus* and I, can but get a willing curre,
We are lick't whole, a dog's our only Mountebank.

Lyc. Very well Sir, when I visit you,
I'll bring a spaniell in my hand.

Pyf. Hang the couple of currs, say I.

Phyl. Your resolution's heard, I'll urge no more,
But leave you to your fates, only thus much,
By me the Princeesse sends this punishment,
The danger now growes bigger sure,

Mir. This is mean *Phylantex*, and you still trifle
honesty, And

And I time and honour: let the storm come,

----And he that seems to fear,

May he unpittied fall, without a tear.

} *Exeunt*
} *above.*

Phy. His Courage still is excellent, great power of
love,

That made me give so much to her, [house,

I left none for my selfe. *Lycespes* draw round the

Wee'l storm it instantly, dye all you lesser thoughts,

That at a distance tell your formall tales,

Or else come neerer, and wear noble shapes,

The distance makes you mistier, the dice are cast,

Th' event will punish or reward what's past,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT 4. SCEN. 1:

*Enter Cæca, as to dressing, a Table set
out, and glasse, Quinever attending,
Pyfander following.*

Cæca. IS my Captain here?

Quin. I Now enter'd, and like your Ladiship.

Cæca. Very well, leave us then: Come

neer good Captain.

} *Exit.*
} *Quin.*

Pyf. Mercy defend me. A dressing, or setting up a
Barber's shop,

Here the teeth lye, what's this an old head?

H

A.

A lecture for the best Anatomist ; like a rusty Clock,
 Taken a pieces to cleanse all the devices,
 Set them together some engineer for me.

Cæc. Pray sit neer me, Captain,

Pyf. I do.

Cæc. O Captain, what a hideous noise
 Was there ene now of bouncing, pray what i st ?

Pyf. Only some wandring Raskalls at the gate,
 They'l have their errand suddenly. [noise,

Cæc. I would they were gone , truly at the first
 I brake one of my pots of Mithridate, [mack.
 VVith Dragon-water, good for the head and sto-

Pyf. Was there ever such an old Almanack, [aside
 At the end of the year Medicines set down ?

Cæc. Besides the great disturbance from your com-

Pyf. Nay, you see when I have freedom [pany.
 I use it to my own advantage,

Visit you before you'r ready----- [come

Cæc. I shall be ready presently , the time will
 You shall be welcome to me quite undrest.

Pyf. The Devill of thy young bones [aside.
 Lockt in thy old Cabinet. [me ;

Cæc. I shall unparrell then faster than now I dres
 You'l help to pull out pins I'le warrant you.

Pyf. Rather drive in wedges ----- [aside.
 Why you know we men must court ;

You would be bashfull else, and it were pitty
 To loose that time which should be better spent.

Cæc. You say true indeed.

Pyf. Come Madam, pray dresse your self

I'le

The Blind Lady.

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I'll serve you instead of a better chambermaid
S'death would she were once furnish'd [*aside.*
One may dresse and undresse Long-lane as soon.
VVhat want you now, Madam?

Cec. My night-rale, good Captain.

Pys. I shall give her a sheet instead on't,
It lies about her like a casting net
'Slid I have given her never a wascoat,
And now will she call for her farthingale,
I must make haste but cannot go without her ;
For her wise tenant's now before they fight
VVill see their Land-Lady

Cec. My farthingale, good Captain.

Pys. I thought so, now is she like an old Camel
VVith that hideous mount on her unfurnisht body.
Mercy how have I set her out! she may make
Good harmony ; for shee's composed of different
She wou'd yield a man more money to shew [*notes*
Than an outlandish beast ; my sweet *Quinever*
I have employ'd to stave off formall *Peter*
From making tenants seem as wise as he.

VVhat want you now, Madam ?

Cec. My Perriwig, good Captain. [*stion :*

Pys. VVhich way to set this on now, is the que-
'Tis no matter I can't mistake now
More than I have done.

Cec. I thank you Captain, I hope you and I
Shall live happily and comfortably together.
I was told, my seventh husband
Should be a wondrous honest and a nable man.

Pys. That, experience will let you know: I shall
tell you

A merry tale towards bed time that will cure
The cough of th'lungs.

Cac. And make one dream huge pleasantly
And that's a sign of youth I can assure you.

Pys. That and your toothlesse Chap's are main ones.
If furious *Medea* had thrown thee [*Aside.*
Into her age-renewing Kettle, thoud'st have kept out
With a medley of years upon thee.

Hark, a noise! by heaven it increases still, hark [*Noise.*

Cac. O Captain, a noise!

Pys. Nay there's two now in the Devill's name:
It still encreases, come Madam you must down.

Hyp. 'Sdeath, *Pysander*, they'r falling on { *Enter Hyp-*
The men stand all at gaze *pasus.*

And swear they'le see their Land-Lady,

We are all lost without some help.

Pys. Madam, you must needs walk* [*away:*
And encourage your tenants, to send these fools
'Twill defer our Marriage.

Cac. Pray lead and I will follow. [*nault?*

Pys. Come *Hypasus*, how fares the noble *Miro-*

Hyp. As a brave Ship hemm'd by a raging storm
Resolves to throw the ballance ore,

Lose all and perish carelessly:

But come, we trifle time.

Pys. Along then, and for your blind Ladyship
If you had no tongue

You should make signs to your tenants.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Enter Phylanter, Lycespes.

Phyl. Come *Lycespes*, is the alarme given
To amuse them on t'other side ?

Lyc. Yes.

Phyl. What resistance does appear ?

Lyc. As yet all's wrapt in silence. [was ?

Phyl. Where did the messenger say my Father

Lyc. At hand Sir with 5000 men ; wer't not best
We should defer the storm till then ?

Phyl. By no means ; we will attempt it first ,
For by that time they may have relief
Come from the Court, my father's suddain flight
Confirm'd the least suspition, helpt by the Prin-
cesse too.

Lyc. It could not chuse, you have thrust your self
Into a troubled Ocean.

Phyl. I know it , and now must sink or else go on,
There is no choice in Crimes but of our Fate,
The affrighting freedom of a wretched state.
We cannot hope ere to return again
Back on our fancies to our first conditions,
What rob'd us of the safety we enjoyd
First made us to contemne it ;
'Tis a stayd gamester too, that would give o're
Upon the losing-hand ; the most met'd , or let it be

The Blind Lady.

The maddest one, would stake on all his wealth,
 Venter to tire Fortune or himself. War
 We have bargain'd now, and chop't a Peace for
 'Twere foolish to depend on ought but Victorie;
 For that will change our acts, or others natures:
 The vanquish'd wear the crimes, and all will fear
 To judge or question what they too must bear.
 This slender gloss I know must startle thee
 That has so much of honesty and courage;
 And if we fail I'll quarrell with my self
 That couldst thee to follow what thou once
 Didst love with honour: fearing to be unjust
 To friendship, made thee more unto thy self:
 I have used thee as some that have seduced
 Young men into bad company, thou hast found
 Things much unworthy of thee ———

Lyc. Tis true, dear Sir, I will not face a lye:
 Our acts have given me both amaze and trouble,
 The' last I threw behind me, may the VWorld
 Forget the rest, there is a Fate hangs over all
 That shews it's force when it resolves to strike
 VVhen we can act at once, at once dislike,
 And t'is the sad necessity that we must
 Persist in crimes again to reach the good
 That you intend; this nobly does deserve
 My friendship now, and if we fail

—— The world may yet believe
 Our thought's were better, let them chuse to grieve.

Phyl. Set on then, brave *Lycesperes*, danger not found
 VVomen frigit children with, and perills met

Un-

Uncheat us of our lives, that render'd us
But an unhappy treasurie for our cares,
Made monstrous by our joys, the hopes and fears
That spring from them, onely the stock we spend on.
This cannot add, I know, to thee; and I should blush
If it could ought to me. But 'tis mens pleasure
To undervalue what they think will go,
And they must loose--- the world's fond nature's so;
And 'tis the bravest scorn ill men can have,
To change this world, as freely for a grave.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

Enter Pyfander hastily, the Blind Lady following, Peter directing. [*Alarm.*

Pyf. **N**OW the Devill raise a Barricado, I am
storm'd too;

I have pepper'd the Rogues on my side,
I must go see how the other fares.

Cæ. Is he here, *Peter*?

Pet. Straight on, an't like your Ladiship.

Cæ. Pray stay, sweet Captain; Oh, oh,
All my corn's a-fire, good Captain.

Straight before still, *Peter*?

Pet. Yes Madam.

[*wall,*

Pyf. By this light, Sir, I'll direct your nose to the

The Blind Lady.

Cac. Good Captain, all, all, my corn, oh, oh;
The great Barn's on fire, look how it burns.
Is this your kindness? pray, your hand.

Pyf. Pray take this for interposition. *he laies something in the*
It will not do, she'l run her head *thing in the*
Against something or other, and beat *way.*
her brains out.

-----I must place her in here-----

VWhat's this, a Corn-house—— Here Madam.

Give me your hand, rest your self a little,
And I'll be with you presently: and for *he places her*
you, wife Sir, *in the Vault.*

Let her alone, til I, like a good Midwife,
Come and deliver her: This, Sir, you had best observe. *[Exit.]*

Pet. VWhy its very well, I thought at least I might
have given her

A hot fire-shovell to have bak'd a cake upon.

Nothing troubles me——

But that the Rats and Mice may play with her nose.
I thought she would be brought to this, Mrs. *Quinever*
Is employ'd in casting bullets with a face
Like fiery *Sol* in *Leo*, if this hurry hold long,
My poor old Lady may wish she had lost
All senses as well as seeing; for god knows
The employment for the rest are miserable.

Hark, a noise, they are at it, much good *[a noise.]*
may't do them;

To run away it is impossible, and from my chamber
I can see all the shooting; it has made me wish a
thousand times I

I were as blind as my old Lady, I'le to her in the
I never thought my self too safe, he that did, [Vault,
Let him leap Towers for *Peter*.

[*He descends into the Vault.*

ACT 4. SCEN. 4.

Enter *Mironault, Hyppasus, Pysander.*

Mir. **B**Rave *Hyppasus*, how to forgive my self I
cannot tell,
For all that you have suffered.

Hyp. Still on that strain, Sir!
VVe could not serve you thus if we repined,
Or feared to suffer for you; wrong not our honesty
And courage both. [pleasure

Mir. They are too excellent, I swear it were a
To share in danger with you, were't not a pain
To see you there----- Gallant *Pysander*,
You brought us timely aid, and from our sinking fates
Raisted us again; but you had quickly done
On t'other side.

Pys. O mine were pittifull rascalls,
Yours came to their businesse handfomly.

Mir. They did indeed, *Phylanter* first
Advanc'd before his men, bold in despright
Of all his crimes, and carelesse both alike
Of honesty and danger.

Pys.

Pyf. He was the wiser; To what purpose
Should any one be thrifty of, that the world
So little cares for, this trifle Honesty. [drest,

Hyp. Come *Pyfander*, you must get the Soldiers
That have been hurt, we may have more need of
them. [Lint.

Pyf. Yes, yes, as far as her Smocks will extend in
Mir. I find I need a little dressing too.

----Let's in, and there----

Provide for after-claps of treacherous Fortune.
We must not fear a Frown, or court a Smile;
One may the VVife, t'other the Brave beguile.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 5.

Enter Albertus, and Others.

Alb. **H**OW far is't to his Quarters now?

i. **A** little way, Sir.

Alb. Be sure that all the Soldiers march in order,
And on their lives no outrage to the Country.
Let all be done in silence. No Scouts return'd yet?

i. Not any, Sir.

Alb. I am jealous of this Court, the King enclined
But little, suspicion could not mingle with his nature,
The Princess has confirm'd him sure; we act
On the uncertain't Stage, the strangest parts

That

That ever yet were play'd, I would the world
 VVould take it so. VVe have now stept
 Beyond the power of Retreat or Fortune,
 The one's too poor for us, and we for t'other.
 VVe are like tired Gamesters with ill Cards
 VVearry to hold the game, and yet play on
 To save if not to win; perhaps
 If we prevailed, Ambition would as well
 Play on the game as now we do,
 Though from a modest designe.
 How little ought man to be trusted then
 With power in this world, when even the things
 He aims to thrive by are the crimes of Kings,
 Good Princes, like best Juglers, still find first
 The lesser sleights of others. How now, } *Enter*
 What news? } *Mess.*

Mess. As we were scouting on the way,
 Which leads unto *Cracovia*, we espied
 The Body of an Army moving within
 Two hours march.

Alb. Ha, it must be so — she has don't.
 Bid instantly *Botiscay* march with haste, [*exit Mess.*]
 For fear we are hindred joyning with my son.
 Amidst these crimes a little policy does well,
 It must be so, all we can hope for now will be to
 But good conditions — [make
 — To put it to the venture of a day were madnesse,
 We can have no supplies, they may have more.
 And yet — I know not what to think,
 Distractions mingle with my thoughts,

And

And we still lose our judgments with success.
 Our resolutions waited on us then
 Like servants wanting wages. All Mankind
 Is one of those two Cowards,
 ----Either to wish to die
 When we should live, or live when we should die.
 Some fear, some wish, too early, or too late
 Most fall, yet none must chuse his Fate;
 Those that prepare for every storm, do seldom cast
 Themselves away,
 It is but bravely sinking at the last. [Exit.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 6.

Enter *Princesse, Amione, Phylena,*
 and others.

Prin. NO news yet?
 I. Not any Madam.

Prin. Leave us, and give notice when any comes.

I. I shall ----- [Exit.

Prin. We have not now sure far,
 And yet me thinks 'tis a long while
 Ere we are there, time is thought
 The fastest undiscerned flying thing
 That is, but yet Love's wings are swifter,
 Swift wishes impe his ragged plumes
 And pull the feathers from the wings of Time,
 ---- And

The Blind Lady.

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— And every houer bears

Double proportion from our hopes and fears.

Phyl. This pretty way of account Madam, will
Unto a sum of ages, added [rise

To what now *Mironault's* a heaping,

'Twill make a new Chronologie,

But we still reckon on the old account. [comes

Prin. You'r merry still, *Phylena*, when your day
You'le give me leave to do the same.

Phyl. Yes Madam, we both agree,

And yet you shrewdly once suspected it

Of this fair maid, [though

Prin. You make me blush, she way forgive me
For she deserved it,

Amio. O Madam, -----

Could you fall so much below

The power of all your beauties in such fears

That you could justly let suspition dwell

Where you pretend an interest? The Rose as well

May drooping hang it's fragrant head

Jealous of meaner Flowers, and the Sun

Suspect his light when mortalls kindle fires.

Prin. Nay *Amione* you court me now

I will not call it flattery, whil' it comes

From thee, for that's a crime

That dwells with crooked natures, yet it was

Mistaken kindnesse.

Amio. 'Twas you mistook it sure, for none will find

Themselves deceived that love you,

Prin. How now, what news?

{ Enter

{ Mess.

Mess.

Mess. Just now for certain, Madam
The Lord *Albertus* joyned unto his son
With a great Body,

Prin. They have not yet attempted ought.

Mess. Yes Madam, before his Father's coming,
Phylanter storm'd the house.

Prin. Ha : hast thou learnt no particulars ?

Mess. Yes all, for before the Lord *Albertus* coming
The smallness of their numbers gave us freedom
To enquire near the place of all particulars,

----- And thus it was,

Soon as *Phylanter* had found out
The house they stayed at, presently he ghest
That wounds had caused their stay, by reason
They strove to reach no place of more security
And so indeed it was ; ghesting besides,
They should have smel resistance : upon these thoughts
Phylanter draws about it, then summons them.
But in the midst the gallant *Mironault*
Hinders the parly with a hasty scorn,
As if he meant to drive no bargain,
But sell at his own rate, at which
The bravely bad *Phylanter* sweld with rage
Prepar'd to give th' assault, and in the head
Of all his men advanc't (some distance) first,
To bring on ruine great as was his crimes,
Or else to perish with them, and seem'd half willing
To be forgotten on a noble score ;
So equally divided, or to hide
His mischiefs in their Fates, or in his own.

The

The Blind Lady.

III

The storm grew hot, yet still *Phylanter* urged
Beyond belief, now out of Love with safety,
Because his foes in spight of him enjoyd it
(With an unlookt for power to resist him)
Branded the name of Fortune with a whore,
As if they had begot supplies upon her ;
On t'other side his men sees shrinking from him,
When mad with rage he easily retires
With such a look as longing Lovers send
When they must part , so much he courted danger,
And now retreating with his drooping forces,
The gallant *Mironault* like a bright Sun
Broke from the smoakie storm, and issues forth,
Acting new Tragedies, till, being jealous
More forces might come in,
In order they retreated, and for certain
Phylanter both and *Mironault* are hurt.

Prin. O me!

[see

Phyl. Madam send off the messenger, Let not him
The least disorder.

Prin. Go instantly, and bid *Symathocles*
Let all the Army march in readinesse to fight.

Mess. I shall.

Prin. And acquaint him with all
you know

{ *Exit*
{ *Mess.*

Nay do not hide thy tears *Amione*
They can't displease me, wench, nor shall I think
That there is grief enough for him ,
Though I am fully stor'd.

[him in ?

Amie. Alas, what a condition Fortune throws
Did

The Blind Lady.

Did he but know by whom he were lamented!
 He could not have so much of joy,
 As grief to think how he was raviht
 From the lov'd mourner ;

Prin. I prethee peace ; not that I fear
 To have more grief for him, for I have that
 Within me has made that impossibility ,
 But to inlarge thy own, 'tis true too
 That I should give thee counsell not to grieve,
 But I shall grieve the while, yet if thou thinkest
 I wrong thy kindnesse then wee'le mourn together
 And joyn our stock of tears , for no one store
 Is worthy of him. [me not

Amio. Though nature made me partiall, it robd
 Of so much reason, to be so impudent,
 The Fates perhaps, or some great power
 That has a speciall care for you, or kindnesse, (world
 Preserved you for themselves, and lent you to the
 As the Sun was, not for the happinesse
 Of one alone but all.

Prin. May we not yet amidst our greatest grief
 Believe it is not dangerous ; for after he was hurt
 They leisurely retired.

Amio. Would I could so be satisfied —
 And yet that clearly justifies we wish
 Our own contents , then when we raise
 Our fears to equall power in our thoughts
 Of what we doubt, yet what we wish to have ;
 None e're yet wish'd a life, but fear'd a grave.

Prin. 'Tis true *Amio*, those torturing rivalls

Hope

The Blind Lady.

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Hope and fear are ever whispering,
And they that have most need of one,
Have ever most of t'other. When I think this,
Though I would willingly pretend to counsell,
Or any thing would ease thy grief, I must
Believe it both impossible and needlesse.

Am. Were it not just to linger then no longer
In all these doubts, since we might give them ease.

Prin. As how can it be done? [leave.

Am. I would attempt to see him, I onely want your

Prin. It is impossible, the ways are all shut up.

Am. I do not mean to go concealed.

They say *Phylanter* is so much a Gentleman,
He will not certainly deny a woman.

Fear not, Madam, 'tis but two hours time,
And I am there, or here again.

Prin. I can deny thee nothing, not this I'me sure;
If thou seest him, tell him, that Love and Constancy's
In t'other world, and will be so in this. [rewarded
Tell him, I wish his happinesse
And mine own together. And be sure
You take a Chirurgeon with you.

Phyl. My service, Madam.

Am. I will not fail, Heaven keep you.
May I return with such a blessing
As I now bear to him.

[Exit.

Prin. Farewell, dear Maid. *Phylena*, now
The time draws near of joy or misery,

— We live at an uncertain rate,
Or flatter'd stil, or else displeas'd with fate. [Exeunt.

I

A C T.

ACT 4. SCEN. 7.

Enter at one dore Albertus and Others, at another Phylanter, Lycesperes, and Others.

Alb. I Should chide now, but the condition of your fortunes

Cannot be that way helpt, nor are you fit
For a disturbance, I hear you have succesless
Storm'd the house; Why itai'd you not till I arriv'd?
'Twas folly to attempt it with so few.

Phyl. But that has hapned now which I then feared;
For I did ghesse supplies would come to them
As soon as you to us. Besides, who would have ghest,
Or now can think, how they come by their aid?
Had we proved fortunate, we might have made
Our own conditions. [we must

Alb. In that you have hit my thoughts, for now
Not lose our selves by fear or folly;
The one's too mean, the other but a madnesse.
And we must look on these we have
Without a hope of more, and on them
As an encreasing body; by this we are constrain'd
Upon the nick to make our compositions,
Or put it to the venture of a Day;
The first's the better, were the last the likelier.
For I believe that, passion laid aside
That first incited these rash thoughts and actions,

You

You look upon't as not to be pursu'd,
But fairly to be left. Men may erre,
It is the influence of Chance and Nature,
But to pursue it, is their own — *Lycespes* ----
There is much due to you, you were still honest,
And most a friend in danger,
Who are in safety onely are their own.

Lyc. My Lord, I always owed your son as much,
And did resolve to pay it, till I had cause
To leave, or feared to avow it.

Alb. You are still noble. But *Phylanter*,
VVhat certain intelligence have you?

Phyl. VVe know, Sir, the Army of the King
Is hard at hand, they say the Princeesse too
Is with them.

Alb. I ghes'd as much, and for that reason
I left the Court, for I heard
That she was big with rage----- VVell,
The time's now short, and something must be done:
Let all be in a readinesse, and prepare
Nobly to reach succeffe, or ill to share.
In the mean time wee'l presently advise
The honorablest way for composition.
For to be safe and good is better far,
Than trust our crimes unto the chance of War.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter Phylanter.

Phyl. **H**OW have I thus been coufened! how monstrous too

It seems, still to pursue the crimes I lov'd before :
To be uncoufened, though 'tis just, seems poor,
When danger gives the wisdom: how low we sink
When we once fall below our selves !

We still must fear what others ought to do.
In crimes none can be wise and gallant too.
All this besides for an uncertain Beauty,
Nor yet possess'd or gain'd, the Persian so
Spends all his wealth and prayers on the Sun,
That equally dispences unto those
Which ne're ador'd him, his warm comforts too.

Farewell to all your Sex, that cannot be
Belov'd, but with unthrifty misery.
The Lover that's unlov'd, like me, must waste
His store of Love, the Lov'd may longer last.

They that joyn Stocks, with ease out-spends
Him that runs on unpaid and lends.

Farewell: I will uncheat my self and you,
For when I lov'd you first I coufen'd two.

Sould. My Lord !

Phyl. How now ?

Sould. A woman at the dore

*{ Enter
Souldier.*

Desires

The Blind Lady.

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Desires admittance to your Lordship.

Phyl. Thou ravest ! a woman ?

Sould. So I told you.

Phyl. Nay, I might wonder, for such and I
Have now so little businesse with each other,
That by my troth 'tis strange.

Seems she a person of any quality ?

Sould. Yes.

Phyl. Handsome ?

Sould. To a miracle.

Phyl. The Devil on the wonder ! businesse with me ?

Soul. So she earnestly exprest.

Phyl. Bring her in.

[Exit Souldier.

Curse on the Sex, Civility must wait upon 'em,
Their weaknesse makes us fools, or else their beauties.
Ha ! 'tis that indeed that charms us from our selves,
And all the handsome actions that we do
Seem offerings to their powers, as if the Sea
Should send a tribute to the little Brooks.
Such a preposterous thing is Love, 'tis like
The folly and the crime to make a god
One's selfe to worship----- Now for a trap
I shall be shy of these fair baits.

———What subtle trick———

Must this fair Instrument bring about? ———

———I will be deaf to charms----- { *Enter Amione*
She comes. { *and Souldier,*

Ha----- extreamly fair-----

Come perhaps for to revenge
The scandall of her sex upon me----- Is it on me

Fair maid, that you would lay commands?

Ami. A comely man, pittie that form
Should harbour so much baseness. [aside.
It is you, Sir, I must petition; for commands,
Though they might seem fair attributes to our sex,
Yet when you know, to whose much hated name,
Nature has made my Love a debt,
You will believe, I hardly should petition.

Phyl. I rather shall consider this fair thing,
To whom a hated name can owe an interest,
-----But you have heard -----
Stories perhaps, not much becomming me,
Made up of others envies and my crimes,
Nor can I tell a good one of my selfe,
But that I love an innocence like yours,
And only that, for you to have a confidence,
I hardly shall deny you.

Ami. The world has sure belied him, [aside.
-----Nay, Sir,
Nature commands, that I should ask,
Your fair encouragement has given me hopes
Not to be quite denied, and I am sorry
That I must now beg a civility,
And dare not own requitall; 'tis the first time,
That justice and ingratitude were friends.

Phyl. You still believe me too unworthy: they that
An act that does deserve requitall, [do
Pay first themselves the stock of such content,
Nature has given to every worthy mind,
If others should be bankrupt -----

Pray

The Blind Lady.

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Pray torture me no more but aske.

Amio. He would deceive me strangely, [aside.
Know then, the sister to wrong'd *Mironault* must ask:
Does it not startle you?

Phyl. You see it does not.

He that has injured *Mironault*, will grant it,
Trifle no more. [him,

Amio. Tis only then your leave that I may see

Phyl. And happineſſe attend you, you ſhall have
A conduct with you; ---I did not think
That I ſhould find ſo much of joy,
In that ſmall time I have to buſtle here,
As your lov'd power has given me,
Pardon me, if I dare attempt
To have a little peace within me;
Still to remember you, I fear I muſt,
Though both ſhould be unwilling.

Amio. I ſhall promiſe Sir, I carry no intelligence.

Phyl. Urge it no more, I do not fear,
Nor am I ignorant, of what a ſtorm
Is falling now upon me, only grieved
That I durſt bring it to't, and yet now pleaſed,
That I dare bear it: choiſe in crimes,
Is the worſt part in man, and good from fear,
The meaneſt. But I have ſaid too much, only thus,
The laſt of all my thoughts, ſhall be of you,
They may be good: Nay, do not wonder,
Nor be ſo much concerned for one ſo loſt,
To frame an answer from a ſmile or frown,
I will conduct you on your way, as you come back,

Others shall waite you, for your eyes
 Shall not be injured with an hated object.
 Here in this world, my fate, the quarrell ends,
 ——— In t'other fure, we may meet friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 5. SCEN. 2.

Enter, Mironault, Hyppasus, Pyfander.

Hyp. **N**Ay, for certain, Sir, [possibly
 We saw a body marching, which cannot
 Belong to t'other Army.

Pyf. Why, I did alwayes believe,
 My dancing daies were not quite done.

Mir. I know not what to ghesse, nor do I wish;
 For in extreame, lesse cares give noblest thoughts,
 Designes of wishing, are the cheating joyes
 Of fearfull men, t'were foolishnesse beside;
 A carelesse hope looks handsomely.

Hyp. We shall so justifie our selves, but I believe,
 'Tis not unreasonable, to think our innocence
 Should merit some protection, the Princessse fure
 Will not be last in justice.

Mir. Urge it no more, nothing is worth her care,
 'Tis some as bad as those, come to assist
 them.

{ *Enter*
servant.

Serv. There's one without, Sir, that would desire
 Admit-

The Blind Lady.

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Admittance to you.

Mir. Who i'st.

Serv. A woman.

Mir. A woman? I cannot ghesse,----

-----Let her come in.

{ *Exit.*
Servant.

What should this mean, deceive me not too much,
Fond hope, nor puzzle me, for if you do,---- at last,
I shall grow carelesse of my joyes and you ;

Ha ! *Amione*,-- welcome,

{ *Enter with*
Amione.

Welcome, above all joyes but one.

Ami. Perhaps, welcome as that , I have much to
say,

But I must first be civill. Brave *Hyppasus*,
May you nere know extremities, but if you should,
May you find such a friend, as you have been.

Hyp. Were I not nobly paid in his desert,
I were in this ?

Ami. The same to you *Pyfander*, for to thank you
In any other Language, were too poor,
And much unjust, for to divide,
What you so nobly joyn'd in.

Pyf. Now have I forgot, what *Hyppasus* said,
Pray take his answer in good part for us both.

Ami. You 'ar merry still, *Pyfander*.

Pyf. I confesse, nothing went ever neer my heart,
Unlesse it were your Love , but what availeth sighes
and tears ?

Ami. Very well, Sir.

Dear Brother, pardon this injury of gratitude,
That kept me so long from you ; forgive me too,

If

If joy disorders me, I have enough
To see you safe.

Mir. Dear *Amione*, how long we shall be so,
Heaven knows, yet 'twas a great advantage
To live thus long to see thee : but how wast possible
You could get hither , or from whence now come
you ?

Ami. Why, *Phylanter's* great civility,
Brought me safe hither.

Mir. But from whence ?

Ami. From the Army.

Mir. From whose Army ?

Ami. The Princeſſe.

Mir. Ha !-----

Ami. I will defer your joyes no longer
From the Princeſſe, who bid me tell you,
That faith and conſtancie's rewarded
In t'other world, and will be ſo in this ?

Mir. Thou would'ſt not mock me ſure.

Ami. I do not.

(every heart,

Mir. O *Amione*, Didſt thou but know the joy of
That at this hour, has its wiſhes crown'd,
Thou might'ſt then gheſſe at mine.
And is ſhe there in perſon ?

Ami. Yes, attended with a gallant Army,
Much ſtronger then the enemy, you might
Diſcern them ſure ; and reſolved as ſoon as I return
To offer battell. Is *Phylanter*,
Prepar'd to fight ?

Mir. With any thing in ſpight of all his crimes,
Reſolves

Resolves to perish bravely, so great a villain
Ne're bore so brave a mind,--- tis a question,
Whether he thinks, there's such a thing as danger.

Ami. We heard indeed, he storm'd it bravely,
And that your hurts were of more danger
Then I perceive they are; 'twas the report
Of that which brought me hither.
Nor must I stay, the Princeesse layed commands
Of my immediate coming back: at more leisure,
You shall have all my story, in the mean time,
I must needs tell you, you are like to be (sweetness
Extreamly happy; O Brother, never was so much
Guarded so sure from crimes, if ever breast
Were Sanctuary for vertues, it is her's:
She will deserve your love I fear much more,
Unlesse its possible, men should be constant.

Mir. This is not kind *Amione*, her valed
Will make me wise still to preserve my riches;
And benefit is mans designe. (vantage,

Ami. Man seldome though pursues his owne ad-
Women like Towns, once wonne are slighted:
VVhat we already have within our powers,
Has lesse effect then unatchieved things.

Mir. Urge it no more, one may as well be weary
Of the Sun's constant shining, as her influence:
He never rises, but he seems to bring
Fresh glory from the East; and every day
VVill adde a new discovery of her vertues,
That she will never seem enjoy'd enough.

Besides, though man's compos'd of faithlesse matter,
The

The Soul of one may be of nobler use
 Than others are, and with that Soul
 Man had not been so nobly put in trust
 Had he not means left free to be unjust.
 Come, so much eternitie as my love must have,
 Must not be told in such a little moment
 As you have now to spare, nor will I injure
 The little time I have with thee,
 When we shall meet again heaven knows :
 For friends once pawn'd to distance there is a danger
 To bankrupt hopes.

You must expect but poor besieged welcome
 ---- Who such relief as Anchorets have
 At least shall find in an expected grave. [Exeunt.]

ACT. 5. SCEN. 3.

Enter Phylanter, Solus disguised.

Phyl. **W**Hat is the next thing now that must
 be done?
 How weary all the World and I
 Am grown of one another? I should be friends
 With this disguise, could it but hide my crimes :
 But night it self that great disguiser,
 Wants power to conceal the least of crimes
 From any troubled breast, when man would fain
 Be unacquainted with himself again :

'Tis

'Tis just too, when we have our selves betraid
 That we should be then of our selves afraid
 Ambition onely is our nature's folly,
 That robs us of that little stock of reason,
 We have at temperate and idle hours.
 If we but take the inventory of our selves,
 There we shall find such perisht stuff
 By rage and passion, that 'tis just
 We should be once forgotten in the dust ;
 ----- But for my new design ---- ha ---- 'tis odd
 To throw my self into the power of them -----
 As if 'twere meannesse, or something poorer ; fear --
 ---- Yet ---- let it dye [*Studies.* { *Enter Amione.*
 Ha ---- she comes ---- { *Hyp. Pys.*
 ----- A Persian's cold devotion thus,
 Receives new warmness from the rising Sun
 ---- It must be so -----

He that would hide Love kindled once within,
 Rakes but his fire up to keep it in.

Hyp. We take our leaves now Madam, for we see
 There's one attends you from the { *Exe. Hip.*
 Lord *Phylanter*, { *Pysan.*

Phyl. Madam, my Lord *Phylanter* sent me hither
 In his own language to present you Safety
 Great as you merit.

Amio. I thank you Sir, he has obliged me nobly:
 Had he forgot his crimes, I should forget
 He were an enemy.

Phyl. He bid me tell you farther,
 That he had waited on you here himself,

But

But that he fear'd to injure your fair eyes,
That should be onely pleas'd with welcom objects.

Amio. Ha : perish you easie thoughts, that start

[*aside.*

At hearing of that name, yet when you think of him
I may forgive you, if you then
Frighten your selves, -----

And yet it may be Love ; ruines of Love
And lightning are alike -----

For, what would willingly resist

They both consume ; I shall attend you Sir,

If you please to lead the way —

[*Exeunt.*

ACT 5. SCEN. 4.

Enter Albertus, Lycespes.

Albert. **C**Ontinue still worthy *Lycespes*,
To let him know repentance needs no
blushes.

Or that 'tis necessary for Fate or us,
To persue cruell actions, yet with a gentle hand
That no distraction mingle with his nature ;
For he is young, and youth's unsetled furie
Is ready still to act,

Lyc. I have Sir, with a gentle hand
Tought all the storie of this madnesse,
And find him too, like an experienc't gamster ,
Asham'd

Asham'd to have been cheated, but resolv'd
Wifely no more to venture at that game :
Our whole designs must needs therefore now
Aime, but to bring us off, and yet prepare
Not to want courage in the meanest Fortune.

Albert. 'Tis all that can be said in our Conditions,
In order therefore to our sad affairs,
Wee'le instantly dispatch a Trumpet
To offer fair conditions, or any thing
That may not sound like mercy from another :
That's an unworthy way to adde
To other's fames, in ruining our own ;
And yet our whole desires shall be low,
Indeed they must, for the extremity
Of every unresisted Fate makes poor
Their thoughts that were as rich before. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Enter Phylanter, Amione.

Amio. **Y**OU have now, Sir, performed that civill
part,
That alwies shall enforce me to esteem
The Lord *Phylanter*, and may this Sir { *She offers him*
Tell you my thanks. *money.*

Phyl. Madam, reward can not be due
To this small service, though I may do

What

What may perhaps seem to deserve
 Something of that nature, but I must first
 Desire you to prepare for to believe
 Not ill of him, that thinks your wrongs
 Deserve devotions, greater than his trust.

Amio. What mean you Sir ?

Phyl. Would it not be worth a reward at least ?
 That you might have within your power
 The ease of all your hard misfortunes ? (joy

Amio. Certainly 'twere ; the sound bears greater
 Than possibility.

Phyl. I know sometimes, that Treason seems
 But ugly in the justest cause ;
 Though I believe that never yet,
 A power like yours commanded it. (ter.

Amio. Still I understand you not, pray to the mat-

Phyl. To be short then, know *Phylanter* loves you,
 Your seeming kindnesse will have power
 To draw him where you please, for to my breast
 He has committed all his thoughts,
 And bid me judge when I should see you,
 Whether he had not cause for all his passions,
 (Indeed he has) so much his crimes are greater ;
 Nor is it more injustice to his trust
 Than due to you to tell you, if you please,
 That I may bear some feigned kindnesse from you,
 I'me sure 'twill bring him any where,
 That you may easily surprise him.

Amio. But do you think he has lost his reason so ?
 To trust himself without his guards,

And

The Blind Lady.

Man's like a barren and ingratefull foil,
 That seldom pays the labour of manuring.
 How has *Phylanter* injured him, or I obliged him?
 That I could at first upon a lesser score
 Share with his crimes, and on a meaner now
 Basely dislike, as if his choice were just,
 Whose equall ease accepts and forfeits trust.
 I'll tell him too 'tis base, how fain would Love
 Tell his own story, through a nobler cause,
 And blushes sure as well as I.

—— It should be for *Phylanter* ——

Ha! Deceive me not fond eyes, it can- { *she turns and*
 not be } *sees him.*

I owe amazement now so much-----

—— It must arrest me.

Phyl. Wonder not, fair *Amione*, nor fear
 I'll beg your pity, that condemn my own,
 And yet for many reasons think I love you;
 Though I believe my time will hardly give
 Me leave to reckon them----- Onely consider,
 That I durst here avow it, I could have saide,
 Its true, as nobly with my fellows, (it too
 But much more happier here; I would have weigh'd
 More leisurely in reason's scales, till a thought
 Of you broke in, and ended the dispute.
 I have at my own rate procured my happinesse,
 Nor have I done lesse sure for you; 'tis the first
 service,

And likely too to be the last I e're shall do you.

Amio. O *Phylanter*, you should not trust

Revenge

The Blind Lady.

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Revenge, and all your crimes at once
In any power, though I perhaps
Shall fear to be a murderer, so to make
My self as bad as you.

Phyl. Why I confesse, I willingly
Would be as good as you, but that's a lesson
Hardly to be learn'd, and yet it looks
Much like the way to read it often,
As I have done your vertues.

I say not this to tempt a mercy,
I have deserved a great deal of unkindnesse;
But not so much as now to fall
A sacrifice to any but your wrongs.

Amio. I know not what to say-----
You may repent, perhaps grow good,
Pray try.

Phyl. 'Tis true, I think I might;
But 'tis a question still, whe're you'd grow kind.
And indeed, the fear of that great danger
Made me contemn the rest. But I trifle time,
By all that's charitable, let me not fall
By meaner hands. Hark, some Souldiers. [*a noise.*
Use this for pittys sake. } *Enter*

Amio. Alas! ah me!

} *Souldiers.*

1. How now? who have we hear, *Philanter?*
Treason!

2. Treason, treason!

Phyl. Nay, then I must use it. [*fight.*
Villains, I have a little businesse here, } *one falls,*
I might have spared the reason though } *i' other flies.*
to you K 2 They

They have raised the alarm; yet, *Amione*,
Free me from this mean ruine.

Amio. Pray put on your disguise again,
You may yet scape.

Phyl. I'me glad it is impossible, you see it is,
O *Amione*; had I but loved you at a lesser rate,
I might have found a soberer expression.
But yet remember, a mad-man seldom loses
His kindnesse with his judgment.

A noise again! hell on their yellings! [alarm.

Amio. By that love you bear me,
Put on your disguise.

Phyl. Never, till my safety be worth your care.

Amio. O *Phylanter*, though your condition needs it,
'Tis too soon for me to say it, yet I will tempt my
To tell you, I would have you safe. (blushes

Phyl. That now my fate is unavoidable, the gods
Perhaps provided, lest I should surfeit
Of joys in this world; yet I shall have
Enough, if you believe, no dying mind
Can have more joy, or living love.

'Twas my grief at first to love you, and now
My fear at last you should not know it.

'Twas all my businesse too before my end.

I could wish one thing more, to be resolved,
Whether in t'other world (where wise-men tell us,
There is such store of love) our joy shall be
Greatest, to meet those friends we lov'd best here.

—— but I shall be resolved. In the mean time,
What e're becomes of me,

Let

Let your kind thoughts

—— admit sometimes this minute's memory?

Amio. Alas, think of your safety; Hark! they come!
yet [noise.

Let your disguise and me protect you.

Phyl. When I have your protection —— I need
need not this disguise,

Nor will I wear it. They come,

My dear *Amione*,

{ Enter
Souldiers.

For ever live as happy as I die.

1. } Here! here! on! on! on!
2.

Phyl. Villains, you shall buy me bravely. [fight.

Sym. Hold, on your lives; how, *Phy-* { Enter *Sy-*
lanter? mathocles.

Phyl. The same, you need not bid me welcome,
Nor tempt me much, *Symathocles*.

Amio. O *Phylanter*, be yet more temperate;
Fray, Sir, let me obtain a little hearing.

Sym. You may command it. The { Enter *Princesse*,
Princesses! *Phylena*, *Fol-*

Amio. O Madam, let me beg { lowers.
That no amazement dwell upon your eyes,
Nor any thing but mercy.

Prin. I have both ready for thy sake---- How---
----- *Phylanter*----- VVhat Riddle's this-----?

Phyl. I owe that name indeed, but with less blushes
Than I did once.

Prin. I promised not to wonder, my *Amione*;
But this is strange.

Amio. You promised mercy too.

Prin. Have you an interest in his pardon then?

Blush not,

I'll ask no more----- *Phylaxter*-----

This story shall be perfect at more leisure,

And all things else shall be deferred

But my forgiveness. I do believe

(You came to fetch your pardon in so much danger)

You can repent or any thing, but deserve

The happiness preparing for you. *he kisses the*

Come, *Amione*, thou hast brought back *Princess's hand.*

An unexpected friend. May this success

To every one bring equall happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

Enter *Albertus, Lycespes.*

Alb. **H**As no one yet brought any news?

Lyc. **N**ot any, Sir, O misery!

Betrayd by some sleight. How now? *{ Enter a Mes-*
From whence com'st thou? *senger.*

Mess. My Lord, your son desires to meet you;

And withall you would not wonder,

That with the Princess he waits your coming.

Alb. Stranger yet! some farther mischief sure!

Lycespes Draw up the Army instantly. [*Exit Lyc.*]

We must not be thus censured.

Came

Came you from my son ?

Mess. But now, Sir.

Alb. And is he with the Princess ?

Mess. Yes, Sir.

Alb. Where ?

Mess. Now comming to the House.

Alb. With all her Army ?

Mess. Onely with a small Guard.

Alb. There may be something then.

Fortune I'll think if now thou shew'st thy care,
Thou canst redeem as well as bring despair. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT 5. SCEN. 7.

Enter *Princess, Phylanter, Amione, Phylena,*
and Others.

Prin. IS this the house, *Phylanter* ?

Phyl. Yes, Madam.

Prin. Pray summon it.

Phyl. 'Twill now be yielded, Madam,
Far easier than 'twould once. Within } *Pyfander ap-*
there, ho ! } *pears above.*

Pyf. How now, what news, O *Phylanter* ?
Is your troublesome Worship there again ?
----how now, the Princess too ?

Prin. The same, *Pyfander.*

Pyf. Now truly Madam, do I think
I had best call *Mironault* to unriddle this.

----- The labour's sav'd.

Prin. *Mironault*.

Mir. Ha. -----

Prin. Do you not know me?

Mir. Yes, and others too there.

Prin. This is injustice *Mironault*,
Can you let wonder keep you thus from me?

Mir. I had forgot, it's true, 'tis *Mirramente*,
And scrupulous thoughts were sins
unpardonable,

Pyf. If I should stay to consider what this means,
I should be the last should know it;
I'll e'ne descend too.

Prin. *Mironault*,

----- Though these strange objects
might deserve a storie,

'T would take up time, and I shall think it cruelty
To rob thee of one minute's joy, if I can give it.

Miro. If you can give it? have I thus long
Lov'd you, and lov'd you religiously, now to have
All my devotion question'd?

Can sick men joy in health? or liberty
Be pleasing unto captives? In your kindnesse
Lies all my health and liberty.

Prin. Nor will I fear to avow it, dearest *Mironault*,
No thoughts of crossing danger e're shall fright
My Love or me.

Miro. It's true, I am unworthy of you; but so are
And

{ *Mironault*
appears above
too.

{ He de-
scends.

{ He comes
down.

{ Enter *Mi-
ronault*.

(all,

The Blind Lady.

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And he that parts me from you,
Must joyn me to a colder Bride.

Phyl. And more than you, gallant *Mironault*,
Wonder no more, nor think on stories past,
But that to come, *Phylanter* will appear
As worthy of your friendship,

----- As he was once of hate ----- but stay
I had forgot to ask your pardon. Indeed { *He takes*
Heer's one may better do it, whose fair { *Amione by*
opinion { *the hand.*

----- Will promise for me. ----

Miro. Brave Sir, I hated still your crimes not you,
so did she,

And if she love your Virtues, pray believe
I am her brother too.

Phyl. Madam, I see { *Enter Al-*
A little honesty will make one impudent { *bertus.*
That I must now beg pardon for others,
That scarcely should have hop't if for my self.

Piin. Rise my Lord, you need not now
Of any doubt your pardon.

Alb. Excellent Princeesse, I shall deserve hereafter
What an unjust necessity made me { *Kisseth her*
shun to testifie. { *hand.*

Prin. *Hypasus* and *Pyfander*, I must not now
Forget your share in thanks,
That did receive your part in danger. (than we

Pyf. Nay your Highnesse cannot be better pleased
That all the danger's past, to say truth,

Hypasus

Hypasus and I were clearly your
Platonicks,

And made up the Romance.

Cac. Captain.

Prin. How now, what's that?

Pyf. Why nothing Madam,

Onely an honest fellow kill'd in the storm,

And now his ghost walks; in his life time

He was a talking fellow, *Hypasus* you know it.

Hyp. Hang you, what do I know?

Cac. Why, Captain, Captain?

Pyf. Plague on you, would you were gagg'd.

Prin. This is strange!

Pyf. Nay your Highnesse need not be troubled,
I'll have a Schollar shall lay it at my own charge.

Hyp. Well Sir, if you'll be at that cost, I'll be
the Scholar,

To raise it at my own.

Pyf. Pox on your conjuring fools-
head,

By this light she rises -----

Like *Ceres* with Plenty about her,

Lord, how *Peter* stares!

Cac. Captain, Pray, your hand

[*She goes on.*

Pyf. Here forsooth.

Now have at the Princess, la, ra, ra, ra, [*He goes behind the Princess.*

Your Highnesse may be pleas'd, [*She runs against the Princess.*

To pardon her usuall exercise,

She was the best tilter in her time

That

{ The blind La-
dy hearing his
voice, calls
from under the
vault where he
put her.

{ *Hypasus* takes
her out of the
van't with corn
upon her far-
thingale, *Peter*
following.

That ever ran.

Cec. O Captain, pray your hand, { *Mironault*

Pyf. Now have I ague : what tends { *whispers to the*

This whisprig to? { *Princessse.*

Prin. Come *Pyfander*,

The god of Love himself is blind,

She, or her estate (I hear) is very fair.

Pyf. Why, is your Highnesse in earnest?

And please you shee's some fourscore,

A dog were as good a husband for her

To lead her up and down.

(Gentleman?

Prin. Madam, Will you consent to have this

Cec. I have already yielded.

Pyf. And be hang'd 'twas before you were storm'd.

Prin. Come it shall be a match, shee'l make you
her Executor.

Pyf. Well, wee'l all be marri'd then. *Hypassus*

If you please, you shall have *Quinever*.

Pin. We are all happy then; we need not fear,

Unlesse my Father frown.

Phyl. We shall unwillingly throw off again

Our Loyalty to him, and yet we shall

Be very ready to embrace a witnesse,

That we dare dye for *Mironault*.

(you

Mir. You nobly all oblige me, and I must tell

My dearest Princessse that I cannot fear,

Whilst I enjoy your Love, for that has rais'd me

Above the power of Fate or danger,

Nor have I leisure to think on any thing,

But of those joys are falling now upon me,

Which

The Blind Lady.

Which neither time or age can ever lessen ;
For still your Virtues like *Medea's* charms
Shall bring fresh beauties to my happy arms.

[*Exeunt.*

Pyf. We Bridegrooms disagree , for every day
Will oblige most that adds to your decay.

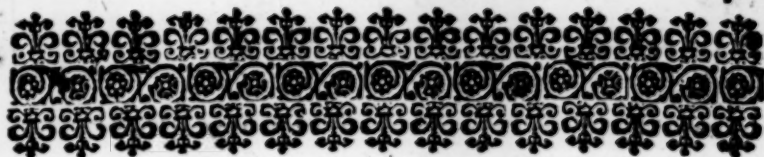
[*Exit with the Blind Lady.*

FINIS.

The



Mu
She



The Fourth Book of
VIRGILL.

Of the Loves of
D I D O and Æ N E A S.

The Argument.

*In Love's ungentle Flames ^a Eliza fries, ^a Dido
 with her Resolves a guilty Storm complies.
 Æneas, warn'd by Joves ^b Cyllenian Mate, ^b Mercurie
 Prepares for flight, and Dido for her fate.
 A Funerall Pile she raises, and bestows
 At once a Fate upon her self and woes.*

BUT, long before, the Queen had in her
 veins
 Nourish'd Love's wounds, and fed con-
 cealed flames.

Much on his person, and his generous kind
 She thought, much on the vertues of his mind.

His

His charming Image fixes in her breast,
And cares now banish once-enjoyed rest.

Th'ensuing day, when *Phæbus* newly spread
His beams, and moist shades from *Aurora* fled;
The Love-sick Queen thus to her Sister said:
My *Anna*, of what dreams am I afraid?
What guest is this, with unaccustom'd charms?
How noble in his Soul? how brave in Arms?
I think (nor vainly) he's of heavenly kind;
'Tis fear that argues a degenerate mind.
What various fates he told, with Battles mixt!
Vvere it not in my breast for ever fix'd,
Never the Marriage Fetters more to prove,
Since so deceiv'd by fate of my first Love;
Did I not loath those Rites a second time,
I might perhaps yield to this tempting crime.
For I confess, since (slain by fratricide)

Sichæus fell, whose blood the
Altars di'd,
This onely has inclin'd my
thoughts; again

*Her husband slain by
her own brother Pig-
nalion.*

I feel impressions of an antient flame.
But may the earth first snatch me to her womb,
And to the shades *Jove's* Thunder whirl me down;
To Hell's dark shades whose night admits no fate,
E're shame and vertues rites I violate.
He who first made my heart Love's sacrifice,
Still has it, in his grave it buried lies.

This said, a shower of falling tears appear.
Anna replies, Dear sister, and more dear

Than

The Loves of Dido and Æneas. 143

Then Light itself, shall grief thy youth destroy,
 Without the Crown of children, or the joy
 Which *Venus* for her Votaries prepares?
 Can dust shut up in graves, or Ghosts have cares?
 Grant you were she, whose cold breast did disdain,
 The *Lybians* and the great ^a *Hiarba's* } *a-King of the*
 flame, } *Numidians.*

And *Africans* made rich by vanquish'd foes;
 Will you as well, all Love's soft charms oppose?
 Think where we now inhabit, who dwells round;
Getulians here with conquest alwaies crown'd,
 Here savage desarts your Dominions bound,
 There the wild *Barceans*; what need I relate
 The VVars, that on thy Brother's furie wait?
 Sure the kind gods upon our shores at last,
 By an obliging storm these *Trojans* cast.
 What Citie shalt thou see? thy Kingdom too
 Shall to this match enlarged fortune owe, (joyn,
 When *Trojans* with our Arms their Swords shall
 In what rich glories shall the Punicks shine!
 Go, and oblige the gods by sacrifice,
 Thy guest by kindnesse; all delays devise,
 Whilst Winter rages, and the stormy Star
 Their Navy shakes, the sky dispos'd to war.
 "These words the sparks of love now kindled more,
 "And enthron'd hope where blushes dwelt before.

First, at the Altars heaven's peace they sought,
 With Sheep selected, slain as custom taught,
 To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, above all,
 To *Juno*, carefull of the Marriage thrall.

The

144 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

The fair Queen's hand a full-crown'd Bowl adorns,
 Who pours the Wine 'twixt a white Heifer's horns.
 Still on the fatted Shrine an Offering lies,
 And day seems young renew'd with Sacrifice;
 Consulting scarce the life-forfaken breast,
 Which panting entralls faintly yet exprest.
 " Unknowing minds of Priests! alas, what ease
 " Can Temples bring? Can frantick Vows appease
 " A flame, which life and blood still fuell gives,
 " And in whose breast the wound in silence lives?
 Unhappy *Dido* burns, and wanders round
 The City, frantick, as a Hind, whose wound
 From a far off the unsuspected Swain
 Gives ignorantly, who strives to flie her pain,
 Through the *Dicæan* Forrests, wing'd with fears,
 Yet still her side the fatall Arrow bears.

Now with *Æneas* round the walls she goes,
 Her City and Sidonian-treasure shows.
 About to speak, her words stick in the way;
 Now Fear's prepares to end the wasting day.
 Again (distracted) asks to hear's *Troy's* fate,
 And on his moving lips her eyes still wait.
 All now take leave, and the Moon's paler light
 Shines out, declining Stars soft sleeps invite;
 Whilst she alone her sorrows entertains,
 And flung, on his forsaken bed remains;
 Thinks still she hears him speak, and in despite
 Of absence, alwaies fancies him in sight;
 Or in her arms his son and likeneffe takes,
 To try if Love could lessen by mistakes.

Now

Now the late-rising Towers neglected stand,
The youth and fortresses alike unman'd.
All great beginnings interrupted lye,
And walls before which promis'd to be high.

When *Juno* saw her languish in a flame,
Whose fury shrunk not at opposing fame,
Venus with haste she finds; and thus then saies,
You, and your Boy, will purchase glorious praise,
And spoils as ample as your powers, when fame
Shall tell; Two gods one woman overcame.

Nor am I blinded so, but it appears,
The walls of rising Carthage cause your fears.
But why these quarrells? rather let them cease
In *Hymen's* bonds, wrapt in eternal peace.

Your wishes all are crown'd in *Dido's* flames,
Which fill, instead of bloud, her burning veins;
With equall power and kindnesse let us sway,
These severall Nations, let her too obey

A Phrygian Lord, and unto thy desire,
Submit the Tyrians, and the wealth of Tyre;
To her, (for she perceiv'd a crafty mind
Sent all these words, by which she had design'd
To *Lybian* shores th' Italian crown to joyne)

Venus replies, Who is it will decline
What you propose? or is so void of sense,
To chuse to have with you a difference?
If the fates yield to your propos'd intents,
(But varying fates I fear) if *Jove* consents;
That Troy and Carthage should as one be joyn'd,
The mingled Nations too by leagues combin'd;

L

You

146 *The Loves of Dido and Aeneas.*

You that enjoy his breast, 'tis just that you
Attempt his mind, I'll second what you do.

The Queen of Heaven then replies, That toil
And labour shall be mine; A little while,
I aske you now to hear, whilst I lay down
The means; which our designs at last may crown.

Aeneas, with the wretched Queen prepares,
In woods and hunting to divert their cares;
When the next rising Sun gives day a birth,
And with his raies shews the unvail'd earth;
Upon the Hunters, whilst the game's pursu'd,
A storm, sweld big with hail, in blacknesse brew'd,
Its fury shall discharge; at the same time,
The Heavens to the storm shall Thunder joyn.
Th' affrighted Hunters all shall take their flight,
Confus'd in darknesse, as if lost in night.
The Prince and Queen shall flye for shelter too
Into one Cave, if we receive from you
Your promis'd aid, there *Hymen* being by,
Wee'l make her thy perpetuall Votary.

Fair *Cytherea*, finding her designs,
Smiles, and, in shew, to what she ask't inclines.

In the mean time, the Sun the briny streams
Of *Neptune* leav's, the youth rise with his beams.
And forth the toyl's, and well-nos'd hounds are
brought,

With spears, whose tops were round with Iron
wrought.

Next marching forth, *Massylian* troops are seen,
Th' *Punick* Princes all expect their Queen.

Wh

Who, flower than the rest, forsakes her bed,
Whilst her proud horse stands richly furnished
In purple; on which Gold in windings flow's,
Champing his bitt, in foam his mettall show's.
At length, attended by a noble train,
Clad in a rich Sydonian robe she came.

Her quiver gold, her hair too weaved lies
In gold, and gold her purple garments ties.
The Phrygians next advance, and before these
Ascanius came, whom youthfull hopes did please

Of promis'd sport; with these *Æneas* joyns,
And all the troop in charming looks out-shines.
As when cold *Lycia*, and where *Xanthus* flowes,
Apollo leav's, his visits now bestowes

Upon his native *Delos*, where again,
The *Driopes* and *Cretans* fill his train.
With *Agathyrsians*, whom strange colours dye,
And in wild motions round the Altars flye,

Whilst he upon the top of *Cynthus* goes,
His flowing hair, soft laurell-wreaths inclose;
Through which the weaved gold its lustre flung,
And at his back, his ratling Quiver hung.

"Nor did *Æneas* looks admit an odds,

"But with his lustre equalled the gods?

When new these troops unto the hills arrive,
And beat the unfrequented shades; they drive (fear,
Wild goats from their high holds, and wing'd with.
On t'other side rush down vast herds of Deer.

But young *Ascanius* in the vales employes
Himselfe, and in his horse's fierceness joyes.

Now vies with these, now others leaves behind,
 And wanting beasts to chase, wishes to find
 A chafing Boar o're-spread with rage and foam,
 Or from the hills to see a Lion come.

Whilst thus he wish't, lowd murmurs fill the skie,
 Follow'd by storms of hail, the hunters flie
 For severall shelters, whilst amazed fight
 From mountains tops sees Rivers take their flight.
 The Queen and Trojan Prince, seeking to save
 Themselves from storms, meet in one fatall cave,
 The earth first shook, and *Juno* gave the signe,
 And at such rites ungentle flashes shine.

While, through the conscious aire, the Marriage-
 song,

VVas howls of Nymphs, which from the mountains
 rung.

This day first usher'd death, and from this day,
 Misfortunes took their birth, nor did she weigh
 Her present act, or think of future fame,
 Nor could this amorous theft beget a shame;
 She cal'd it marriage, with a fond designe,
 Believing in the name to hide the crime.

But quickly now that slighted fame took wings,
 And all the newes through *Lybian* Cities flings.
 Unto ill fame compar'd, swift things are sloath,
 For as it flies, it gathers strength and growth;
 Fear keeps it low at first, but free from dread,
 Quickly in clouds, hides its aspiring head.
 To *Caus*, and *Enceladus*, the earth
 Brooded on by the rage of gods gave birth

Unto

Unto this sister last, than winds more fleet ;
Swift in her wings, and not lesse swift in feet.
A horrid and strange monster as she flies,
Under her feathers hides an hundred eyes ,
As many mouths , nor furnisht lesse with ears,
As many tongues to tell the tales she hears.
When night has spread her shades through heaven
she flies,

Not has soft sleep the power to close her eyes,
By day ; where poor and great men live she
fits,

And with her tales gives Citties shaking fits :
The false and true alike to people brings,
With equall joy things done and undone sings.
Of *Troy's* great Prince she quickly did report,
How entertain'd in *Dido's* breast and court,
Unmindfull of their Crowns, ruld now by lust,
The winter spent in passions too unjust.
Among the rest to whom she spread this Fame ,
It quickly unto King *Hiarbas* came.

The storie rais'd his furie, who was son
To *Jove* , from ravisht *Garamantis* sprung.
An hundred Temples he to *Jove* had rais'd,
As many shrines where constant fires still blaz'd.
The Gods perpetuall watch, th'enriched ground,
With blood, th'entrances with garlands crown'd,
The bitter news rage and distraction brings ;
To fill his breast, who in his furie flings
Before the Altars of the gods, and there
With raised hands sends this disputing pray'r ;

150 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

Great *Jove*, to whom, on beds that richly shine,
 We Moors indulge our feasts with sparkling wine,
 Seest thou these things? or shall we free from fright
 See the dark air with sudden flashes bright?
 And dreading at thy winged lightnings flame
 Or slighted Thunders, find our fears were vain?
 A wandering woman on our shores that pay'd
 For leave and place to live on, and obey'd
 Our laws, dares now despise our marriage bed,
 For one *Æneas* to her Kingdom fled.
 This *Paris* with his troope that scarcely are
 Like men, in their soft robes and perfum'd hair,
 Enjoys my passion's object, whilst we raise
 In vain to thee our offerings and our praise.

Whilst thus expostulating-pray'rs he sent,
 Holding the Altars still, th' Omnipotent
 To *Carthage* turns his eyes, where passion's flame
 Had in the Lovers burnt the thoughts of Fame.

Then calling *Mercurie* he thus begins,
 Go son, call *Zephyrus* and on thy wings,
 Haste to the Trojan Prince, who idly stays
 In *Carthage*, and contemns in his delays
 Crowns which were promis'd him by Fate and Time,
 Swift as a thought bear him these thoughts of mine.
 His beauteous mother never promis'd me
 Such things as these, nor for this cause was he
 Twice from the *Grecians* free'd, but that there may
 One spring from *Teucer*, *Italy* to sway
 So big with War and Empires; and to give
 Laws, under which th'obliged World should live.

But

The Loves of Dido and Æneas. 151

But if such praise cannot his mind enflame,
Nor toils be pois'd with weight of endless Fame,
Why does he hinder from *Æscanius* brows
The Roman Crown? What is it hope allows,
Whilst thus with foes (delaying) he remains?
Neglects *Ausonia*, and *Lavinian* plains?
Bid him to sea; go tell him what I say.

The ready god prepares streight to obey
His mighty Father's will, and first he ties
Wings to his feet; born upon which he flies
Through air, and o're the earth, and liquid plain,
Swift as the motion of a rapid flame.
Then takes his rod; whose call ghosts from
below

Obeys, by the same power others go
Unto those dismall shades, sleep comes and flies
As he appoints; and closes dying eyes.
Th' enraged winds swell as he flies along,
And drive the troubled clouds into a throng.

Now *Atlas* views, as on his wings he fled,
Approaching heaven with his aspiring head,
Batter'd with winds and storms, with tall Pines
crown'd,

And still with sable cloud's envelop'd round:
His shoulders prest with undissolved snow,
And from the old man's Chin swift river flow
In rushing cataracts, in frozen ties
His horrid beard bound up severely, lies.

Here first with equally unmoving wings
Cyllenius stays himself, thence headlong flings.

152 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

Along the shores a bird thus swiftly glides
Close on the surface of the swelling tides;
So from high *Atlas*-top *Cyllenius* flies
'Twixt heaven and earth, where fandie *Lybia* lies.

When first on *Carthage*-plains his winged feet
Tock rest, his eyes as soon *Æneas* meet
Raising new Towers; on his thigh there hung
A shining sword, a Tyrian garment flung
Over his shoulders, where the gold did wave
In glittering rings, which *Dido* made and gave.

When with these words the god invades his car;
Dost thou for *Carthage* lay foundations here,
And raisest Cities, now uxorious grown,
Seeking strange Crowns, unmindfull of thine own?
He who o're all th'immortall gods bears sway,
And whom the people of the earth obey,
Commanded me to ask, What vain design
Stays thee in *Lybia*, idly losing time?
If so much glory can't thy mind inflame,
Nor toils be pois'd with weight of endless fame;
Let not *Ascanius* suffer by thy crime,
To whom the Fates th'Italian Crown design.

Thus having spoke *Cyllenius* takes his flight,
And in the air slides from enquiring sight.
Amaz'd *Æneas* stands, in horror ti'd,
With stiffned hair, his voice and words deni'd,
Now burns to leave the place but lately priz'd,
So by the god commanded and advis'd,
What should he do? how venture to relate
This change to her that was so passionate?

His

His mind travails through thoughts as in a trance ,
And snatch'd with every various circumstance ,
Till every thought to this submission gave.

Then *Mnestheus* and *Sergestus*, with the brave
Cloanthus, he does call ; with silent care
Bids them the Navy and their Arms prepare ,
And draw their Forces to the Ocean side ;
But with a feigned cause the true to hide.

In the mean space (whilst *Dido* little thought
Their loves were to so near a period brought)
He pays his visits, and neglects no time,
All his addresses fits for his designe ,
VVith all the art of softest words , whilst they
VVith gladnesse do their Princes will obey.

But the fair Queen (for who can long deceive
A Lover?) quickly did the fraud perceive,
And from the present makes her future ghesse ;
VVhat ever seems most safe, fears not the lesse.
The same ungentle Fame the news now brings
To sad *Eliza*, who now madly flings
Thorough the City, passion so excites
The wretched Queen, like *Thyas* at those Rites
VVhen first the *Orgyes* stir, and *Bacchus* name
Cytheron loudly does in night proclaim.

At length unto *Æneas* thus she saies ,
Hast thou design'd all these dissembling ways ?
Could there, false man, be so much ill in thee ,
In silence to have fled this place and me ?
Cannot my love, that love, which I so late
Plighted to thee, nor my approaching fate,

Oblige

Oblige thy stay ; but among Winter-waves
 To thrust thy Navy, whilst the North-wind raves.
 What if you never sought an unknown Land ,
 And antient *Troy* did in its lustre stand ;
 Must needs that *Troy*, through Billows swelling high,
 Be sought with Navies ? Is't not me you flie ?
 By thy receiv'd right hand, and by these tears,
 (Now nothing else at my command appears)
 By our young Loves, if ever I was thought
 To merit, or to thee a pleasure brought :
 Pitty a falling state, change thy hard mind ,
 I beg, if prayers yet a place can find.
 For thee, the *Lybians*, and *Numidian* King ,
 With *Tyrians*, will on me their malice fling.
 For thee, my early and unspotted fame
 Is lost, which once to Heaven bore my name.
 To what am I now dying left? Ah gueit,
 In that, all *Hymen's* Titles now must rest.
 But why do I delay ? Is it to see
 My Brother ruine all? or till I be
 Led captive by *Hyarbas* ? If I might
 Have had a young *Æneas* ere thy flight ,
 That onely might to me present thy look,
 I should not fancy I were quite forlook.

This said, forewarn'd by *Jove* within his breast ,
 Witheyes still fix'd his troubles he suppress.

At length replies, Fair Queen, I can't deny
 Your words or merits, nor shall ever I
 Unwillingly admit *Eliza's* name
 Unto my thoughts, whilst life inspires this frame.

Thus

Thus much I onely say, I never tri'd,
 Or hop'd dissemblingly my flight to hide.
 Nor did I promise ever to be thine,
 Or hither came with such a fond deligne.
 Would Fate permit, my will should now dispose
 My life, and as I pleas'd my cares and woes;
 Troy and its Princely Palaces should shine,
 As once it did, rais'd by this hand of mine.
 But *Phæbus* now and *Lycian* Lots decree,
 That I should fix my love on *Italy*.
 If you, that from *Phœnicia* took your birth,
 Affect this *Carthage*, and the *Lybian* earth;
 VVhy should it now appear more strange, that we,
 Though *Trojans* born, should seek for *Italy*?
 The justice is the same. As often too,
 As the dark night its humid shades does throw,
 O're the hid world, and Stars begin to rise,
 My Father's Ghost does threaten and advise.
 Unjust to dear *Ascanius* too I prove,
 He wants a Crown, whilst here I idly love.
 Now *Mercury* from *Jove* was sent (I swear
 By both our heads) who through the yielding air
 Brought his commands, apparent light and clear,
 Shew'd me the god, and I his voice did hear.
 Cease then to wound with these complaints of thine,
 Since, though I go, 'twas not my own design.
 This said, she turn'd her long averted sight,
 Fix'd upon him, her eyes then took their flight,
 And silently on every object gaz'd;
 At length she spoke, to height of passion rais'd.

Perfidious

156 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

Perfidious man! Nor *Dardan* could begin
 Thy race, or couldst thou from a goddesse spring;
 But bred on rocky *Caucasus*, thou first
 Wast by *Hircanian* Tygers udders nurst.
 For why should I dissemble? should belief
 Betray me to more woe? See if my grief
 Has rais'd one sigh, or does his eyes encline
 To be o're-come in tears to pitty mine.
 Where should I first complain? my miseries,
 Nor *Jove* nor *Juno* sees with equall eyes.
 Faith is unstedfast still, fond woman's haste!
 In want I found what I in plenty plac'd.
 His Friends and Navy did by me return
 From death to life, Ah in what flames I burn?
 Now *Lot's*, *Apollo* now, now from above
Cyllenius brings the harsh commands of *Jove*.
 'Tis likely that the gods should from our cares,
 Receive such trouble, and proportion theirs.
 I neither stay you, nor your words deny,
 Seek through the waves and wind for *Italy*.
 I hope (if gods be great as well as good)
 That thou shalt drink (drown'd in the rocky Flood)
 Revenge's draught, and calling still on me,
 Though absent, yet in flames I'll follow thee.
 And when cold death shall cease this vitall heat,
 My ghost unwelcome visits shall repeat.
 And all thy woes obliging Fame shall tell,
 To my pleas'd ears when I with shadows dwell.
 At this abruptly stops her words, and flies,
 Sick of the light, and weary of mens eyes,

Leaving

Leaving him fix'd with fears, and in delay,
Confus'd in all, preparing much to say.
Whilst she sinks to the earth on which she fled,
Carried by servants to a Marble-bed.

Though the juſt Prince enclin'd to give relief,
And to divert with words her powerfull grief,
Shook in his breaſt, where ſighs and love did meet;
Yet he obeys the gods, and views his Fleet.
The *Trojans* throng, while launch'd from the ſhore's
The 'nointed Veſſells now on Billows ride; (ſide,
Carrying their Oars aboard, and Oak not quite
Brought into form, ſo carefull in their flight.
All from the City throng, as toying Ants,
Treasure a Heap, remembering Winter's wants.
The black Troop through the verdant graſſe makes
And in a narrow road their ſtores convey; (way,
Some bear the corn, the lazieſt of the Swarm
Others excite, and every place grows warm.

What were thy thoughts now *Dido* at this ſight,
And what ſad ſighs did from thy breaſt take flight?
Hearing ſuch noiſe, and ſeeing from above [Love!]
The ſhores grow warm with crowds. (Ungentle
What iſ't thou canſt not us compell to do?
Again ſhee's forc'd in tears and prayers to woe.
No thought to Love obedience now deni'd,
Leſt dying, ſhe had left a way untri'd.

Seeſt thou not, Siſter, how they all repair
Down to the ſhores, and the ungentle air
Seems too to court their ſails, the joys reſound
From Sea-men, all their Veſſells ready crown'd.

Had

158 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

Had I but thought that such a woe could be,
I might have born it then; for, wretched me,
This one thing do, (for that false man alone
Seem'd kind to thee, to thee his thoughts made
The time, & how to soften words you know, [known])
Go and petition this insulting foe.

I never swore the *Trojans* to destroy,
Or did assist, or sent my ships to *Troy*;
Or yet disturb'd his Father's dust and ghost,
Why are my words to his clos'd ears thus lost?
Ah! whither does he flie? let his hard breast
Grant but a wretched Lover's last request.

Let him but stay till he may safely flye,
Till neither winds grow lowd, or waves grow high.

I beg not now again his broken vows,
Or of the *Latium* Crown to rob his Brows:
I beg but time my passions to reprieve,
Till my hard fate has taught me how to grieve.

This last request I make, if pitty find
A power in your breast; my gratefull mind
Shall onely lose the memory in death.

Whilst tears she spent with this imploring breath,
To him, and back again, the wofull tales
Her Sister bears, but nothing now prevails;
Soft charming words had lost their power, oppos'd
By Fate, the god his gentler ears had clos'd.

An aged Oak so long had stood the blast
Of *Alpine Boreas*, now is this way cast,
Now that, whilst with the clamoring winds he strives,
Which to the earth th'assaulted branches drives;

The

The Loves of Dido and Æneas. 159

The root yet fix'd, for what above appears,
So much below the earth's embraces bears.

So every way her words the *Hero* prest,
Shook by her cares within his mighty breast.
But his firm mind unshaken still appears,
And she, in vain, now spends her stock of tears.

Th' unhappy Queen, whom all these fates affright,
Now wishes death, and hates to see the light.

That too which added to these sad desires,
VVhilst on the Altars in perfumed fires,
She paces her gifts, the sacred wine no more,
Retains its looks, but turns black clotted gore.
This horrid change was to no eye reveal'd,
And from the trusted sister too conceal'd.

Besides, there stood a marble Temple, made
To her first love, to which she alwayes paid
An honour'd kindnesse, alwayes too deck't round
VVith verdant wreaths, and snowie fleeces crown'd;
From whence she thought, she heard *Sichæus* call.

And when the night had spre'd her vaile o're all,
The fatall Owle that perching place still seeks,
And sends out long and death-presaging shrieks.

The Priests before had threatned sad cxtreams,
The cruell Prince still visits her in dreams.

Alwayes she seems alone, and wandring strayes,
Seeking her subjects in forsaken wayes.

So *Pentheus* saw with his distracted sight,
Furies in troops, at once two Suns gave light.

One Thebes two Cities shew'd, or on the stage,
As wild *Orestes* flies his mothers rage.

VVith

VVith blazing brands, and with black serpents arm'd,
VVhilst in the gate, revenging furies swarm'd?

Vanquish't with grief and passion in extreams,
She now resolves to dye, the time and means
Closely designs, nor could her thoughts appear,
Her looks were all compos'd serene and clear.
To her afflicted Sister then she goes,
And with these words, her mind seems to disclose.

Come share with me the joy of my designe,
That shall restore his love or banish mine.
Neer to the setting Sun and Occans end,
A part of *Æthiopia* does extend.
Where mighty *Atlas* on his shoulders bears
The glittering load of all the starry spears.
Thence, (a Massylian born) a Priestesse came,
That kept the Dragon and th' Hesperian Fane;
Who also did the sacred branches keep,
With hony and with poppy causing sleep.
She could with charms enthralled minds set free,
And others bind with the same cruelty.
Stars would retire, swift streams no longer run,
And from the graves, the cal'd up spirits come,
The earth mens frighted ears with howlings fills,
And the tall Oks seem walking from the hills.

VVitnesse you gods, and my dear life, that now
Unwillingly to Magick arts I bow.
Go, in the inner Court erect a pyle,
Bring the man's sword, and garments, now his spoile.
Lay all the Impious left upon that bed,
VWhere I to ruine was by passion led.

For

For so the Priestesse every thing design'd,
Of a false man should dissolution find.

This said, on her still lips a paleness rose,
And yet her sister did not then suppose
Under pretence of charms she meant to find
Her fate, or that such fury rul'd her mind;
Or fear'd a crueller effect, or crosse,
From any cause, than from her Husbands losse.

She therefore hastens to obey; the while,
The Queen within the Court doth raise a pile
Of pines and cloven Oaks, adorned round
With lights, with wreaths and funerall Cypresse
And on this pile the fatal bed convoid, (crown'd.
On which his garments and his sword she laid.
With these, plac't his effigies too, Alas,
Too knowing now of what would come to passe!
All this begirt with Altars, with loose hair,
The Priestesse sends to many gods her pray'r
To Spirits, and inhabitants below,
To *Cynthia*, and to triple *Hecate* too.
Sprinkling feign'd dew, as from *Avernus* brought,
Herbs cut with brazen Sythes, by Moon-shine sought.
With poyson brew'd, from the Colts brow they tare
The much lov'd bit of the prevented mare.

The Queen with gifts, hard by the Altar stands,
Her garments loose, one foot releast from bands.
And dying now, her last appeal does send,
To Gods and Planets, conscious of her end.
If any Power most with care survaies
Loves too unequall bonds, to them she prays.

T'was night, and wearied limbs with toils oppress'd,
 Did in becalming sleep's embraces rest.
 The winds were hush'd, the waves no longer swell'd,
 And time the equall scales of midnight held.
 The earth's and air's inhabitants, in dreams
 VVere lock'd, and scaly troops affecting streams.
 All in obliging sleep receiv'd their shares,
 Their hearts insensible of toils or cares.

But the unhappy Queen sleep's charms denies,
 Passion possess'd her breast, and tears her eyes,
 Her cares increase, her love to fury grows,
 And storms of anger with her passion rose.
 Then to her self, raises this sad discourse;
 What shall I do? shall I go seek remorse
 Of slighted lovers? or beg to be priz'd,
 By that *Hiarbas* whom I once despis'd?
 Or shall I flye after the Trojan sails,
 With whom the sense of kindnesse so prevails?
 Or were I willing, would they give me leave;
 Or a scorn'd thing in their proud ships receive?
 Lost wretch! see it thou not senseless fix't upon
 The perjur'd race of false *Laomedon*?
 What then, shall I alone these men pursue,
 Or let the armed Tyrians follow too?
 And those which hardly once from *Tyrrus* came,
 Shall I perswade to go to Sea again?
 No, no, 'tis only death is fit for thee,
 Let his sword end thy life and misery.
 Thou sister, first (yet with my weeping prest)
 Didst help this enemy into my breast.

Why might not we like wild beasts alwayes live,
And know no cares that love and passion give?

Then, not oblig'd, I had not been unjust;
In forgot-kindnesse to *Sichæus* dust.

Such great and sad complaints denied her rest,
In troops assaulting now her broken breast.

Sleep then did on the Trojan Prince prevail,
Who in his tall ship lay prepar'd to sail.

To whom, *Jove's* messenger appears once more,
Repeats the warnings that he gave before;

(In voice and every thing like *Hermes* shew'd,
His youth the same, his shining hair so flow'd.)

Thou heavenly-born, Canst thou soft sleep admit,
Not sensible what dangers threaten yet?

Nor yet discernest how the prosperous gales,
With gentle invitations court thy sails?

She now, since death is her resolv'd designe,
Guided by rage, stops at no fraud or crime.

Ely whilst thou may'st, lest thou seest vessels
swarm,

On troubled waves, and shores with flames grow
warm.

If by this Land, you wait approaching day,
Then put an end unto this dull delay.

The minds of women never yet were fix't:

This said, with nights dark shades himself he mixt.

No sooner now this mighty Vision ends,

But straight *Aeneas*, rows'd himselfe and friends;

Urging them on, to hasten from those shores,

With haste to spread their sails, and ply their Oars.

A God sent from above came to exile,
 And with Commands, to hasten too our flight.
 VWhich of the gods so e're thou art, we flye
 As thou direct'st, obeying chearfully.
 Be thou still pleas'd to guide us and protect,
 And every star propitiously direct.
 This said, his shining sword draws from his side,
 And cuts the Cable which his vessell ty'd,
 The rest with equall haste repeat his deed,
 And quickly from the shores their vessells freed.
 Much of the Sea with ships was cover'd now,
 Forcing white furrows on its blewish brow.

Now on the earth, the first bright message fled
 Of fair *Aurora's* leaving *Tithon's* bed.
 VWhen first the Queen saw the approaching light,
 VWith it the empty port, the ships in flight :
 Her breast, where yet so many beauties were,
 She fills with stroaks, and tears her shining hair.
 Then cries, O *Jupiter*, shall he thus flye,
 And fix on us so great a mockery?
 Are none yet arm'd, no Ships yet thrust from shores?
 Pursue with flames, bring sails, employ your Oars ;
 VWhat do I talk of, or where am I now ?
 VWhat rage, and impious fancies I allow ? (sway,
 Unhappy Queen, these thoughts should have born
 Before thy Scepter thou hadst it flung away.
 Behold his faith, who yet they say before,
 His Countries gods through all his travails bore !
 VWho on his shoulders bore his fathers weight,
 Prest too with age, declining to his fate.

Canno

Let t

The Loves of Dido and Æneas. 165

Cannot I throw his scatter'd limbs to waves,
And give his friends too such unpittied graves?
Might not *Ascanius* perish by my sword,
Then dish the Boy up to his fathers board?
Th' event of War is doubtfull: be it so,
The dying sure never needs fear a foe.
Swift flames among their ships I should have flung,
In which at once, the father and the son
Should have been lost, and in the same designe,
With their sad fates, I would have mingled mine.
Thou Sun that seest all things, that mortalls do!
Thou *Juno*, conscious of my passions too:
And *Hecate*, whose howls fills night and wayes,
You furies too, hear what *Eliza* pray's
The last her dying lips ever designs!
Let your revenge be great, as are their crimes.
If such an impious man, must safely find
Through seas, places and Lands for him design'd,
If this be fates unalterable doom,
Let him among a warlike people come
Vext still with such, driven from place to place,
And snatch't from his *Ascanius* lov'd embrace.
Still begging aid, let objects for his eyes
Be still his wretched friends sad obsequies.
And when dishonour'd peace shall all unite,
Let him enjoy neither his Crown nor Light:
But fall before his day, the sand his grave,
The god's these prayers with my blood shall have.
And you, O Tyrians, in your hate be just,
Let that be still a tribute to my dust.

166 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

Never let Love oblige, nor League make ties,
And from our loyns may some revenger rise,
That on the Dardan race, may pay these scors,
With fire & sword; may shores contend with shores,
Billow's with waves, and armies against arms,
And all his race perish in civill harms. (Strife,

This said, her crowdes of thoughts were now at
Which way to rid her selfe of hated life.

Then to *Sichæus* nurse her selfe addrest,
(Her's in her native grave enjoyed rest)

Thus said, Dear nurse, my sister hither bring,
First having bath'd her body in a spring.

And with her bring the Sacrifice design'd,
And you your head with sacred fillets bind.

For *Pluto's* rites I'll end, with them my woe,
Whilst on the Dardans funerall pile I throw

His Image, to the flames ungentle rage.

This said, the nurse's gate shew'd haste and age.

But wing'd with horrid fancies *Dido* flies,
Unto her fate, rolling her bloody eyes.

In her fair cheeks, sad looks possess the room
And paleness of that death that was to come.

Thorough the Inner Court her steps she bends,
And furiously the funerall Pile ascends.

Then draws the Dardan sword, never design'd
For such a horrid use; her eyes next find

His bed, which only now his garments bears.

A little while she paus'd, by thoughts and tears
Sharers in time delay'd, her selfe then cast

Upon the bed, and thus she spoke her last.

The Loves of Dido and Æneas. 167

Dear spoils, whilst gods and fate did so agree!
Receive my life, from cares now set me free.
Here I have liv'd the slave of Fortune still,
Now under earth my shade some place must fill.
A City I have built, reveng'd the fate
Of a lost Husband, and a Brother's hate.
Happy, ah too much happy I had been,
Had never *Trojan-Sails* my *Carthage* seen.
This said, she kiss'd the bed, then cries, Must I
Thus poorly fall, and unrevenged die?
But die I must, death onely can give ease,
The thoughts of t'other world alone can please.
Let my last flame blaze in his cruell eyes,
Shook at the Omen, whilst *Eliza* dies.

This said, she thrust the sword into her breast,
And flowing blood the wretched act exprest.
The lofty Pallace ecchoes now with cries,
And fame through all the shaken City flies:
The roofs resound with womens howls and moans,
And ecchoing aire affected seems with groans.

So it had been, if to an armed Host
The antient *Tyre* or *Carthage* had been lost.
And the impartiall flames shewing no odds,
On sinking dwellings both of men and gods.

Her Sister hears, who with a shaking pace,
Beating her breast, arrives unto the place;
Thorough encreasing crowds she rushing came,
Still calling on her dying Sister's name.
Was this thy cruell fraud, was I so prest
For such a Pile? for this were Altars drest?

168 *The Loves of Dido and Æneas.*

What should a wretch so much forsaken do?
 Did you scorn, Sister, I should die with you?
 Death should have had on both an equall power,
 We should have shar'd one grief, one sword, one
 hour.

These with my hands I rais'd, my prayers fled
 To gods, did I compose thee for the dead
 To live behind? Thy fate now ruins all,
 Thy Sister sinks, and Kingdom in thy fall.
 Some water bring that I may bathe the wound,
 If any wandring breath may yet be found,
 To hers my lips so closely shall be laid,
 That it shall find no way but me. This said,
 She mounts the Pile, and in her bosom took
 Her Sister, yet by breath not quite forsook.
 She grieves, yet still attempting all she cou'd,
 And with her garments dries away the bloud.
 She strives to raise her eyes, by weaknesse prest,
 Her eye-lids sinck, the wound gapes on her breast.
 Thrice she attempted from the bed to rise,
 Thrice roles upon the bed with wandring eyes.
 She makes faint searches now for heavens light,
 And groanes, when found by her impairing
 sight,

But *Juno* pitying the punishment
 Of struggling life, from heaven *Iris* sent,
 To set at freedom her delaying breath,
 Since neither fate, nor a deserved death
 Had caus'd her end, but fell before her time:
 Love's passion was alone her fate and crime.

Nor

Nor yet had *Proserpine* took from her head
Her hair, and enter'd her among the dead.

From heaven then, *Iris* with dewie wings,
On which the Sun a thousand glories flings,
Flies to her head, This to the dark abode
I bear, and free thee from thy body's load.

She said; then with her right hand cuts her hair,
And her enlarged breath slides into aire.

P. PA

1894



P. PAPINIUS STATIUS,

His

ACHILLEIS;

The First Book.

The Argument.

*The Rape's committed. Thetis begs in vain
Of Neptune a rough storm to swell the Main.
Then to *Æmonia through the Sea she goes, †Thessaly
And visits the lov'd cause of all her woes.*



He great *Æacides, my { *Achilles, called
Musc, now sing; { Æacides, from
An Issue fear'd by Hea- { Æacus his Grand-
farther. }
vens thundring King.

Much of his acts, though in admired strains,
Great Homer sung; yet much untold remains.
5 We his first deeds relate, and how conceal'd,
In Scyros by a Trumpet's sound reveal'd.

Not

Not of dragg'd *Hector* to his Chariot ty'd,
I sing, but how the Youth to *Troy* arriv'd.

Thou, *Phæbus*, (if deserv'd in former layes)

- 10 Give me fresh streams, and now with second Bayes
Adorn my brows. For I the hallowed ground
Have known before, with sacred Fillets crown'd:
Witnesse those *Theban* fields, for which my fame
Shall last, whilst *Thebes* records *Amphion's* name.

- 15 But *Thou by *Greeks* and *Romans* } **Domitian* the Em-
all-renown'd, } peror, to whom the
Both with the wreaths of *Mars* } Poet addresleth
and *Phæbus* crown'd. } this Complement.

(Who lately griev'dst from thy contended brow
To lay the gentler one) permit me now
To guide my fearfull pen a little while,

- 20 And on the great *Achilles* acts to toy;
Till I sing Thine, yet wanting confidence,
And for thy Prelude with his name dispeuce.

The *Trojan* Swain, from the *Laconian* Shoar
Sail'd, and from unsuspecting *Sparta* bore

- 25 A prey, and in his guilty journey shoves
His mother's dream fulfill'd, presaging woës.
Upon those streams they sayl, where *Helle* found
Her fate, yet now among the Sea-gods crown'd.
When *Thetis* (never yet, alas! in vain

- 30 Were parents prophesies) through the clear Main,
Affrighted saw the *Phrygian* Oars, she fled,
With all the Sea-Nymphs, from her watry bed.
The almost-meeting Shores heat with the swarm,
And from the throng the crowded waves grew
warm. When

- 35 When *Thetis* through the parting Billows rose,
To me she cry'd, This Navy threatneth woes.
What *Proteus* told, alas! appears too true.
See *Priam's* kindled flames; the daughter too
Bellona brings! a thousand Ships appear,
40 Which *Ionian* and *Aegean* Billows bear.
All the sworn Greeks whom the *Atrides* got
Must not suffice: Land, Ocean must be sought
For my *Achilles*. To what purpose then
Was he on *Pelion* bred, in *Chiron's* den?
45 There with the *Lapithites* (unlesse I fear
In vain) he fights, and tries his father's Spear.
Ah me! this fear upon my heart prevails
Too late. Why could not I, when first these Sails
Swell'd on my Streams, act what I now would do,
50 And make a storm the lustfull Thief pursue,
With all the Sea-Nymphs help'd? Storms now
will come
Too late; the Rape and Injury is done.
Yet I will go, and all the remedy,
That's left, attempt; I'll move each deity
55 That rules in Flouds, and beg the Ocean's King
By *Tethys*, on the waves one storm to fling.
No sooner said, but she the god espy'd,
Who from *Oceanus* crown'd boards arriv'd.
The chearing *Nectar* in his looks yet shin'd:
60 At whose approach, the storms, with every wind,
Were all in silence hush'd; and round by him,
Sounding their wreathed shells, the Tritons
swim:

The shoals of Whales, like moving Rocks, make way,
And round their King, the crooked Dolphins play.

65 He, rais'd above the quiet Ocean, rides,
And with his Trident his yok'd Horses guides :
They with their crooked tails the Chariot row,
And from their breasts the foaming surges throw.
To whom sad *Thetis* said, Great Ocean's King,

70 Dost thou not see thy waves assistance bring
To strange designs? The guilty safely go,
Since Sea's reserved rights were sleighted so
By the bold *Jason*: His example left
See by these follow'd, both in crime and theft :

75 And from the friendly shores an unjust prey
By the rash Judge of *Ida*'s born away.
Ah me! what mournings shall this cause to be
In heaven and earth ! and what, alas, to me!
Is this a Foster-child's return? This way

80 Will *Venus* for her Phrygian Garland pay?
At least o're-whelm these ships, (for in the throng,
No Heroes, nor our *Theseus* goes along)
If any justice yet in waves can be ;
Or else commit the power of storms to me.

85 Nor is't ungentle, while 'tis just that I
Fear for a child. Let the mad waves swell high :
Nor suffer me from Flouds to take my leave,
Onely by his affected Tomb to grieve.

Thus begging, she before the Chariot stood,
90 With scattered hair. The Ruler of the Flood

Invites

Invites her up, and strives such words to find,
As might appease her sad afflicted mind.

Ask not their ruine, *Thetis*: 'tis in vain,
The gods and Fates do otherwise ordain.

95 Sad years to come with slaughters are decreed
By *Jove*, *Europe* and *Asia* both must bleed.
What triumphs shalt thou have in Phrygian plains,
To see thy son there feed the funerall flames?
When he the Trojan fields shall stain with blood,
And with like slaughters cram the blushing

100 Flood?

Great *Hector*'s weight shall make his Chariot
flow,

Those walls we rais'd his hand shall overthrow.
Nor grieve that thou hast scop'd to *Peleus* love,
The son thou hast by him is worthy *Jove*.

105 Nor shalt thou unrevenge'd for ever mourn,
When they return thy pow'r shall raise a storm:
False flames by night, shall *Caphareus* then show,
And joynt-revenge wee'l on *Ulysses* throw;

At this, she hung those looks that did incline,
110 To raise a storm; and changing the designe
With labouring arms to *Thessaly* she swims,
And on those shores she rests her snowy limbs.
The mountains joy, with that much loved place,
Where *Peleus* did the goddesse first embrace;

115 Above his banks the swel'd *Sperchios* rose,
Joy'd whilst his stream about the goddesse flows.
She took no joy in all, but still oppress'd
With the sad fancies of her carefull breast.

Thus

Thus fill'd with busie thoughts the goddesse then ,
120 Approacheth to the aged *Chiron*s den ;
Under the rock, where *Pelion* doth encline
Like a bent bow : so wrought by Art and Time.
Still here the signs remain'd, where, at their feasts,
The beds were press'd by the immortall guests,
125 Which in the stables of the Centaur stood,
Not like the rest of the prodigious brood.
His darts unstain'd with human cruelties,
Never did he with vast subverted trees.
Or massy bowls, disturb the geniall crue,
130 Only at Beasts, his guiltlesse arrows flew.
But now by age disarm'd, with herbs he tries
To restore life her tired faculties :
Or to *Achilles*, all the glorious things,
Fam'd *Heroes* did, upon his harp he sings.
135 'Gainst whose return from his pursued game,
The boards are crown'd ; and with the kindled
flame (vide,
The cave growes bright , whilst thus he did pro-
Looking for him, his Mother he espy'd. (yields)
To her he hasts , (while strength his gladnesse
140 And trots upon the long unused fields.
To her he bowes his aged Limbs, and then,
Leads the sad goddesse to his humble den.
Her busie eye, that would not be delay'd,
Quickly views all , as soon to *Chiron* laid ;
145 Where is my pledge ! or why do you thus
trust,
My child alone ? Are my sad dreams then just ?

Those

Book I. Statius *his* Achilles. 177

Those dreadful visions which the gods have
set

Before mine eyes, I wish as vain as great.
My breast seems wounded now ; my hands , to
bear (tear.

The signes of strokes ; wild beast's, my bosome 150

And many times I fancy in my dreams,

Again I dip my child in Stygian streams.

With Magick art, at last a way I've got,

To cure my fears, by the kind *Proteus* taught :

The Youth must be to those fit parts convey'd, 155

For such designs, in secret billows laid.

Where horrid sacrifices are to th' hid,

And unknown gods ; But more I am forbid.

These rites demand him now : Thus *Thetis* said :

The aged *Chiron* else had not obey'd, 160

If he had known what garments once should hide

The youth. But ignorant he thus repli'd :

Pursue, kind goddess, this unknown design :

With humble vows th' ungentle powers encline.

Not thy ambitious prayers can succeed, 165

To please the envious gods, nor would I breed

New fears in thee ; but I confesse my share,

Nor yet deceived by a Father's care :

'Tis his vast strength, that thus procures my fears,

Which shews too early for his tender years. 170

At first, my threatening words he would obey,

Nor would too farre about the mountains stray.

Not *Ossa* now, nor *Pelion* can contain

His wandrings, nor *Thessalian* feather'd rain.

N

To

175 To me the Centaurs often make their moan,
Forc't from their Heards, pursu'd by him alone,
Who singly dares with all their troops engage,
Whilst force and fraud they threaten in their rage.
Lately I saw *Alcides* on this shore,

180 And *Theseus*, whom the Argive ship then bore.
But see, he comes, — At this abruptly staid,
Th' expecting goddesses chilling fears invade.

The Youth arriv'd, loaded with dust and sweat,
And wearied with his arms and labours; yet

185 His snowy looks, the rosy blushes stain'd;
His hair the shining Gold with glittering sham'd.
Upon his cheeks no Down yet seem'd to rise:
A gentle lustre in his sparkling eyes (wore,
Still shin'd; his face those charming beauties

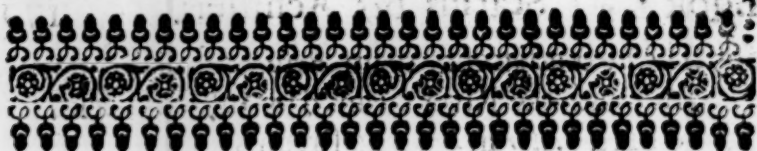
190 Which his admired Mother had before.
So shews young *Phœbus*, when he doth retire
From *Lycia*, and for shafts assumes his lyre.
By chance he came in pleas'd, (O how much more
It added to what was so well before!)

195 For under *Pholoe* in a Cave he slew
A Lioness, and took the young ones too,
Which in his arms he bore. But the lov'd prey,
At his dear mother's sight he threw away;
By *Chiron* now embrac'd, and then again
Doth in his mother's jealous arms remain;

200 When freight his dearest friend *Patroclus* came,
In love and age his equal; and the same
Assay'd in generous Arts to imitate,
Yet short in strength, but shar'd an equal fate.

The

- 205 The next adjacent stream *Achilles* seeks,
And with the River cleans'd his sullied cheeks.
So tired *Caster* in *Eurola's* streams
Restores his looks, bright as his new Star's beams.
Pleas'd *Chiron* on his fair proportion stares.
210 The joy that *Thetis* took made great her cares.
The Centaur then invites them to his Feast,
And fills *Lyas* to his troubled guest.
His Harp to welcome *Thetis* he prepares,
Whose charming notes lessen the weight of cares.
215 And having gently tri'd the warbling strings,
He gives it to *Æacides*, who sings
The acts of Heroes; how great *Juno's* spleen
Vanquish'd so oft by *Hercules* had been;
The Victories of *Pollux*; and how too
220 The monstrous *Minotaur* fam'd *Theseus* slew.
Lastly, great *Peles*, and his Mother's love
He sung, the Marriage grac'd by those above.
At this, sad *Thetis* seem'd to force a smile.
Night now laid on her heavy charms the while.
225 *Achilles* the kind Centaur's shoulder took,
And his affecting Mother's breast forlook.



ANNOTATIONS

On the first Book of

STATIUS *bis* ACHILLEIS.

2. **A**N issue fear'd by heaven's thundring King.] When Jove sought the marriage of *Thetis*, he was told by *Proteus*, that the issue that came from *Thetis* should exceed the father who begot it: At which, mistrusting his own Omnipotency, he left his Love to keep Heaven. The Fable is thus rendred by the incomparable *Sandys*, *Metamorph.* 11.

*For aged Proteus thus foretold the truth,
To wave-wet Thetis, thou shalt bear a Youth,
Greater then him from whom he took his birth
In Arms and Fame. Left any thing on earth
Should be more great than Jove, Jove shuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd Thetis, though her beauty led
His strong desires: Who bids Æacides
Succeed his Love, and wed the Queen of Seas.*

6. *Scyros.*] An Island of the Ægean Sea, one of the *Cyclades*, over against *Peloponnesus*; (as *Strabo*, l. 10. relateth) having a Town of the same name; famous most, in being the place where *Achilles* lived disguised. See *Servius* and *Sabinus* on *Virgil's* *Æn.* 2.

7. Not of dragg'd *Heſſor*, &c.] *Statius* here propoſeth his deſigne, to ſing the acts of *Achilles* onely from his infancy, which *Homer* had omitted, juſtly preſenting the death of *Heſſor* for all his Victories; whoſe fate was *Troy's* ruin. *Senec. Troad.* v. 185.

*Aut cum superbo victor in curru stetit,
Egitque habenas, Hectorem & Trojam trahens.*

Or when the Conqueror did his Horses guide,
And Troy which *Hector* at his Chariot ty'd.

For *Achilles* having killed him, tied him to his Chariot; and dragged him thrice round the walls of *Troy*, as *Homer*, *Iliad* 22. Which unwelcome sight *Aeneas* saw painted at *Carthage*, *Virg.* *Æn.* 2. 487.

*Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Examinumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum verò ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab inno,
Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes.*

About *Troy's* walls *Hector's* dead body thrice
Achilles dragg'd, and sold it for a price.
Then from the bottom of his breast he drew
A grief-expressing sigh, his friend to view,
His Spoils and Chariot, and how *Priam* stands
Begging with his erected aged hands.

12. *With sacred fillets bound.*] These were Ornaments for the Priests heads; in Latine, *Vitta*. Hence *Juvenal* *Sat.* 4. of the Vestall *Virgin*, *Vittata Sacerdos*. And *Virgil* thus presenteth *Anius*, *Æn.* 3. 80.

*Rex Anius, Rex idem hominum Phœbique Sacerdos,
Vittis & sacra redimitus tempora lauro.*

Anius a King and Priest, his Temples bound
With sacred Fillets, and with Lawrel crown'd.

The Title of *Priest* was antiently conferr'd on Kings, as *Cassiodorus*, on *Suetonius* in *Augusto*, delivereth from *Aristotle*, *Polit.* 3. and *Synesius*, *Epist.* 121. by reason that the Government of all Commonwealths consisted in Ecclesiasticall Ceremonies, and Politicall Laws; the care of both which belonged to Kings. Hence *Augustus* was created chief Priest, that all kinds of power might be in him. And as *Servius* observeth (on *Æn.* 3. 80.) the style of *Pontifex Max.*

was still assumed by the succeeding Emperors; as may also be seen in the Inscriptions of the *Cæsars* at the end of *Suetonius*, set forth by *Schildius* 1651. Poets called themselves *Phœbus Priests*; so *Tibullus* and *Propertius* frequently. Hereupon *Statius* here dresseth himself with Priestly Ornaments.

13. *Witnesse those Theban fields, &c.*] Our Poet here intimateth his Poem of the Theban-War: So that hence, and by the ensuing Complement to *Domitius*, it is clear, that this was *Statius* his second Work, and his *Silvæ* the last. To his *Thebans*, with confidence enough, he here promiseth as lasting a fame, as *Thebes* could give *Amphion* the Son of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, who having (as *Plinie* saith, l. 7. c. 56.) found out the use of the Harp, handled it so harmoniously, that he made stones come of their own accord to raise the Walls of *Thebes*. Senec. Theb. act. 4.

— nulla quas struxit manus,
Sed convocatus vocis & citharæ sono
Per se ipse turres venit in summas lapidis.

Rais'd by no labouring workman's hands, but brings
With his harmonious voice and charming strings
The willing stones together, which compose
Themselves, and into lofty Towers rose.

Some joyne his brother *Zethus* with him in the businessse. So *Palæphatus*, who reducing the Fable to a seeming truth, saith, The two Brothers admitted their Auditors to their Musick, on condition, that every one should afford his assistance to the Building. A far truer Mythologie is glanced at by *Horace*, *De arte Poet.* v. 391.

*Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Cadibus & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,
Dicitur ob hoc tenere Tigres rabidosque Leones.
Dicitur & Amphion Thebana conditor arcis
Saxa movere sono testudinibus, & prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet.*

Orpheus inspir'd from gods, first rude men brought
From loving blood and slaughters; hence was thought
Fierce Lions and wild Tigers to have ram'd.
And so *Amphion* with his Harp was fam'd
To raise the Theban walls, and at his choice
To move deaf stones with his admired voice.

So perhaps the Fable arose, from his reducing a savage people to
live

live under a form of Government; and for their safety (than which, no argument can be more prevalent) perswading them to compass in their City with a Wall. And herein, in my opinion, he was much more judicious than *Lycurgus* and *Agefilas*, who believed the breasts of valiant Citizens defence enough. And so also thinketh *Plato*, l. 6. *De leg.* For these reasons, *Orpheus* was said to have made wild beasts gentle, and *Amphion* to have moved stones, that is, men of savage lives, and obdurate natures. *Macrobius* in *Somn. Scip.* l. 2. c. 3. keepeth closer to the Fable; for setting forth the excellencies of Musick, he saith, That from it, the Univeriall Soul of the world took its originall; and that by it therefore all men, not onely the civill, but the barbarous also, are either animated to vertue, or dissolved into pleasure; *quia anima in corpus desert memoriam Musicae, cujus in celo fuit conscia*; Because the soul, though in the body, still retaineth a memory of that harmony which it enjoyed in heaven. And hence he conceiveth the Fables of *Orpheus* and *Amphion* had their Originall. See *Clemens Alexandr. Admonit. ad Gentes*, p. 2. *Amphion's* excellency proved his ruine: For contemning *Latona*, by her revenge he saw all his children slain, and at the last added himself to the number. *Sandys Ovid's Metam.* l. 6.

*For sad Amphion wounding his own breast,
Had now his sorrow with his soul releast.*

13. *Trojan Swain*] This title is usually given to *Paris*, by reason he was brought up among the shepherds. The story is thus, *Hecuba* being great with *Paris*, dreamed, she should bring forth a flame that should consume *Troy*, *Cic. l. 1. de divinat.* Whereupon *Priam* consulted the Oracle; and being told, his Queen should bear a son, who should be the Incendiary of his Country, he gave order the child should be destroyed. But *Hecuba* desirous to preserve her Infant, conveyed him to mount *Ida* to be bred up among the shepherds. Where at length, being grown up, he pretended love to *Oenone*, and made every Tree witnesse of his Amours; as the Nymph is made to complain by *Ovid* in her Epistle to *Paris*.

*Incisa servant à te mea nomina fagi;
Et legor OENONE falce notata tuâ.
Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt :
Crescite, & in titulos surgite ritè meos.
Populus est (memini) fluviali consita ripâ,
Est in qua nostri litera scripta memor
Popule, vive, precor, quæ consita margine ripæ
Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes.*

CUM PARIS OENONE POTERIT SPIRARE RELICTA,
AD FONTEM XANTHI VERSA RECURRET AQUA.

*Xanthe, retire propera, versaque recurrite Lymphae:
Sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.*

My name's preserv'd on every wounded Tree:
Their bark *OENONE* bears engrav'd by thee.
Whilst they encrease, my names enlarged grow;
To bear those titles may they still do so.
A Poplar grows, where crystill billows glide,
And shews those Letters carved on its side.
Long may it live unprejudic'd by years,
Whose rugged rind this false Inscription bears,
If Paris leave Oenone, yet not die,
Xanthus shall backward to his fountain flie.
Haste back, ye charged Streams, for Paris flies
His lov'd Oenone once, and yet not dies.

His casting off this Nymph was occasioned by the three goddesses repairing to him, about determining their controversy, as *Oenone* in the following Verses complaineth. Each goddess endeavoured to bribe the Judge, *Juno*, by promising him Empire, *Pallas*, Wisdom; *Venus*, Pleasure. This last was pronounced the fairest, and went away with the golden Apple: And in requitall, she directeth her Umpire to receive his promised reward in the fair *Helen*: Whom having seen he loved, and ravished from *Sparta*, where he had been kindly entertained. *Coluthus* and others say, He had her consent; but *Seneca*, *Troad. v. 917*. bringeth her on the Stage excusing her self, by pleading Enforcement: And *Gorgias*, in his defence of *Helen*, saith, *Venus* commanded her to suffer the Trojan to enjoy her. Others say, that *Paris* being sent to demand *Hesione*, the daughter of *Laomedon*, whom *Hercules* had carried from *Troy*, had order given him, That, in case the Greeks refused to deliver her, he should ravish from them whatsoever considerable Lady he could light on. So *Dares Phrygius*, who reporteth also, That *Antenor* was first sent to fetch home *Hesione*, but returned without her; and that all the Grecian Princes deny'd to make any satisfaction. Yet that *Hector's* advice was not to revenge the Rape, by warring against their potent Confederates. And that afterwards *Paris* having received that encouragement from *Venus*, undertook the Voyage; and, by chance, arrived at the Island *Cythera*, at a time when *Helen* was there, in a Town bearing her name: Who had no sooner heard of the Trojan Prince's

Prince's arrivall, but she had a desire to see him: And so they being both enamoured of one another, *Paris* took her that night after his arrivall, out of *Venus* Temple, and brought her with him to *Troy*. And thus he proved that Fire-brand his mother dreamed of, kindling a flame that burnt *Troy* to ashes.

24. *Laconian.*] The Poets word is *Oebalis*, from *Oebalus* a King of *Laconia*, a region of *Peloponnesus*, bordering on *Messenia*, *Argia*, and *Arcadia*, *Strabo* lib. 8. *Pausanias*, in *Arcadicis*, saith, it is divided from part of *Arcadia*, by the River *Alpheus*. In this Country, stood *Lacedæmon*, on the West side of *Eurotas*, beneath the Mountain *Taygetus*: *Strabo*, l. 8. *Polybius*, lib. 5. But the proper name of the City was *Sparta*; *Lacedæmon* being more commonly used for the Province, so called from a King of that name, who sometimes reigned there, and married *Sparta* the daughter of *Eurotas*, whose name the City received. To the *Lacedæmonians*, *Jonathan* High Priest of the Jews wrote a Letter; saying, *It was found in writing, that the Lacedæmonians and the Jewes were brethren, and that they were of the Stock of Abraham*, 1 Macc. 12. 21. *Joseph*, *Antiq.* l. 13. c. 8.

27. *Upon those Streams, &c.*] i. e. the *Hellespont*, which is not past eight furlongs over, as *Pliny* testifieth; About thirty miles below *Gallipoli*, it is not above half a mile over, as *Sir Henry Blunt* in his Travels relateth. This Strait parteth *Europe* from *Asia*: On *Europe's* side, standeth *Sessus*; on *Asia's*, *Abydus*, Towns famous by the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*, sung by that sweet Poet, whom *Virgil* giveth the preminence to, in the *Elysian* fields, *Æn.* 6. *Leander* perished in these streams, yet having his withes Crowned; as *Martiall* representeth him in this Epigram.

*Cum peteret dulces audax Leandrus amores,
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis:
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas,
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.*

When bold *Leander* through the billows sought,
Love's joyes, his arms now almost over-wrought
With waves, he cried, Now spare me gentle Main,
And let me sink as I return again.

But his *Hero* survived but a while; For the next morning, seeing his dead body floating on the Waves, from the top of her Tower, she threw her self into them. Nor lesse memorable is this narrow Sea, for the bridges of Boats, that *Xerxes* made over it; The former of which

which being broken by a sudden tempest, the vain King scourged the disobedient waves, and cut off the heads of the Workmen; and then caused another to be made with stronger ties, *Herodor. Polymniâ*. The same Author reporteth of *Xerxes*, that taking a view of his Land forces, that filled the shores and the plains, and of his Navy, that covered the Hellespont; He sadly wept to think, that within an hundred years, not a man of all that multitude should be living. So many they were, that *Juvenal* scoffingly said, *Sat. 10:*

—Credimus altos.

*Defecisse amnes, epotâque flumina Medo
Prudente, & madidis cantat quæ Soffratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine reliâ,
In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolis nunquam hoc in carcere passos?
Sed qualis rediit? nempe unâ nave cruentis
pluâibus, ac tardâ per densa cadavera prorâ.*

We have believ'd deep Rivers could not find,
Liquor for *Xerxes* army, while they din'd;
Things sung by *Soffratus*, well drench'd with wine.
Yet he that so return'd from Salamine,
Once scourg'd the winds, because they rudely blew:
Which in th' Æolian caves they never knew.
But how was his return? In one small boat,
Which could but slowly for dead bodies float.

So *Justine, lib. 2.* *Erat res spectaculo digna, & estimatione fortis humana, rerum varietate, miranda; in exiguo latentem videre navigii quem paulò antè vix æquor omne capiebat.* Thus the Hellespont hath the greatest part of its fame, from the misfortunes of two kind Lovers, and one proud Prince; It received its name from *Helle*, daughter of *Athamas*, King of *Thebes*, who fearing the treacheries of her Mother in Law, fled with *Phryxus* her Brother, and with him was here drowned. *Lucian, Dialogo Neptuni & Nereidum*, saith, she fell into the water by reason of a *Vertigo* that took her on the sudden: And *Hesiod*, troubled with such another, saith, she was married to *Neptune*, of whom he begat *Paon*.

37. What *Proteus* told] This was a Sea-God, famous for his prophesying, and for the power he had to change his shape at his pleasure; *Ovid Metamorph, l. 2. v. 9. and lib. 8. v. 737. Virgil, Georg. 4.*

388. *Hygin. fab. 118.* He fore-told *Thetis*, that her Son should be killed in the Trojan War : Which prophecy gave the argument to the ensuing story. This *Proteus* was King of *Ægypt*, *Serv. in Æneid. 11.* and, perhaps, got this name of transforming himselfe by his using, still to alter his temper and disposition, suitably to his affairs and occasions ; From the like ground, sprung the fame of *Hercules* labours, atchieved with unimitable strength and valour. *Proteus* was also called *Hercules*, as *Servius* affirmeth on that of *Virgil, Æn. 11. 262.*

*Atreides Protei Menelaus ad usque columnas,
Exulat.*

Those Columnnes having been wholly attributed to *Hercules*, are there set for the bounds of *Ægypt*.

40. *Ionian*] Over the *Ionian* sea, many auxiliaries came to assist the Greeks against *Troy*. This Sea took its name from *Ion* son of *Dyrrhachius*, whom *Hercules* having by mischance slain, that he might make him some amends by perpetuating his memory, threw him into this Sea ; Others alledge different reasons, but none worth setting down : Formerly, as *Pausanias* saith, it was accounted part of the *Adriatick*. But *Ptolomy*, in his description of *Macedon*, attributeth that part of the *Adriatick*, which washeth *Macedonia* on the East, to the *Ionian*. But *Pliny, lib. 3. c. 6.* more rightly divideth these two Seas, by the *Ceraunian*, or (as *Horace, lib. 1. Carm. Od. 3. v. 20.* calleth them) *Acroceraunian* mountains : From which the *Ionian* Sea reacheth to the promontory of *Malea*.

¶ *Ægean billows*] A Sea between *Asia* and *Greece*, full of Islands called *Cyclades* and *Sporades* ; of as uncertain Etymology, as the *Ionian*. Most say, it had its name from *Ægeus*, the father of *Theseus* : Who going to fight the *Minotaur*, was charged, if he got the victory, to give notice thereof at his return by a white sail ; But he forgetting so to do, his Father, from his Tower seeing the ship coming without the token of successe, gave his Son for lost, and for grief cast himselfe into the Sea. But some derive the name from *Æge*, a Queen of the *Amazons* ; *Strabo*, from *Æge*, a Sea-Town in *Eubæa*, *Servius in Æn. 3.* calleth that the *Ægean*, which is between the *Helleipont* and the *Adriatick* ; others, that between the *Helleipont*, and *Tenedus*. It is now named the *Archipelago*.

41. *All the sworn Greeks, which the Atreides got*] i. e. *Menelaus* and *Agamemnon*, called *Atreides*, from *Atreus*, their supposed father. But they were indeed the sons of *Philoisthenes*, and onely bred by *Atreus* their

their Uncle ; These two Brethren , to revenge the injury done by *Paris* , having assembled the whole strength of *Greece* at *Aulis* , bound them all by an Oath, to see *Troy* ruined, or never to return, *Serv. in Æn. 4.* as will also appear in the third book of this Poem. *Thucydides, lib. 1.* glanceth at the reason of the unanimous consent of the Greeks, to punish the rape of *Helen*, viz. an Oath by which *Tyndarus* had obliged all that came Suitors to his daughter, that they should revenge whatsoever wrong should be done to him that should enjoy her ; But he rather believeth , that *Agamemnon* being heir to the houses of *Perseus* and *Pelops*, and (as *Homer* styleth him) King of many Islands, was the chief cause of the Expedition. The account of the ships in this Fleet , is various in severall Authors ; *Dionys Cretenfis* maketh them, 1138. *Dares*, 1140. *Homer*, 1193. our Author here, with a Poeticall carelesnesse , reckoneth them but 1000. So *Seneca*, in *Agamemnon*, and *Virgil, Æn. 2.*

*Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis,
Credita res: captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carina.*

Thus they themselves, made captives by belief
Of *Sinon's* perjur'd fraud and feigned grief.
Not *Diomed*, nor *Æacides* prevails,
Nor ten years War, nor yet their thousand sails.

Thucydides saith, the number of the Souldiers was not great : But by an indifferent judgement on his own words, the 1200 ships, as he numbred them, carried 102000 men ; a number in my opinion, not to be made so slight of. Some, as *Dion Chrysostomus* , have made a question , whether there ever was such a War ; although it hath employed the pens of *Homer* , *Dares Phrygius*, *Dionys Cretenfis*, *Lycophron* with his Scholiast , and *Josephus Iscanius*, and hath been believed by so many Authors in succeeding ages. That a siege should continue ten whole years , seemed ridiculous to some ; but *Thucydides, lib. 1. initio*, giveth a reason for it : Others have conceived, and our late Travellers have also observed, that a potent King could not reign in so inconsiderable a place. Neither do the ruins give testimony of an ample and famous City ; And though there never were such a War, yet is it not to be wondred at, that so many have reported it, and that more have believed it : since the report of false-hoods , especially, when favoured by an ancient penne, gaineth

gaineth belief, either because it cannot be disproved, or because the crediting of it saveth pains. Besides, things are seldome examined or disputed where interest is not concerned.

44. On Pelion bred, in Chiron's den] Pelion is a mountain of Thessaly, in the Territory of Magnesia, joyning to the mountain Ossa: Herodot. lib. 7. in mount Pelion, was the Cave of Chiron; who (as the rest of the Centaurs) was like an Horse behind, but forward like a Man: S. Isidore, lib. 4. holdeth that he was so represented, quia medicinam jumentorum quidam Chiron Græcus invenit, because he found out medicines for beasts. And he was named Chiron, ἀνὴρ ἦν χεῖρ' ἔσθ' αὖτις, because he was a Chirurgeon; Suidas saith, he was the son of Ixion, and the Cloud, as the others Centaurs also were: whom Virgil, *Æn.* 6. placeth in Stables in hell. But he is generally said, to have been the son of Saturn, and Philyra: So Pindar, *Pyth. od.* 4. And Virgil, lib. 3. Georg. v. 550.

Phillyrides Chiron.

according to the custom of the Greeks, who were wont to give the Parent's names to the children; Servius, on the place affirmeth the same: This Chiron, the justest of all the Centaurs, as Statius representeth him, was Master not onely to Achilles, but to Hercules also, Jason, Æsculapius, Castor, and others, (*Apollon. Argonaut. lib. 3.*) Hermippus st. leth him, ἡρμῖππος σοφὸς ἑνὶ κέντρῳ Centaurum sapientem, in Clemens *Alexandrinus. Strom.* lib. 1. He first taught men to love justice, shewing the sacred Rites of the gods, the figures and natures of the heavenly bodies; His reputation was so great, that some of the Achæians sacrificed to him, as Eusebius writeth, lib. 4. *Prepar. Evang.* citing Monimus, ἐν τῇ τῶν Σαυμασίων συνάγωγῃ. A poysoned arrow of Hercules, by chance wounding Chiron's foot, he desired death, but could not obtain it, being the issue of immortal parents; At last, Jupiter advanced him to be a sign in Heaven, called Sagittarius.

Armatusque arcu Chiron.

Virgil, de XII Signis. So Seneca, *Thyest.* act. 4: Lucian, in his Dialogue between Menippus and Chiron, maketh Chiron give another reason, Why he was out of Love with immortality here; Because this life wanteth variety, and is nothing but the repetition, and doing again and again, of the same things: And he promised himselfe in the other World, to be free from Thirst and Hunger, and whatsoever begetteth care. And though Lucian maketh Menippus advise the Centaure, not to feed himselfe with hopes of that nature;

ture; yet we may have a better opinion of his wishes, having more knowledge of the joys of the next life, and enough of this to be of *Plutarch's* mind; *Consolat. ad Apollonium*.

*Terra malis scatet, adversis pelagusque redundat.
O Mors, veni nostris certus medicus malis,
Qui portus humanis es tempestatibus.
Æschylus, ibid.*

The Earth hath no such plenty as her woes;
The Ocean too with misery o'flows.
Come, Death, thou cure of all this misery,
The Port where all from storms securely lie.

62. *The Tritons swim.*] These by the Poets are commonly called *Neptune's Trumpeters*, and were the issue of him and *Salacia*, *Servius* in *Æneid*. 1. That excellent Trumpeter *Misenus* oweth his death to the malice of a Triton, *Æn*. 6. v. 170.

*Sed tum fortè cava dum personat æquora concha
Demens, & cantu vocat in certamina Divos,
Æmulus exceptum Triton (si credere dignum est)
Inter saxa vitum spumosa immerberat unda.*

But on a Rock whilst he by chance the charms
Of *Mars* rung out, and all the gods alarms
With the loud challenge from his wreathed shell,
(If it be worth belief what others tell)
Whirl'd by an envious Triton from that height,
Among the rocks and waves he found his fate.

So *Virgil*, *Æn*. 10. v. 209. *Ovid*, *Metam.* 1. 1. v. 333. and *Claudian*, *de Nuptiis Honorii & Mariae*, give *Triton* the character of *Neptune's Trumpeter*, *Seneca Troad. ast.* 2. *Triton cecinit hymenæum*; that is, with his shell or trumpet; for none ascribe human voice to a *Triton*. *Plinie*, *lib.* 9. c. 5. saith, The Emperor *Tiberius* was told, That a *Triton* was seen in a cave winding a shell. *Gillius*, in *Additionib.* ad *Ælian*, and *Alexander ab Alex.* *lib.* 3. cap. 8. relate, That there was a Fountain near the Sea-shore, frequently used by the Inhabitants, whence women and virgins fetched water daily; which a *Triton*, that lay hid on the shore, elpying, on a sudden ravished one

one of them, which his hot fancy had most liking to : And that afterwards, he being caught in a snare and imprisoned, died for grief. The same Author reporteth, that one *Trapezuntius*, to whom he asfordeth a fair character, told some friends, That he had seen a Maid of an exceeding beauty playing in the Sea, and ever and anon from the middle upward appearing above the water, till at length perceiving she was discovered, she plunged her self into the Deep. *Claudius* the Emperor, by a device, made a *Triton* appear in the middle of a Lake, rising out of the water, and sounding a Trumpet, *Sueton. in Claudio, c. 21.* Which spectacle was afterward commonly shewed in the Theaters, as *Casaubon* on that place relateth.

73. By the bold *Jason*.] *Statius* here glanceth at the story of *Jason's* ravishing *Medea* with the golden Fleece, comparing that act of his with this of *Paris*. *Jason* was the first who violated the Sea's reserved rights, as *Seneca Medea, act. 3. chor. ult.* It was the opinion formerly, that Seas were set as bounds, to confine every man within his own Country, and that no man's ambition should aim at more than the higher powers had placed him in. This among others *Seneca Hippol. act. 2.* maketh an argument of the innocency of the Antients.

*Nondum secabant credula pontum rates :
Sua quisque ndrat maria.*

No ventrous ship, trusted the waves or wind :
But all men were with their own Seas confin'd.

76. By the rash Judge of *Ida*.] *Paris*, whose judgment is accus'd of rashness, because he preferred Pleasure before Wisdom or Empire; and because his fond choice was his Countrey's ruine, *Horat. lib. 3. Carmin. Od. 3.*

——— *Ilion, Ilion*
Fatalis incestusque iudex
Et mulier peregrina vertis
In pulverem.

Troy by a fatal Judge's lust,
And a strange Woman, turn'd to dust.

So *Seneca, Troad. act. 1.* calleth him, *The fatal Judge*. Wherefore our Poet justly giveth him here the title of a *rash* one. For any thing

thing that is fatall, is hardly to be freed from the imputation of Rashnesse.

79. *A Foster-child.*] *Venus*: who was bred of the Ocean, as Hesiod in *Theog.* and Pausanias in *Corinthiacis*, relate. By Seneca, *Hippol. act. 1.* she is called *Diva generata ponto*. This was the greatest reason that *Leander* encouraged himself withall, to swim over the *Hellepont*. Musæus vers. 248.

——— ἦ δ' ἴδον ἀλεχίζεις;
'Αγνώσσεις ὅτι κ' ἔπεισ' ἀπὸ τ' πορ' εἰς ἑλάνθους,
καὶ κρατὶς βύβλοιο, καὶ ἡμετέρων ὀδυνάων.

——— why dost thou fear the waves?
Know'st thou not *Venus* from the *Sea* first came,
Mistress both of the *Ocean* and my flame?

Servius in *Æn. 5.* writeth, that *Venus* was therefore said to be born of the Sea, quia dicunt *Physici* sudorem salsum esse, quem semper elicit coitus Hence the Myrtle was consecrated to *Venus*, because that Tree prospereth best on the Sea-shore. Like this is that of *Cœlius Rhodiginus*, lib. 14. c. 4. *Lascivos Græci ὑγρὰς vocant i. e. humidos*, &c. because *Venereall* appetites proceed from moisture. Hence Poets took occasion to feign, that *Venus* sprung from the Ocean. Caspar Bartholinus *Adversar. l. 1. c. 22.* giveth this Mythologie, *Eam Fabulam aliquando arbitratus sum exinde venire, quod Venus prima quæstus faciendi causâ corpus prostituit, velut insatiabile pelagus omnes ad se trahens.* I was sometimes of opinion, saith he, that the Fable arose from hence, Because *Venus* was the first who prostituted her body for hire, like an insatiable Sea attracting all to her. More of *Venus* is to be seen in *Gyræaldus*, *Histor. Deor. Syntagm. 13.* *Turnebus 9. Adversar. c. 2.* *Natalis Comes*, *Mytholog. lib. 4. c. 13.* *Fulgentius*, *Mythol. l. 2.* But above all, I prefer the Interpretation of the Fable which *Macrobius* giveth, *Saturnal. lib. 1. c. 8.* That by the secret parts of *Cœlus*, which were cut off by his son *Saturn*, and thrown into the Sea, and of the froth whereof *Venus* was engendred, were meant the seeds of things falling from Heaven, as soon as there was such a thing as Time; which *Saturn* is always held to signifie. And by *Cœlus* nothing can be understood but *COELUM*, Heaven; Servius in *Æn. 5.* denying, that the proper name of any god can be of the Neuter Gender. *Cicero lib. 3. De nat. Deor.* tolleth us of four *Venus's*; one the daughter of *Cœlus* and Light; another of the Froth of the Sea, of whom, and *Mercurit*, *Cupid* was begotten; a third of *Jupiter* and

and Dione the wife of *Vulcan*; the fourth of *Syrus* and *Syria*. This last was married to *Adonis*, and her the Syrians named *Ascpn*, the Hebrews *Ashtaroth*, 1 King. 11. 5. Judg. 2. 13. And as *Tully* reckoneth many *Venus's*, so, as Mr. Selden saith, *De Diis Syris syntagm.* 2. c. 2. St. *Augustine* interpreteth τῆς Ἀσάστως, as it there were many *Astartes*. This goddesse had many sacrifices offered to her, *Alexand. ab Alexandro*, l. 3. c. 12. and from thence had her name, *Ashtaroth* signifying greges: *Suspiceris* (saith Scaliger in *Conjectaneis*) diſtam eam à Viſimarum multitudine. She was entituled also, *The goddesse of Love*, or rather of Lasciviousnesse. *Clement Alexandrinus* telleth us, that once all her pictures were made after the likenesse of *Phryne*, a famous Whore, and that the man who, like another *Pygmalion*, could embrace the statue of the goddesse, conceited himself religious, *Admon. ad Gentes*: where he also setteth down her lascivious Ceremonies. Mr. *Gregorie* writing of the Assyrian Monarchie, relateth, that there was a custom, that every woman should once in her life repair to the Temple of *Venus*, and there prostitute her body to any one that would throw her down a piece of mony, which was to be given to the Temple, and to the honor of the goddesse: The manner was for the women to sit down in the Temple, distinguished by little lines or cords, which he that had a mind might take away, or break, if the woman seemed coy, and so take the strumpet out of the Temple into a by-corner. This is expressed in the Epistle ascribed to *Jeremie*, at the end of *Ba-uch*, v. 43. *The woman also with cords about them sitting in the ways, burn bran for perfume; but if any of them, drawn by some that passeth by, lie with him, she reproacheth her fellow, that she was not thought as worthy as her self, nor her cord broken.* Such attendants this goddesse had as we read, 2 King. 23. 7. *And he broke down the houses of the Sodomites that were by the house of the Lord, where the women were hangings for the Grove.* This place Mr. Selden interpreteth thus, *Diruit quoque domos scortatorum — ubi mulieres texebant cortinas pro Aſetab, seu luco.* Of which, see his *De Diis Syris*, Synt. 2. c. 2. & 4. pag. 237. & 283. Thus far I have digressed, to shew the antiquity of this lascivious goddesse; which was not the production onely of fictitious brains. Not is it to be wondred at, that a thing so loathsome and ridiculous should meet with adoration; for the whole Religion of the Gentiles is so contrived, as to agree with licentious appetites. Which easie way to propagate a novelty, *Mahomet* well understood; nor is it now wholly unpractised.

88. *By his afflicted tomb to grieve*] *Thetis* here expresseth a passion, so great for her Son, that if his fate, as fore-told, should be to per-

rish in the Trojan War, she would leave the Ocean, and ever mourn in those waves, that should wash the place of his Sepulchre: And that was the Sigean promontory. There *Alexander* the Great performed ceremonies in his memory, declaring him happy, who in his life enjoyed such a friend as *Patroclus*, and after death, doth still live by *Homer*: *Plu arch*, in *Alexandro*. *Cicero Epist. ad fam. l. 5. ep. 12.*

107. *Cephareus*.] *Neptune* being forced by the crosse decrees of the Fates to deny *Thetis* petitioning for a storm against the Greeks, to appease her somewhat, telleth her, that the Trojans should be ruined by the valour of her son, and herselfe be revenged on the Greeks at *Cephareus*, who should there suffer ship-wrack. Whereof the Tragedian thus.

— *Hanc arcem occupat*
Palamedis ille genitor, & clarum manu
Iurmen nefanda vertice è summo effrens,
Infixa ducit perfida classem face.
Hærent acutis rupibus fixæ rates.

Upon whose summit *Nauplius* stood, and rais'd
In his revenging hand a Light that blaz'd.
Whose treacherous flame the navy guides betwixt
The wracking Rocks, whose points the vessels fixt.
Seneca Agamemn. act. 3 v 557.

Nauplius's grudge against the Greeks, arose from this occasion; *Ulysses* having charged *Palamedes*, for holding correspondence with *Priam*, and writing letters to him, discovered, as a proof of his Treachery, an heap of Gold in his Tent, which he before hand had closely conveyed thither. Whereupon, innocent *Palamedes* was stoned to death, *Serv. in Æn. 2. Diſſys Cretensis*, and *Dares Phrygius*, give other accounts of him: *Dares*, that he was killed by *Paris*, lib. *de excidio Trojano*; *Diſſys*, that *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*, over-whelmed him with stones in a well, whither he, suspecting no foul play, went down to fetch up Treasure, which they told him was hid there. and he should have his share of it, lib. 2. *Cephareus* is an high Hill in *Eubæa*, over-looking the Hellespont: On the top of this, *Nauplius* caused fires to be made by night, to allure the weather-beaten Greeks to fall upon the Rocks, that so he might revenge his son's death upon them.

108. *Joyn-revenge*] *Neptune* promiseth *Thetis* to joyn with her
against

against *Ulysses*. His quarrell with him, was upon the account of his son *Polypheus*, whose eye *Ulysses* had bored out : Which story is thus related by *Achamenides*, to *Aeneas*, *Æn.* 3.

— Domus sanie dapibûsque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens. Ipse arduus, altâque pulsat
Sidera (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
Nec visu facilis, nec diâ affabilis ulli;
Visceribus miserorum & sanguine vescitur atro,
Vidi egomet, duo de numero cùm corpora nostro,
Præensa manu magna, medio resupinus in antro
Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque adpersa natarent
Limina: vidi, atro cùm membra fluentia tabo
Manderet, & trepidi tremere sub dentibus artus.
Haud impune quidem: nec talia passus *Ulysses*,
Oblitusve sui est *Ithacus* discrimine tanti.
Nam simul expletus dapibus, vinoque sepultus,
Cervicem inflexam posuit, jacuitque per antum
Immensum, saniem eructans & frustra cruento
Per somnum commixta mero; nos magna precati
Numina, sortisque vices, unâ undique circum
Pundimur, & velo lumen tenebramus acuto
Ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat.

— Slaughters and bloody feast,
With shades the vastness fill'd. He high and tall
The starres assaults. (The gods such plagues from all
Avert!) His voice and visage stern: his food,
Bowels of slaughter'd wretches and black blood.
As in his den he lay along, I saw
Two of our men, grasp'd by his curst paw,
And dash'd against the rock: the blood all ore,
With purple drops drenched the sprinkled floor.
Limbs flowing with black gore I saw him eat,
And in his teeth the trembling sinews bear.
Nor unreveng'd their fates *Ulysses* bears,
But mindfull of himself in all appears.
For now ore-charg'd with wine and bloody feasts,
His head bent down, as in his Cave he rests,
Wine mix'd with clotty gore returning flows,
Which belch'd up from his grave-like breast he throws.

Buri'd in sleep; We all the gods implore,
Spreading ourselves round on the bloody floor,
And with a sharp spear fix'd eternall night
Upon his brow; rob'd of its onely light.

Servius, on this place, saith, That *Polyphemus* was some wise man, and therefore feigned to have his eye in his forehead, that is, near the brain; which *Ulysses*, being wiser than he, put out. But by the Cyclopes generally are understood the Vapors of the Sea or Earth: and hence, perhaps, *Polyphemus*, the chief of them, was said to be the son of *Neptune*, by whom was meant, according to *Chrysippus*, the Spirit that moved the waters. *Cic. lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.* And *Ulysses* was therefore feigned to overcome *Polypheme*, because he found out these naturall causes.

111. *Thessalie*.] A Region of *Greece*, girt about with Mountains, *Olympus*, *Ossa*, and *Pelion*, on the North; *Othrys* and *Oeta* Southward; and *Pindus* on the West. Its bounds are exactly set down by *Herodotus*, *lib. 7.* It was antiently called *Pyrrhaea*, from *Pyrrha* the wife of *Deucalion*, *Strabo lib. 10.* Afterward *Aemonia*, from *Aemon*; from whose son *Thessalus*, at last it was called *Thessalie*.

115. *Sperchios*] A River in *Thessalie*, issuing from Mount *Pelion*, and falling into the *Malian Bay*, ten furlongs from *Thermopyla*, *Strab. lib. 9.*

129. *Disturb the geniall crue*] Our Poet glanceeth at the fray between the Centaurs and the *Lapithae*, which hapned at the marriage of *Pirithous*, so excellently described by *Ovid*, and after him by the enjoyer of his *Genius*, Mr. *Sandys*. *Genius* (from which *Genial* is derived) *est nascendi atque natura deus, à gignendo d'us*. Hence the four Elements, whereof all Inferior bodies are generated, were called *Dii geniales*; and the Nuptiall-bed, *Lectus genialis*. See *Turnebus Adversar. l. 16. c. 19. & l. 26. c. 14.* *Genii* were accounted the moderators and disposers of the Planets, and their Influences, at mens Nativities. *Horace lib. 2. epist. 2.*

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat asprum.

Those Dæmons also whom the Heathen attribute so much the dependancie of our resolutions unto, were called *Genii*, as begetting the thoughts of men, and working on them. And perhaps the frequency of these Spirits and opinions, before our Saviour's time, was the occasion of that more absurd conceit, set down by *Iscariot Lucian* in his *Menippus*, That the shadows which our bodies cast in
the

the Sun-shine will be witness against us in the other world. With reference to these *Genii* must that of the Poet, *Æn. 6. v. 643.* be interpreted,

Quisque suos patimur manes.

i. e. Every one in the next life must receive either punishment for the crimes he committed, by hearkning to his worse Genius, or rewards for the good he wrought, by the assistance of his better. For two *Genii*, they say, one good, (the other bad,) attend every man from his birth. This the Heathen were taught by their gods; the Devil herein, as in many other things, playing the Ape, and imitating the true God; who in deed giveth his Angels charge over us, (see Clemens Alexandrinus, *lib. 5. Strom.*) that we be not overcome by the power of evill Spirits. For we wrestle not, saith the Apostle, Ephes. 6. 12. against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darknesse of this world, against spirituall wickednesse; *εὐλογεῖτε τοὺς ἀγγέλους*, here translated, in high places; which is not at all assisting, if not prejudiciall to the meaning of the verse. *Beza* rendereth it, *Quæ sunt in sublimi*, something nearer, But I see not why the words should not be rendered, in the lower Heavens, that is, the Aire, the habitation of these Demons, as Mr. Mede, on 2 Pet. 2. 4. and Jude 6. doth pröve. And it is observed, that for the Heayen or Havens, or supernaturall Heaven, the word *εὐγὼς* is always used. In relation to this sense, Origen useth the Verse in his writings against *Celsus*. Moreover, judicious Calvin on the place, intimateth as much, where the Interpretation he useth, is, *In cœlestibus*. *Diodate* also understandeth, The region of the aire, in which evill spirits, driven out of heaven, do wander. And by Principalities he understandeth evill Angels; excellently adding, that in the quality of their nature, and in the power which God suffereth them to have over the world, they have also something common with the holy Angels, in the eminency of Titles. Yet he there retracteth this Interpretation, in my opinion for a worse.

153. with *magick art.* *Tibetis*, desirous to conceal from *Chiron* the purpose she had, to disguise his Schollar in woman's apparell, whom he by rigid principles had fitted for the hardest employments, beareth him in hand, that ominous dreams moved her to attempt the prevention of his fate by Magick Art. Such a deceit passionate *Dido* beguiled her sister withall, pretending to seek onely a remedy for her love, when indeed her plot was to couzen her self of life.

Ergo ubi concepit furiam, evicta dolore,
 Decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque
 Exigit, & mestam dictis aggressa sororem,
 Consilium vulnū tegit, ac spem fronte serenat.
 Inveni, germana, viam (gratare sorori)
 Qua mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat, amantem.
 Oceani finem juxta solemque cadentem,
 Ultimus Æthiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas
 Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
 Hinc mihi Mætyla gentis monstrata sacerdos,
 Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque Draconi
 Quæ dabat, & sacros servabat in arbore ramos,
 Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.
 Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes
 Quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas:
 Sistere aquam fluviiis, & vertere sidera retro:
 Nocturnosque ciet manes. Mætyræ videbis
 Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.

Virg. Æn. 4.

Vanquish'd with grief, and now resolv'd to die,
 The means and time to act the Tragedy
 She plots: And, with feign'd joy to hide her crime,
 Thus to her sister saith, Joy that the time
 Is come, that I shall now procure my rest,
 And gain his love, or freedom to my breast.
 Near to the Ocean's bounds, where Phæbus flies
 To end his course, burnt Æthiopia lies:
 Where on his loaden shoulders Atlas bears
 Heaven, which fill'd with glittering Starrs appears.
 Hence a Mætylian came, the Temple's Priest
 Of the Hesperides, who there did feast
 The watchfull Dragon, and preserv'd too
 The Tree on which the sacred branches grew,
 With Honey and mix'd Poppy, which conveys
 A drowsie dulness: By her charms, she says,
 She can dissolve a passion, and procure
 A scornfull breast another to endure,
 Stop in its speed the swiftest stream, and all
 The Stars turn backward from their course, and call
 Ghosts from the howling earth; and from the high
 Tops of the Hills make stubborn Trees to flie

Thar

That Witches had such a faculty as *Dido* here speaketh of, to quench or kindle love at their pleasure, former times believed.

*Carmine Thessalidum dura in praeordia fluxit
Non satis adductus amor: flammisque severi
Illicitis arseret senes.*

Theſſalian charms, without aſſiſting fate,
Can paſſion give to hearts ſtil us'd to hate.
Severe old men are fetter'd with Love's chains,
And their chill breſts burn with unlawfull flames.

Lucan lib. 6. verſ. 452.

And a little after,

*Quos non concordia miſſi
Alligat uſſa tori, blandaque potentia forma,
Traxerunt torti Magicâ vertigine ſili.*

— Thoſe who ne're car'd to try
Love's joys, whom Hymen's knots could never ty;
Whom charming beauty never yet compell'd,
A ſlender thread, by Magic ty'd, hath held.

Their power alſo in other things the ſame noble Poet thus deſcribeth.

*Ceſſavere vices rerum: dilataque longâ
Haſt noſſe dies: legi non paruit ether:
Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus.
Axibus & rapidis impulſos Jupiter urgens
Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent
Imbribus, & calido producunt nubila Phœbo:
Et tonat ignavo cœlum Jove. Vocibus iſſdem
Humentes latè nebulae, nimboſque ſolutis
Excuffere comis, ventis ceſſantibus aquor
Intumuit: ruruſum vetitum ſentire procellas
Conticuit, turbante Noto: puppimque ſerentes
In ventum tumuere ſinus. De rupe pependit
Abſciſſâ fixus torrens: amniſque cucurrit
Non quâ pronus erat. Nilum non extulit aſſus.*

The courſe of things was ſtopp'd: nor Heaven obey'd
Its Laws: the Day in Night's black Arms delay'd.

The tottering world these potent charms benum,
 And while the rapid Poles forget to run,
Jove stands amaz'd. A storm obeys, and throwds,
Phœbus adorn'd with all his rays, in clouds.
Jove ignorant the Thunder hears. The same
 Dire voice, with loose dishevell'd hair again
 Shattereth the dropping clouds: Seas swell with waves,
 The winds all hush'd; again, though *Notus* raves,
 The Seas becalmed lie. Ships make their way
 Against the wind, and rushing torrents stay
 Thrown from a precipice. Streams backward run:
 Nor *Aile* o're-flows the plains scorcht by the Sun.

These places I have produced, to shew what an opinion the ancient Heathen had of Witches. I will onely add, that I find that the Tyrians had a custom, to tie the Images of their gods with bands, lest they should be called from them by the charms of their enemies, *Alexand. ab Alex. l. 4. c. 12.* And so subject were those gods to the power of charms, that they were thereby compelled to come, nor could return back without license obtained; *Euseb. de præpar. Evang. l. 5. c. 8, & 9.* From this opinion arose that question in *Lucan, lib. 6. v. 492.*

*Quis labor hic superis cantus herbasque sequendi,
 Spernendique timor? cujus commercia passim
 Obstrictos tenuere Deos? parere necesse est,
 An iuvat? ignota tantum pietate merentur?*

What is it makes the fearfull gods forbear
 To scorn both herbs and charms, whence comes this fear?
 Doth strong necessity, or their own designe,
 Or piety unknown, them thus incline?

I shall say more of this subject haply hereafter, when a more proper place shall afford opportunity. But thus much at present, to shew, that *Chiron* had reason to believe *Thetis*, when she told him, that she would make use of Magick for her son's preservation.

166. *The envious gods.*] Our Poet is here thought to have no further aime, than to set forth the praises of his *Achilles*, as if he deserved the envy of the gods. But I have observed *Statius* to be a great imitator of *Virgil*, who was still wont to omit no occasion of interweaving his Learning with his Poetry: wherein *Macrobius* strongly

strongly justifieth him. Since these words therefore will afford it, I hold it not amiss to interpret them to the more learned sense.

There was a generall Tradition among the Heathen, That the gods envied any perfection or happinesse in Mankind. This proceeded from the Devill's policy, who from the beginning of the world endeavoured to represent God envious unto Man, in that he denied him the knowledge of good and evill; as Junius and Diodate observe on Gen. 3. Learned Merick (a saubon, in his Cause of temporall Evills, saith, that Aristotle sets down this opinion, That God is *εὐδαιμόνιος*, envious; but protesteth against it, *ὅτι ἐνδύχεται, It is not possible it should be so*; yet saith, That if it were so indeed, that the nature of God could be envious, that Envy must needs consist in his denying of men the happinesse of certain knowledge and contemplation. That impious Philosopher Porphyrie, directly chargeth God with envy, for forbidding the Tree of Knowledge: Who is answered by Greg. Nazianzen, *Orat. 38.* Such impious men perhaps take offence at Gen. 3. 21, 23. I forbear to produce further Testimonies, to prove, there was such an opinion among the Heathen, I do not think them needfull; since it is certain, the Devill would let slip no occasion of raising prejudice against God, and charging him with his own crime. Through envy of the Devill came death into the world, *Wisd. 2. 24.* It was the Devil's envy that made Man lose Paradise, and not God, who placed him in it. Another reason why the gods were conceived to envy men, was, Because all their prosperity and happinesse, is at length required with crosses and calamity. Examples of such change are frequent in all times: Among all, scarce is there any more notable then that of the once-Great Pompey, flying alone after his overthrow in Pharsalia, *Lucan. lib. 1. v. 28.*

— Sed longi penas Fortuna favoris
Exigit à misero, quæ tanto pondere famæ
Res premit adversos, fatisque prioribus urget.
Nunc festinatos nimium sibi sentit honores,
Atque laurifera damnat Syllana juvena.
Nunc & Coryciæ classes & Pontica signa,
Dejectum, meminisse piget. Sic longius ævum
Destruit ingentes animos, & vita superstes
Imperio. Nisi summa dies cum fine bonorum
Assuit, & celeri prævertit tristia læto,
Nedecori est fortuna prior. Quisquâmnè secundis
Tradere se satis audet, nisi morte paratâ.

But Fortune with her favour still beguiles,
 And with sad woes pursues her former smiles.
 His fame most presseth his declining state,
 And former glories add unto the weight.
 Too hasty now his early fame he found, (crown'd.
 And blames those wreaths with which his Youth was
 Of Pontick or Corycian Victories
 Now when he thinks, his flaming blushes rise.
 Thus greatest minds consuming Age destroys,
 And Life survives our Empires and our Joys.
 Unless life with those joys together flow,
 And a swift fate prevent ensuing woe,
 To Fortune Shame succeeds. In the best state
 Let none confide, unless prepar'd for Fate.

Another instance of the mutability of Fortune, was that great Souldier, *Hannibal*; whose prophetick spirit was sensible of this, almost fatall, necessity: as we may see in that incomparable speech, which *Livy* maketh him speak to *Scipio*; advising not to trust the gods and Fortune too farre: telling him, that what *Scipio* was then, himself had been, after the battels at *Trasimene* and *Canna*; and that Fortune had never yet deceived him. Thus he spake to move his enemy to accept peace; conceiving no argument of more force, then the consideration of the vicissitude of human affairs. And his words, though then slighted, *Scipio* himselfe afterwards found true, and had sad experience, both of the inconstancy of Fortune, and of the ingratitude of his Country. To these, I might adde the examples of *Marium*, *Cesar*, and infinite others, out of the stories of former times, with more prodigious ones of our own age; *Habet has vices conditio mortalium*; saith *Pliny* in his excellent Panegyrick, *ut adversa ex secundi, ex adversis secunda nascantur. Occultat utrumque semina Deus*; *Et plerumque binarum malorumque causa sub diversis specie latent*: "The condition of mortalls, hath these changes, that adversity should spring out of prosperity, and prosperity out of adversity. The seeds of both, God concealeth; and for the most part, the causes of good and evil, things lie hid under a different species." *Herodotus* relateth, how *Amasis* King of *Aegypt*, counsell'd his friend *Polycrates*, King of *Samos*; That he should interrupt the course of his felicity, by casting quite away something that he held most dear, and the losse whereof would most afflict him. *Plutarch*, *De consol. ad Apollonium*, telleth us, that *Theramenes*, one of the thirty Tyrants

Tyrants at *Athens*, being at Supper with many friends, the house where they were, suddenly fell down, and he onely escaped. Many upon this, gave him the name of *Happy*: But he crying out, asked, For what sadder death Fortune had reserved him? And indeed, the Torments he endured before his end, added him to the number of those examples, which serve to admonish prosperous persons, of the uncertainty of their Estate, *Seneca, Troad. æt. 2.*

*Violenta nemo imperia continuit diu:
Moderata durant. Quoque fortuna altius
Evexit ac levavit humanos opes,
Hoc se magis suppressere felicem decet,
Variisque casus tremere, metuendum Deos
Nimium faventes.*

None violent Empires long enjoy secure:
They're moderate conditions that endure,
When Fortune raiseth to the greatest height,
The happy man should most suppress his state,
Expecting still a change of things to find,
And fearing when the gods appear too kind:

It is an excellent Character, that *Macrobius* giveth of Fortitude, *Tolerare fortiter vel adversa vel prospera*, To bear with courage, either adverse or prosperous Fortune, in *Somn. Scipionis*, l. i. c. 8. And perhaps, it may aime at our sense, In the best condition, without distemper, to expect the worst. This dreading *invidiam Numinis*, was the cause, why that mighty Emperour *Augustus*, used once a year, *Cavam manum asses porrigentibus præbere*, as *Suetonius* in his Life relateth, c. 91. To beg with his open, or hollow, hand; the most opprobrious way of begging. On which place, see learned *Casaubon*, giving reasons from the generally received opinion, thus elegantly expressed by *Erasmus*, in his *Philodoxus*, *Sape mecum admirari soleo seu Fortune seu Naturæ invidentiam, quæ nihil omnino commodi largitur mortalibus quod non aliquo temperet incommodo, i.e.* I have often wondered with my self at the envy, either of Fortune or Nature, who never dispense things convenient to mankind, which are not tempered with some inconvenience. For this *Philip* of *Macedon*, kept a Youth, whose office was, every Morning thrice to salute him thus, *Salvatore, ævatore &c. U, Philip, thou art a man, Alian. var. hist. l. 8. c. 15.* I will end all with a passage of *Diodorus Siculus, Biblioth. hist. lib. 3.* Thus rendered by *Merick Casaubon*, in his Cause of evils,

vils, Neverthelſſe, God (τὸν) hath not afforded unto men any entire happineſſe, without ſome blemiſh or envy; but to theſe his bleſſings he hath annexed ſomewhat that is hurtfull, which might ſerve to admoniſh them, who through continuance of worldly bleſſings, are wont to grow into a contempt of the Gods. Whether our Poet had an eye to this opinion, I cannot ſay; Certainly, his words ſeem to look that way, and ſo my diſcourſe is excuſed from impertinency.

195. *Pholoe*] A woody mountain of *Arcadia*, having a Town of its own name, *Plin. l. 4. c. 6.*

207. *So tired Caſtor.*] *Statius* here compareth *Achilles* to *Caſtor*, whoſe beauty he maketh as bright as his own ſtarre. He and *Pollux* were the ſons of *Tyndarus* and *Leda*: And their amity was ſo great, that they never differed either in matter of Power or Counſell. For which *Hyginus* ſaith, *Jove* tranſlated them into Stars; *Servius* in *Æneid. 6.* ſaith, that *Helen* and *Pollux* were begotten by *Jupiter*, in the ſhape of a Swan, and from him, drew immortality; but that *Caſtor* was the ſon of *Tyndarus*, and ſo mortall: but by the extreame kindneſſe of his brother, and the conſeſſion of *Jupiter*, mortality and immortality, was equally divided betwixt them, *Virgil, Æn. 6.*

Sic fratrem Pollux a'terna morte redemit.

The fable aroſe from the Stars, one whereof ever riſeth at the ſetting of the other, as if, the fate and fall of one redeemed his fellow; That theſe brethren were ever watchfull for the Roman Common-wealth, *Valerius Maximus* proverſh by many examples, *lib. 1. c. 8.* Alſo *Plutarch* in the Life of *Paulus Æmylius* relateth their meeting of *L. Domitius*, and how they gave him in charge to make known to the Senate and people of *Rome*, that they were victorious; which as yet they were uncertain of: And then, (as *Suetonius*, in the beginning of *Nero's* life writeth, though *Plutarch* mentioneth it not) to evidence their Divinity, they changed his hair from Black to Red. And thence came the name of *Ænobarbus*, which continued to one of the greateſt families in *Rome*.

216. *—Sings the acts of Heroes*] *Maturantius* ſaith, it was a cuſtom among the Greeks, to ſing the actions of famous perſons; to the end, that others might be inflamed to a generous imitation of them. So *Scipio* was excited to great achievements, by gazing on Statues, erected to the memory of renowned men. Muſick was ever much honoured: *Epaminondas*, among other things was famous for it. *Jacobus Crucius*, in *lib. Annot.* relateth out of *Polybius*, that the *Arcadians* generally inſtructed their youths in Muſick, and ſaith, It

was

was a custom among the Grecians, to sing the praises of their *Genii, Heroes, and Gods*. So *Alexander ab Alexandro*, l. 4. c. 17. saith, They were wont to sing the praises of their gods, while the sacrifice was in eating. And lib. 2. c. 25. having reckoned up many famous men that were excellent Musicians, he addeth that among the Greeks, *Musici, Vates, and Sapientes* were in equall estimation; And that, after Supper, the Harp was wont to be played on; Which when *Themistocles* refused to take in hand, he was for that very cause, held the lesse learned. He there also affirmeth, that the Ancients used to chant out the Encomiums of renowned persons. Thus our Poet setteth forth *Achilles*, to have been instructed by *Chiron*, and now to give his Mother the usuall entertainment after their Feast; And *Homer* telleth us, that he oft practiced this art at the siege of *Troy*. Thus also, *Dido* entertaineth her guests, *Æneid, Virg. Æn. 1.*

——— *Cithara crinitus Iopas*

Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.

Hic canit errantem Lunam, solisque labores;

Unde hominum genus & pecudes, unde imber, & ignes:

Arcturum, pluviâsque Hyadas, geminâsque Triones;

Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles

Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obster.

——— *Hairy Iopas then begun,*
And on his Harp what *Atlas* taught he sung;
The Moon's unconstant ways, and how the Sun
Performs his course; whence men and beasts first sprung;
The Bears, the Hyades, and *Arcturus* sings,
The cause of thunders, and why heav'n lightning flings;
Why to the waves the Sun should take his flight
Sooner in Winter, and prolong the night.

219. *The victories of Pollux.*] The weapon by which *Pollux* was victorious, was much used by the Antients, called *Cestus*; whose description *J. C. Scaliger* thus giveth: At first, (saith he) the Greeks used to fight with naked fists. *Pugnis addita lora ad munimentum, propterea quod nudi cum ferirent saepe plus damni acciperent quam facerent. Ea lora Græco vocabulo CESTUS dicta (χεστὺν enim cingulum.) Brevis initio: mox, nè excussa exuerentur in ictibus, tum cubito tum humero alligabantur. Postremò ferrum plumbumque assutum est, saviſſimo spectaculo. Cerebrum enim & guttur facillimè elidebant. Idcirco anrium munimenta*

menta inturbant, ἀνταΐδας. Thus he describeth the *Cassus* to be a piece of a Leather, for the safeguard of the hand, which, when naked, received oftentimes more damage by a blow, than it gave. Lest this *Cassus* should be shaken off by striking, it was fastned, not to the arm onely, but also to the shoulder. At the end of it was sewed a mass of Iron or Lead, which rendred the combat a most cruell spectacle. Their very brains were oft dashed out; for prevention whereof, they covered both their ears with defences. This character *Fabricius* also confirmeth, relating, that the form of this *Cassus* was to be seen in the house of *Peter Rembus*, when he lived at *Padua*. *Fuerunt coria bubula*, saith he, *quibus plumbum ferrumque insutum est, articulis manūs in volam flexe circumdata; &c.*, ut pondus sustinere ferientium manus valerent, brachia alligata. And hence he believeth, the ancient Germans took the use of the Gantler, which they wore in war. The reason *Fabricius* giveth, why the *Cassus* were fastned to the arm, is, in my opinion, better then *Scaliger's*, That so the hand might be strengthened to bear the weight the better. This *Fabricius* writeth, on the Combat between *Entellus* and *Dares*, *Æn. 5.* This Exercise, as *Scaliger* saith, was at first onely used with bare fists, and prizes propounded for it in the Olympick Games, *Thucyd. lib. 1.* The invention of *Cassus* is ascribed to *Amycus*, *Clem. Alex. lib. 1.* *Στομ Ἀμυκος ὁ Βεβρυκίων Κασσίδος ἱμασίδος πυκνὸς ἄπὸτος ἔργος* *Amycus the Bebrycian King first found out ἱμασίδος πυκνὸς, iora pugilum*, that is, the *Cassus*. Which very words, with others of *Clemens*, *Eusebius* useth, *De prep. Evang. l. 10. c. 5.* Hence *Statius* here,

————— *crudo quo Bebryca cassu*
Obruere Pollux.

i. e. Amycus, so called from the place where he reigned, *Bebrycia*, which had its name from *Bebryx*, a King in the Pyrenæan Mountains, *Sil. Ital. l. 3.* Since, it was called *Mygdonia*; after that, *Bithynia*, from *Bithynius*, a King there, *Strabo l. 7. &c. 12.* *Arianus* giveth one of the daughters of *Danaus* this name, who, as well as her sister *Hypermetra*, spared her husband, contrary to her father's command, and flying with him into this Country, gave name to it; till fresher merits destroyed the memory of hers. There is a Village called *Bebryacum*, by *Suetonius*, in *Orbone*, and by *Tacitus*, *Annal. 18.* seated between *Verona* and *Cremona*. In the Lipswick Edition it is called *Bedriacum*, by *Josephus* Βεδρυάκον, by *Plutarch* Βηδρυάκον. But by reason of the authority of *Tacitus* and *Orosius*, *Joseph Scaliger* saith,

saith, *Ea nihil aliud sunt quàm unum nomen multifariam depravatum.* At this place *Oibo* was over come by *Vitellius*; & *statim*, saith *Suetonius*, *moriendi impetum cepit.* Yet then had he a reserved Army, competent enough to have attempted, in another Battle, the recovery of his Fortune; but he chose rather to let that be the certain advantage of his friends; to procure peace from *Vitellius*, than by hazarding them to pull on all their ruines together. For which cause, *Tacitus* justly saith, *Many enjoyed Empires longer, but none left them bravelier.*

220. *The monstrous Minotaur sam'd-Theseus slew.*] The Fable is thus; The Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus* being discern'd by the Sun's all-seeing eye, and by him discovered to *Vulcan*, in a Net that he had made for the purpose, he caught the Lovers in their embraces. Hereat *Venus* being enraged, ever after pursued the race of *Phæbus* with revenge, infecting them with prodigious passions. The first that suffered was *Pasiphaë* the wife of *Minos*; she, being in love with a Bull, was by *Dadalus* his art inclosed in a Cow of wood, and so received the horrid satisfaction of her beastly Lover. And from that loathsome embrace came the Minotaur. By this Queen, *Minos* had three children, *Androgeos*, *Ariadne*, and *Phædra*. *Androgeos*, after many noble Victories, was at last slain by the Athenians and Megarians. In revenge of his death, *Minos* having vanquished the Athenians at Sea, imposed on them this punishment, that seven Youths, and as many Virgins, should every year be delivered to be devoured by the Minotaur. But *Eusebius*, *de præpar. Evang. l. 5. c. 19.* layeth their death to *Apollo's* charge, whose Oracle directed the Athenians, to send the Youths to be killed by *Minos*, that the plague might be averted from them, which they suffered for the death of *Androgeos*. In the third year of this imposition, *Theseus* son of *Ægeus* was sent. He, no less powerfull in person then in forces, first obtained a conquest of the heart of *Ariadne*; and then, by her procurement, having got a thread from *Dadalus* to guide him, he found the way to the Minotaur in the Labyrinth, and slew him; and having so done, he fled away with *Ariadne*. Then *Minos* finding, or suspecting, that *Dadalus*, who made the Labyrinth, had assisted *Theseus*, enclosed both him and his son *Icarus* therein. But *Dadalus* procuring wax and feathers, with other materialls, from his Keepers, under pretence of presenting something rare to the King, made Wings, with which himself and his son flew away. But the rash Youth, contrary to his Father's instructions, soaring too high, melted his wings against the Sun, and fell into that Sea, which beareth his name, *Ovid. de arte lib. 2. & Metam. lib. 3.*

lib. 8. The place his father alighted first upon, was *Cuma*; Where, on the gates of *Apollo's* Temple, he engraved this storie, omitting nothing but the rate of *Icarus*, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

—————*Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, sine ret dolor, Icare, haberes.
Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro;
Bis patria cecidere manus.*

Thou also, *Icarus*, hadst had a part
In this, had grief giv'n freedom to his art.
Twice he attempt'd thy hard fate to paint;
Twice thy concerned father's hand did faint.

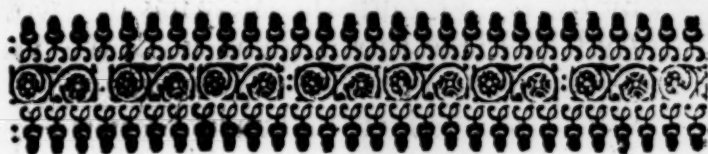
Some hold, this Fable was invented to shadow a true storie, and that *Pasiphae* being in love with *Taurus*, Captain of the Guard to *Minos*, lay with him in *Dadalus's* house; and the bringing forth twins, the mockery made up the Minotaur. The Fable was more lewdly presented by *Nero*: In relating whereof, *Suetonius*, as *Beroaldus* noteth, useth words, that seem to credit Beasts having copulation with Women; against which we read a Law, *Levit. 20. 16.* which sheweth the probability of it. Besides, if it be possible, we need no farther proof than the unsatiable nature of some women. Nor would any doubt, that *Messalina* the lascivious Empresse would have scrupled at such an act, if her fancy had but directed her to it. *Juvenal. Sat. 6.*

—————*Claudius audi
Quæ tulerit. Dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
Aut Palatino tegetem præferre cubi;
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos;
Linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una:
Sed nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellum viscum, atque suam. tunc nuda papillis
Prostitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscæ,
Offenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque ara proposcit.
Mox lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
Tristis abis: sed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
Clausit, adhuc ardens rigida tentigine vulva,
Et lassata viris, necdum satiata recessit.*

——— For hear what *Claudius* doth endure :
 Whom whilst his wife believes in sleep secure,
 She did prefer before a Princely Bed
 The Bawdy-house's smoaky-coverlid.
 Th'Emperiall Whore disguis'd from being known ;
 With Night and Scarfs goes with one Maid alone ;
 A yellow Periwig her swartlay hairs
 Conceals, and she to th'Bawdy-house repairs ;
 Which from the new-employed bed a fume
 Retains. Possessing the then emptied room
 She rich adorn'd with naked breasts appears.
Lycisca's name the lying entrance bears.
 There, great *Britannicus*, thy belly's shown.
 With a lascivious kindnesse every one
 She meets, and asks her hire. When all the Whores
 The Bawd sends home, hers last of all the doors
 Was shur. She burning with unquenched fires,
 And toil'd with men, not satisfi'd, retires.

P

The



The Second BOOK.

The Argument.

*Thetis at last, though long de'ay'd by fears,
Through the calm waves her dear Achilles bears.
Love shews an object to enflame his eyes :
The King receives him hid in a disguise.*

BUt *Thetis* , in the night leaving the
caves,
Stood where the Rocks sent Ecchoes
from the waves.

And in her unresolv'd phancy weigh'd,
To what safe place her Son might be convey'd.
She fears , where *Mars* was born, th' adjacent
Thrace;

5 And dreads the warlike *Macedonian* race.
Fam'd-*Athens* too her doubting phancies fear,
With *Sestos* and *Abydos*, which appear
Too aptly plac'd for ships. For those lov'd Seas
She now resolves crown'd by the *Cyclades*.
10 Nor *Myconos*, nor *Seriphos* pleas'd her mind,
Delos, nor *Lemnos* unto men unkind.

- By *Lycomedes* Court, she lately stay'd, (play'd.
 And heard the shores found while the *Virgins*
 15 As she was sent to view *Egeon's* bands,
 Who strove to loose his hundred-fettered-hands.
 This Land, where quarrels no disturbance
 wrought,
 The much distracted *Thetis* safest thought:
 Like a poor Bird, with wavering phantasies prest,
 20 That dars not choose a branch to build her nest.
 Lest it her brood, should unto storms, or snakes,
 Or men expose; at length she likes and takes.
 So *Thetis* on the place resolv'd, prepares
 To go, but is assaulted with new cares;
 25 Whether her son should in her breast be laid,
 Or through the waves born by a *Triton's* aid.
 Or to the winged winds, his wastage owe,
 Or unto *Iris* Ocean-nourish'd bow;
 At last two *Dolphins* she was pleas'd to rain,
 30 Which by great *Tethys*, in th' Atlantick main,
 For her were bred. The vast unfathom'd flood,
 Bore nothing else in all its scaly brood,
 So swift, so kind to men; At her command
 These staid in waves, least injur'd by the Land.
 35 The sleepy Youth, (for youth may soundly
 sleep)
 She from th' *Amonian* cave, bears to the Deep.
 The waves and winds becalmed her designs
 Assist, and *Cynthia* in full lustre shines.
 For his return the Centaur following pray'd;
 40 Of waves he knew, he need not be afraid.

O're-flowing tears, fall from his gazing eyes,
 Whilst they upon the rouling billows rise
 Now almost out of sight; yet still he gaz'd:
 And when with waves they sunk, himselfe he
 rais'd

- 45 Upon his hinder parts, till the waves quite
 Had swallow'd all impressions of their flight.
 Him that to *Thessaly* must ne'er return,
 Sad *Phloe*, and the clouded *Oibrys* mourn:
Sperchios streams, no more with joy swell high;
 50 And *Chiron's* den now wanteth harmony.
 The Fauns lament his losse; the Nymphs begin
 To mourn their passion's hope, rav'sh'd with
 him.

And now the Stars begin to take their flight,
 At the approach of *Titan's* radiant light.
 55 Which from the Ocean rose; whose drops like
 dew,

- Back to its waves the rising Chariot threw.
 But *Thetis* long before, to *Scyros* came,
 And gave her Dolphins liberty again;
 When sleep forsook refresh'd *Aeacides*:
 60 His eyes saluted by the light, and Seas.
 To him unknown, for *Pelion* all amaz'd
 He look'd, and on his doubted Mother gaz'd.
 Who takes him by the hand, with words thus
 kind,

- Dear child, if he that sure was once design'd,
 65 Had shar'd my marriage-bed, thou hadst been plac'd
 with Stars, for ever there by me embrac'd:

- Heav'n had been then thy due inheritance,
 Nor had I fear'd the lesser Fates or Chance.
 But now thy Father's mortall, there can be
 70 No way for thee to scape death but by me;
 And now the sad and fatall time draws near,
 whose dangers are the cause of all my fear.
 Forget a while thy Sexe's honour then,
 Nor this safe habit which I wear contemn.
 75 If Hercules thus learnt to spin, and round
 A javeline bore with winding Ivy crown'd;
 If Bacchus in these Ornaments was dress'd,
 And Jove himself, nor Cencus mind depress'd
 Thereby; then suffer thus at my desire,
 80 Th' appointed time Fate threatneth to expire.
 Then I'll restore thee to the Centaur's cave.
 By all the joyes and glory youth can have,
 I do conjure thee now. If I for thee
 Shar'd with a Mortall my Divinity?
 85 If by the Stygian arming waves I stood,
 And dip'd (I wish, all o're) thee in the flood:
 Suffer thy selfe thus now to be conceal'd,
 The mind's not hurt with what the body's heal'd.
 why dost thou frown, and turn away thy face?
 90 Needst thou to blush? Is gentlenesse disgrace?
 By our known streams, I do assure thee too,
 Chiron, nor doth, nor shall know what we doo.

His breast in vain she tries, where rougher seeds
 Were sown, and stories of his Father's deeds:

- 95 Thus a proud horse, with vigorous blood inflam'd,
 And heat of youth, contemneth to be tam'd.

But

But doth through fields, and unto rivers flie,

O'rejoy'd with his affected liberty :

He scorns to yield to the restraining Bitt,

100 And wondreth at his fellows that submit.

What God with craft inspir'd the Mother's mind,

And unto softnesse her rough Son inclin'd ?

By chance to *Pallas*, on the shore that day,

The Syrians did their sacred offerings pay.

105 Hither the King, with his fair daughters came;

(Though seldome seen) unto the holy flame.

The image of the rigid Pow'r they crown'd [**Pallas*.

With fragrant wreaths, her spear with garlands
bound ;

All wondrous fair. Their youthfull blossoms
grew,

110 Now like ripe fruit, as fit for gathering too.

But as the Sea-nymphs are by *Venus* looks

Excell'd, by *Cynthia's* those of lesser brooks ;

So from her Sisters, such lov'd victories

Were challenged by bright *Deidamia's* eyes.

115 Her rosy looks did vanquish'd Jewels shame,

And on her purple garments threw a flame ;

She might compare with *Pallas*, when she takes

Her gentlest looks, and layes aside her snakes.

At this fair Object, the fierce Youth remains

120 Fix't like a Statue, and receiv'd Love's flames.

Nor would th' insulting passion be conceal'd :

His sparkling eyes the inward fire reveal'd.

Like ~~the~~ *Massagetans* red liquor mixt

With milk, or purple stains on ivory fixt ;

125 Such mixture his new kindled passions bred :
His checks now pale ; but straight with blushing
red.

At length, not brooking to be so delay'd,
Th' advancing Youth was by his Mother stay'd :
Like a young Bull, to rule the herd design'd,

130 His horns not yet with full perfection twin'd ;
When Love first kindleth in his savage breast,
Those ruder passions for some snowy beast ;
He comes at mouth, whilst th' expecting swains,
Joy at the certain witness of his flames.

135 His knowing Mother, finding the fit time,
Was now, thus said ; *Canst thou, dear Son, re-
pine*

with this fair crue, to share unknown delights ?

Can Pelion, or cold Ossa, skew such fights ?

Oh that my cares were thine ! that thou would'st give

140 *A young Achilles in mine arms to live !*

At this, with blushes gentler he remain'd :

And though he yielded, yet she still constrain'd.

A womans dress, doth now the youth enclose ;

And his strong arm ; he learns how to compose.

145 His hair's not now neglected as before :

And on his neck, she hangs the chain she wore.

Within rich robes, his steps confined now

Move in a gentler pace ; and he's taught how

To speak with a reserved modesty,

150 Thus changing Wax, which nimble fingers plie,

First rendered soft by active heat, inclines

Unto that form the workman's hand designs.

- So *Thetis* to another shape convey'd
Her Son. Nor needed she to what she said,
155 Have added more: For in his beauty too,
All things appear'd, which to the sex were due.
Yet as they went along, she still renews
Her words, and her instructions thus pursues;
Dear Child, in gentle looks compose thy face,
160 And imitate each motion, and each grace.
Thou seest these beauties wear, or else I fear,
Unto the King our countrage, may appear.
This said, still as they go some Ornament
Her busie fingers mend. Thus *Cynthia* went
165 From hunting with her Mother; toil'd with sport,
And with her quiver, to her Father's Court;
Her arms now hid, her garments losely flow'd,
And in a better form her hair bestow'd.
Then to the King, her Son the goddesse brings,
170 And thus, the Altars witnessing, begins.
Receive Achilles Sister, as thy guest,
Are not her Brothers looks in hers express'd?
She in her quiver, and her bow delights,
And, like the Amazons, scor's marriage-rites.
175 Achilles is enough to be enjoy'd
By me: Let this in these rites be employ'd.
Let thy best care of her allay my fears,
Errors are incident to tender years.
Let her not rove the woods, nor Gymnick game
180 Frequent, lest with her cleathes she put off shame.
Let her still live with this fair company,
Nor ever let thy shores unguarded lie.

Thou

*Thou saw'st the Trojans lately, without cause,
Did violate the world's observed Laws.*

185 This said, the unknown Youth the King receives,

(Who finds out fraud when 'tis a God deceives ?)

And further, rendreth all his thanks as just
To her, who thought him worthy such a trust.

The pious troupe, with fixed eyes amaz'd

190 Upon his beauty, and proportion gaz'd

So much excelling others, then invites

Their company unto their sacred rites.

So the Idalian birds, that nimbly flye

Through yielding air, in a known company.

195 If to the flock, a stranger joyn his wings,

He with himself an admiration brings :

At last acquainted all with joy, receive

The stranger, and the aire together cleave.

The lingring Mother, still yet loth to part,

200 Now takes her leave, repeating all the art

She taught before, and what she more could tell,

And with her whisper'd wishes bids Farewell ;

Then takes the waves : her looks still backward bends,

And to the shore, these gentle wishes sends.

205 Dear earth, which hold'st my dearest joy, to thee

Committed with a fearfull subtilty ;

Be ever happy and in silence just

To me, as Crete to Rhea in her trust :

Long

- Long may thy glories last, and may thy name
 210 Grow greater then the wandring Delos false :
 Lesse hurt by storms, then all the Cyclades,
 That break the billows of th' *Ægean* seas.
 Let thy name be the Sailer's sacred vow :
 Tet to thy shores no Grecian ships allow.
 25 Tell Fame, with thee no warlike spears are found,
 But headlesse ones with Ivy-garlands Crown'd.
 whilst Mars, the parted Worlds, such rage doth give,
 Here let Achilles like a Virgin live.

ANNOTATIONS on the II Book of STATIUS his *ACHILLEIS*.

5. **T**hrace.] *Thetis* considering with her self, whither she might with most safety convey her Son, in the first place feared *Thrace*, conceiving that it would be an hastening of his destiny, to commit him to that warlick people; Whose Country received its name from the son of *Mars*; or, as *Stephanus* saith, *à regionis asperitate, quam τετραύχτη, Græci appellant.* So *Pomponius* witnesseth, that this Region is oblig'd neither by aire nor soil, especially near the Sea. The roughnesse of the place wrought a like disposition in the Inhabitants: And hence haply it is said, that *Mars* was here nourished. It is confined on the West by *Macedonia*, and the River *Nessus*, as *Ptolemy*; but by *Strymon*, as *Plinie* saith. See *Thucydides*, lib. 2.

6. The Warlick Macedonian race.] *Macedonia* bordereth on *Thrace*, *Epirus*, *Illyris*, and *Thessalie*; so called from *Macedo*, son of *Ochris*, or (as *Stephanus* and *Solinus*) of *Jupiter* and *Thyria*, daughter of *Deucalion*. *Thucydides*, lib. 2. praiseth them for an hardy and warlick people: But *Statius* had more reason to give them that character, as living after *Alexander* the Great's time, whose Victories were that Nation's greatest glorie. In their *Militia*, the Phalanx had the pre-eminence. This *Nero* imitated, *Sueton. Nerva, ubi vide Caesaronum.*

Pubanum. This steady Band consisted all of tall and able Souldiers, six foot high, or thereabouts, and *slaves*, as *Suidas* saith, of *equall age*. The like policy the Turk useth in the choice of his Janizaries, and with no lesse success.

7. *Athens*.] This place also the goddesse held not safe to trust *Achilles* in, by reason perhaps of the great confluence of strangers thither, it being the most famous City in all *Greece*, seated in *Attica*, about forty furlongs from the Sea, as *Strabo*, *lib. 9*. *Thucydides*, *lib. 2*, saith, It was at its greatest height in the time of *Pericles*. It was the Mother of many Philosophers, and Orators, and Poets, and (as *Tullie* stylerh it) the Mistresse of all human Sciences. But in the time of *Synchus*, it retained no such excellency, *Epist. 135*. It was called *Cecropia*, from *Cecrops* who first built it, and reigned in it; afterwards *Mopsopia*, from *Mopsus*; lastly, *Athens*, from *Minerva*, whom the Greeks call *Ἀθηνᾶ*, *quasi Ἀθήνη*, because she never sucked the breast, nor had need to do it, at her first springing from *Jove's* brain, being not an Infant, but a mature *Virago*, of full stature and strength. To this derivation, *Cal. Rhodiginus* assenteth, *lib. 14. c. 18*. *Macrobius*, *Saturnal. l. 1. c. 17*, saith, It was the opinion of *Porphyrie*, that *Minerva* was the verue of the Sun, which infuseth *prudence* into the minds of men. For therefore is this goddesse said to have issued from the head of *Jupiter*; that is, *Wisdom* cometh from the highest part of *Heaven*, whence the Sun hath its Original. *Serap. v*, also, which signifieth not effeminate, or manly, doth not onely come near to the name, but also agreeth with the nature of this goddesse, who was still pictured in a warlike posture, with an *Helmet*, a *Spear*, and a *Shield*, and said to have a great stroke in all actions of War, which ever depend upon *Wisdom*. This was the chief plea that *Ulysses* used against *Ajax*, when they strove for *Achilles's* Armour; That *Ajax's* valour had been useless, without *Ulysses's* policy or direction, *Virg. Aen. lib. 9*.

11. *Myconos*.] One of the *Cyclades*, under which the Poets feign those *Giants* to have been buried, that were slain by *Hercules*. The Inhabitants are said to have been so subject to baldnesse, that a bald man was wont proverbially to be called a *Myconian*: *Plin. l. 11. c. 37*.

¶ *Seriphus*.] The Poet giveth it the epithet *humilis*, haply by reason of its small compass; which is but twelve miles, as *Plin. 6* saith. So *Juvenal*, — *parvæque Seripho, Sat. 10*. The whole world, he saith, was not wide enough for the young man of *Pella*, (so he calleth *Alexander* the Great) but when he had it all to turn him in he found himself piteously strained for want of room, like one cooped

cooped up in little *Seriphos*. The people of this Isle *Perseus* transformed into stones, by shewing them his *Gorgon's* head, to revenge his forced mother. Yet long before, *Acridus* having thrown his mother *Danae* and him into the Sea, they were cast upon this Island, and taken up by a fisher-man, and here preserved.

12. *Delos*.] This was placed in the middle of the *Cyclades*, and most famous of them all, by reason of *Apollo's* Oracle there, consulted from most parts of the world. The Fable of its first becoming firm land, see in *Plinie*, *lib. 4. c. 12.* *Strabo*, *lib. 10.* and *Servius*, in *Virg. Æn. 3.* who relate, that it first appeared to receive the burden of *Latona*, who was here delivered of *Apollo* and *Diana*. It hath its name from *Δῖλος*, manifestus, perspicuus, *Macrob. Saturnal. l. 1. c. 17.* being said to have risen up on a sudden above the waves. Some think it worthy of this name from its Oracles; I wonder why, for they were seldome manifest. But *Servius*, and *Alexander ab Alex. l. 6. c. 2.* say, The Oracle here was clear, when all others were obscure. After this Island had appeared, it continued for some time loose, and floated up and down, untill at last it was fixed by *Diana*. *Seneca Agamemnone act. 2. Ch. r.*

— Tu maternam
Sistere Delon, *Lucina*, jubes
Huc atque illuc prius errantem
Cyclada ventis. Nunc jam stabilis
Fixa terras radice tenet.

Thou didst thy mother's *Delos* bind,
Wandring before, drove by the wind
Among the *Cyclades*: Now it stands
Fix'd to the earth with rooted bands.

Servius in *Æn. 3.* saith, The truth is, that *Delos* being shaken by a constant Earth-quake, the Inhabitants petitioning *Apollo* that they might be freed from it, were enjoined thence-forward to bury none in the Island. And *Alexander ab Alex. lib. 6. c. 2.* writeth, That all such as were near dying, and all women ready to be delivered, were carried over to the Island *Rhene*. *Thucydides lib. 3.* saith, That when *Delos* was totally hallowed by the Athenians, (*Pisistratus* the Tyrant having before hallowed as much as was within the prospect of the Temple) they took away all the Sepulchers, and made an Edict, That none should either be born or buried there for the future; but when any were near the time for either, they

they should be removed into *Rhene*. In the dispute between *Pausanias* and the Athenians, about Title to this Island, the Athenians alledging this Edict of theirs, *Pausanias* wittily demanded, How it could be their Island, seeing none of them had either been born or buried in it, *Plutarch* in *Apophth.* *Rhene* is so near to it, that when it was won by *Polycrates*, he dedicated it to *Apollo*, and tied it to *Delos* with a chain. Divers Games were here celebrated, as *Thucydides* affirmeth, and *Homer*, *Hymn* in *Apollinem*; who ending their praises, thus also leaveth his own, *vers.* 165.

Ἄλλ' ἄγε δὴ, Λητώ μιν Ἀπολλὼν τ' Ἀστέμει ξύρ,
 Χαίρειτε δ' ὑμεῖς παῖσαι ἐμῷ ᾧ καὶ μετόπισθε
 Μνήσοσθ' ὅππότε κέν τις ἐπιχθονίων ἀνδρῶπων
 Ἐνθάδ' ἀνέρι τοιζένης θαλαπείρου ἐλθῶν,
 Ὡκῆραι, τίς δ' ὑμῖν ὀνὴρ ἰδίστες αἰδῶν
 Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται, καὶ τέφ' τεύχεσθε μάστιγα;
 Τυμῆς δ' εὖ μάλα γέσσαι ὑπ' κείνασθε ἀρ' ἡμῶν,
 Τυλὸς ἐνὲρ, οὐκ εἶ ᾧ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσση.

*Let Phœbus and Diana's kindnesse dwell
 Still here: And now to every one Farewel,
 But yet remember when I leave this land,
 And among all some pilgrim shall demand,
 Who was't, O Virgins, that with harmony
 Could most affect your charmed ears? Reply
 With one consent, and thus my praises tell,
 A Poet blind, in Chios who doth dwell.*

Lemnos unto men unkind.] This is an Island in the *Ægean Sea*, called *Ardens* by *Seneca*, *Herc. Oet. v.* 1362. It is described by *Valerius Flaccus*, *Argonaut. lib.* 2. Here *Cicero*, *de natura deorum*, placeth *Vulcan's Forge*. *Statius*, *Thebaidos l.* 5.

——— *Ægeο premitur circumflua Nereο.
 Lemnos, ubi ignis fera fessus respirat ab Ætna
 Mulciber.*

To *Lemnos* in th' *Ægean* waves retires
 The wearied *Mulciber* from *Ætna's* fires.

Here *Vulcan* was bred, and had in great veneration. In his injuries the Inhabitants held themselves so concerned, that they hated

hated *Venus* for her adultery with *Mars*, Alexand. ab Alex. l. 2. c. 14. Whereat the goddesse being exasperated, infused such hatred into the women against their husbands, that they took counsell to slay them all at their return from the Thracian War; and did so to all, except *Hyppolyte*, who saved her father *Thoas*. The story we have in Statius, *Theb. lib. 5*.

15. *Ageons bands.*] *Agzeon* the son of Heaven and Earth, (*Hesiod. in Theogon*) was called by *Thetis* to assist *Jupiter*, when *Pallas*, *Juno*, and *Neptune* would have fetter'd him, *Lucian. dial. Martis & Mercurii*: But afterwards waxing insolent, (as most are wont to do after great merits) was himself fetter'd by *Jupiter* to the Rocks of the *Agean Sea*. And now *Neptune* having given notice, that he was endeavouring to unloose his hundred hands, *Jupiter* sent *Thetis* to view his chains. She passing by *Scyros*, and seeing King *Lycomedes* his daughters at their innocent recreations, and the Island filled with effeminate Inhabitants, thought presently no place could be more fit for her son's concealment, and resolved thither to bring him. This Giant was named *Briareus* by the gods, *Ageon* by men, *Homer. Iliad. a. v. 403.* by *Lucian* Βριαρεὺς ἑκαχίχρως, *Briareum centimanum*; and therefore was he bound with an hundred chains, as our Poet here saith. By *Virgil* he is placed in hell by *Chimera*, *Æn. 6*. The rest of the Giants also are fixed in their severall places by the Poets, as *Otus* in *Crete*, *Typhoeus* in *Campania*, *Enceladus* in *Sicily*, whose burning Tomb is made famous by *Claudian's* Muse, *de rapin Proserp. l. 1*.

*Enceladi bustum, qui saucia membra revinctus
Spirat in exhaustum flagrantis pectore sulfur:
Et quoties detrectatus cervice rebeli
In dextrum laevumque latus, tunc Insula fundo
Vellitur, & dubia nutant cum moenibus urbes.*

Vast-limb'd *Enceladus* here buried lies,
From whose hot breast unwasted sulfur flies:
As often as o're-laden with his burd'n,
To ease his wearied side he strives to turn,
The motion makes the heaved Island quake,
And with their walls the tottering Cities shake;

28. *Iris Ocean-nourish'd Bow.*] *Iris* αἰὲρ τῆς ὀρέας nuncio, because the Rainowe telleth of rain either past or to come, *Magir. lib. 4. cap. 5*. Our Poet calleth her *Thaumantida*. In Greek she is called Θαυμαντιάς.

Iris. And there is no Meteor so worthy of wonder. Its many colours are caused by the reflection of the Sun beains on a watry-cldw. *Aristot. Meteorol. lib. 3. Iris est arcus multicolor in nube torida, opaca, & concava, ex radiorum Solis oppositi reflexione apparet.* Virgil. *Æn. 4.*

*Ergo Ir's croceis per cælum roscida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverso Sole colores.*

Swift *Iris* therefore with her dewy wings,
On which the Sun a thousand colours flings.

The difference of its colours ariseth onely from the unequal parts of the clowds. According to *Aristotle* they are three, *Punicæ, Viridis, Caruleæ*. Others make them five, as *Ammianus Marcellinus*, who calleth the first *Euteam speciem*, a palish Yellow; the second, nearer a Tawny; the third, Red; the fourth, Purple; the last, a mixture of Blew and Green. But it is a strange error in Philosophers, to define the colours of the Rain-bowe, and they almost all differ about them. Yet are the colours they quarrell about not real, but apparent onely; as the skie seemeth blew, which without doubt is not blew indeed. Nor is it possible, at so great a distance, to describe colours certainly. All that can be said, is, That they appear such to the eye. *Marcellinus, lib. 20.* taketh occasion, from the appearing of a Rain-bow, while *Constantinus* besieged *Amida*, to treat of the reasons of the Rain-bowe, and why the Poets feigned, that *Iris* was so oft sent from heaven, *Indicium est*, saith he, *permutationis auræ, à sudo aere nubium concitans globos, aut contrà ex concreto immutans in serenam latitiam cælum. Ideo apud Poetas legimus sæpe, Irim de cælo mitti, cum præsentium rerum sit statûs mutatio.* That is, It is a signe of alteration of weather, gathering clowds in clear skies; or, on the contrary, changing thicknesse into serenity. Therefore we often read in the Poets of *Iris* being sent from heaven, when there was any alteration made of the present state of affairs. Of this fancy of the Poets, see *Gyraldi Syntagm. 9.* For the Philosophie, experience contradicted it. And *Plinie* saith, *Nec pluvias nec serenos dies cum fide ab Iride portendi.* They held, the Rain-bowe was nourish'd by the Ocean, by reason of both the Sun's and the Clowds arising from thence. *Scaliger, Exercit. 10. Sect. 11.* speaketh of a Rainbowe that appeared in the night-time, and was seen by *Albertus* and many others. And *Vitellio*, in his answer to the *E. of Mirandula*, concerning the possibility of a Rain-bow's seeming entirely circular, though not being so, affirmeth, that he saw four such at once in *Padua*.

33. *So swift, so kind to men.*] *Plinie* saith, Dolphins are the swiftest of all fish, and amorous. *Agellius, lib. 7. c. 8.* relateth a story of a Dolphin, that loved a Boy so passionately, that his life was tied to the Boy's life. The same Author, *lib. 16. c. 19.* out of *Herodorus*, setteth down the story of *Arion's* being carried by a Dolphin, charmed by his Musick, *Virg. Ecl. 8.*

Orpheus in fluis, inter Delphinas Arion.

The story is also related by *Plutarch* in *Symp.* but most sweetly by the sweetest of all the Poets, *Fast. lib. 2.* who thus describeth *Arion*, when the covetous Mariners threatned him with drawn swords.

*Ille metu pavidus, Mortem non deprecor, inquit ;
Sed liceat sumta pauca referre lyra.
Dant veniam, ridentque moram. Caput ille coronam,
Quæ possis crines, Phæbe, decere tuos.
Induerat Tyrio distinctam murice passam.
Reddidit ista suos pollice chorda sonos.
Plēbilibus numeris veluti, canentia dura
Trajectus penna tempora, cantat olor.
Protinus in medias ornatus defilit undas.
Spargitur impulsa carula puppis aqua.
Inde (sive majus) tergo Delphina recurvo
Se memorant oneri supposuisse novo.
Ille sedes, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vebendi
Cantat, & æquoreas carmine mulcet aquas.*

He frighted, cries; I ask but that you'd give
Me leave to touch my Harp, nor leave to live.
They grant it, smiling at his fond delay,
Whilst he assumes a Crown, which, *Phæbus*, may
Become thy locks, and on his shoulders bound
A purple Robe. The stricken strings then sound.
The dying Swan so, when his fate begins
Near to approach, in mournfull numbers sings.
And so adorn'd, he leapt into the flood:
On the ship's sides the dash'd up waters stood.
When straight his crooked back a Dolphin show'd,
And plac'd it under the unusuall load.
He sits, holding his Harp, and whilst he plaies,
The Sea growes calm, and for his portage payes:

Q

48. Oithys.]

48. *Othrys*.] A Mountain bounding *Thessalie* on the South, *Herodot.* l. 7. It hath on the West-side *Phibiotis*, *Strab. lib.* 9.

51. *The Fawns lament his losse*.] These were Sylvane gods, whose Chief was *Pan*, lascivious like all his followers, who were held strangely amorous of men and women. The Chorus in *Seneca, Hippol.* act. 2. believe it impossible, that *Hippolytus* living in the woods, should escape being solicited by them:

Te nemore additum,
Cum Titan medium constituit diem,
Cinget turba licens, Naiades improba
Formosos solita claudere fontibus:
Et somnis facient insidias tuis.
Lasciva nemorum dea,
Montivagique Panes.

For whilst in shades you bide, and day's
Divided by the god of Rayes,
The Naiades thy beauty moves,
Who in their fountains shut their Loves:
And the lascivious gods that keep
In woods, will court thee in thy sleep.

The question, Whether Spirits affect carnall copulation, hath been disputed by many: I shall onely relate these few opinions. *Plutarch, de Oraculor. defect.* saith, that *fury attendeth their unsatiated lust*. *Paracelsus* relateth stories of some, who have been married to mortall men. *Cardane, de Subtilit. & variet. rerum.* saith, *They are as apt as dogs to be familiar with men*. *Plato* was believed to have been begotten on a Virgin by the phantasm of *Apollo*, by reason of his admirable wisdom. *Cardane, de var. & subt. rer. lib.* 16. c. 43. speaketh of some, who had had familiar company with Spirits for many years. And *Agrippa, de occulta Philos. lib.* 3. cap. 24. saith, *Sunt adhuc hodie qui commercium & conjugalem commixtionem habent cum Demonibus*. *Burton* in his *MELANCHOLY* relateth a story of *Mennippus Lucius*, That between *Cenchrea* and *Corinth* he met a Spirit, in the habit of a fair Gentlewoman; and, deceived by her allurements, married her. To the Wedding, among other guests, came *Apollonius*, who by conjectures found her to be a Spirit. When she saw her self discovered, she begged of *Apollonius* to be silent: But he refusing, she vanished with all her house and furniture. *Sabinus, in Ovid. Metam. lib.* 10. hath the like story. *Florilegus, ad Ann.* 1058. telleth of a young Gentleman of *Rome*, who, the same day

day he was married, going to play at Tennis, put his ring on the finger of the image of *Venus*; and returning to take off his ring, *Venus* had bent-in her finger so, that he could not get it off. Where-upon loath to make his company stay, he left it, intending the next day to use some other means for it. Night being come, and going to bed to his Bride, *Venus* interposed between, telling him, He had betrothed himself to her by the ring he put upon her finger; and thus troubled him for many nights, till by the advice of *Palumbus* a Magician, he was released from his unwelcome Lover. Lavater, de spectr. part. 1. cap. 19. telleth this story, I have heard, saith he, a grave and a wise man, in the Territory of Tigure, who affirmed, that as he and his servant went through the pastures in the summer time, very early, he espied one (as he thought) whom he knew very well, wickedly comming lewdnesse with a Mare. At which being amazed, he returned back again, and knocked at his house whom he supposed he had seen. There he certainly understood, that the man had not been that morning from his chamber. Upon which, discreetly searching into the businesse, he saved the man, who else had suffered for the deluding Damon. Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l. 3. c. 19. citeth a passage in St. Augustine, that Spirits are subject to these lusts. And Mr. Burton quoteth Pererius in Gen. lib. 8. c. 6. v. 1. who affirmeth, that these *Genii* can beget, and have carnall copulation with women. In that fair Temple of Belus, as *Herodotus* saith, there was a Chappell, in which was *splendide stratus lectus, et apposita mensa aurea*. Into this adorned bed none came, but the woman whom the god made choice of, as the Chaldean Priests told him; and their god lay with her himself. Of this opinion is *Lactantius*. And *Lippius* relateth proofs thereof in his daies, in the City of Louain. Further discourse on this point I shall reserve for a place more worthy of it.

75. If *Hercules* thus learn'd to spin.] *Thetis* being come to the Island where she intended to place her son, letteth him know, that for his safety, she would put him into woman's habit. And knowing that the greatnesse of his spirit would scorn such a disguise, she setteth *Hercules* before him, who at the command of *Omphale* in such a dresse sat spinning, *Seneca Hippolyto, act. 1.*

*Natus Alcmena posuit pharetram,
Et minax vasti spoliū Leonis,
Passus aptari digitis smaragdus,
Et dari legem rudibus capillis.
Crura distincto reliqavit ouro,
Luteo plantas cohibente sacco:*

Et manu, clavam modò quâ gerebat,

Fila deduxit properante fuso.

Vidit Perses, diisq; ferax

Lydia regni, dejecta seri

Terga Leonis, humerisque, quibus

Sederat alti regia cœli,

Tenuem Tyrio stamine pallam.

Vid. Herc. Furens, v. 465. & Herc. Oet. v. 372.

Great *Hercules* once threw away

His Quiver and the Lion's prey :

His fingers he adorns with rings ,

And his rude hair in order brings :

His legs with gold embraced round ,

His feet with yellow buskins bound :

That hand, which so well arm'd had been

With his great Club, now learns to spin ;

By Persians and rich Lydians scorn'd ,

Not with his Lion's skin adorn'd.

Those shoulders on which Heav'n should rest

Were in a woman's habit drest.

77. *If Bacchus*] *Bacchus* also disguised himself in a Virgin's habit, for fear of his mother-in-law *Juno*, *Senec. Oedip. v. 417*. Mythologers understand this of the effects of Wine, which sometimes rendreth men effeminate, and otherwhile giveth courage to the most womanish mind : And therefore was *Bacchus* said to be of both sexes. *Origen lib. 3. contra Celsum*. saith, that *Bacchus* was thought sometimes to have worn a woman's habit. *Eusebius, de Prep. Evang. l. 3. c. 9.* giveth this reason, why a woman's form (and therefore habit) was ascribed to *Bacchus*, *ut vim illam quæ plantarum fructibus inest ex mascula femineaque constatam significet* ; To signifie, that the strength was of both kinds by which fruits were produced.

78. *And Jove himself.*] The story is commonly known : *Jupiter* going to visit the world, injur'd by *Phæton's* Lightning, employed his first care on *Arcadia* ; where his eyes told his heart such wonders of *Calisto's* beauty, that he counterfeited the shape and dresse of *Diana*, (*Quis Divûm fraudibus obset* ?) and so enjoyed the deceived *Calisto*, *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 2.*

Cæneus] Who being ravished by *Neptune*, and having the grant of a wish for her recompence, desired to alter her sex, that she might never suffer such a misfortune more. Unto this the too kind god added

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Book II. Statius *his* Achilleis. 213

added her being invulnerable. Yet in the battell of the Centaurs, and the Lapithæ, she was pressed to death: So impossible it is for power, any way applied in this world, to alter destiny. Nor do our fond attempts give occasion to Him above, to appoint new accidents: It is He, that permits those fond attempts, and letteth them be the means of those accidents, which we would most avoid. The fable sometimes goeth, that she had power to change her sex. Otherwise the sense remaineth not perfect. In the other World, *Virgil* sheweth her in her first sex, *Æn.* 6. v. 448.

— *Et juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina, Cæneus,
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.*

And *Cæneus* once a Youth, but now a Maid,
By fate into her former sex convey'd.

85. *If by the Stygian-arming waves.*] *Thetis* to prevent the mortality of *Achilles*, which he had received from his Father, dipped him in the Stygian flood, all but the heel, which she held by; in which mortall part, he was shot by *Paris*. By this River, the gods took their inviolable Oaths, *Virg.* *Æn.* 6. *Seneca*, *Thyest.* v. 667. giveth it this Character,

Deformis unda, qua facit calo fidem.

And *Homer*, *Odyss.* 4.

— *Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, ὅστι μέγιστος
Ὅρκος δεινότητος τε πῆλ' ἀνέρεσσιν θεοῖσι.*

The greatest Oath among the blessed Gods.

The fable is, that *Victoria* the daughter of *Styx*, assisted *Jupiter* in his War against the Giants; For which service, he gave this honour to her Mother, that the gods should swear by her, and inviolably keep their Oath, or else be banished from the banquets of the gods. This affordeth some illustration to verse 213, Where *Thetis* wishing honour to the Island *Seyros*, saith,

Let thy name be the Seamans sacred vow.

The Viscount, *St. Albanes*, *Sapient. Ver.* applieth this to the Leagues and Covenants of Princes, which by reason of interest, are preciselier observed, than more sacred ones. *Natalis Comes*, *Mytholog.* l. 3. c. 2. saith, that *Styx* discovered the conspiracy of the

So is, and that therefore, perhaps *Jove* made that *Water* their obliging Oath. *Aristotle*, *Metaphys. l. 1. c. 3.* conceiveth, that the Poets by this fiction, intended to signify, that *water* is the original of all things. So *Thales Milesius* said, that, *water* is *initium rerum*; *Deum autem, eam Mentem qua ex aqua cuncta fingeret*, as *Cicero* saith, *De nat. Deor. lib. 1.* according to that of *Moses*, *Gen. 1. 2.* So the god's Oath seemeth to have been by the first beginning of things. Other reasons may be seen in *Cal. Rhodiginus*, *lib. 27. c. 5.* Of this opinion, *Plutarch* sheweth *Homer* to be, *lib. De Homero*, where he citeth *Thales* for it; and, after them, *Xenophanes*. The reasons of whose conjecture, *Eusebius* giveth, *De prepar. Evang. lib. 14. c. 14.* *Servius* in *Æn. 6.* saith, *Acheron* hath its name, *quasi av: u xacōs, sine gaudio*: From whence, *Styx* cometh; from *Styx*, *Cocyus*. Whose Etymologies he thus bringeth along; They, who want Joy, have Sadnesse, which is neighbour to Grief, the production of Death. The Poets feigned these Rivers to be unpleasant: So must Death needs be to those, who placing their joyes in this World; part with both together. By *Victory*, daughter of *Styx*, may be intimated the power of Death, who assisted *Jupiter*; in that the Gyants were mortall: shewing the vastnesse of their crimes, which make the true War with God, and want but eternity for themselves, to make their crimes perpetuall. All this signifieth but the series of Life and Death, not more of sorrow belonging to our ends; then to our beginnings. *Man is born unto Sorrow*, saith *Eliphaz*, *Job 5. 7.* And according to this sense, *Plutarch* speaketh, whole words I have taken the liberty, to dresse in verse;

*Sicut qui argillam tractat, fingere
Ex ea animalis formam potest,
Rursūque diffingere, iterūque ac
Quoties libet perpetuū vices istas repetere;
Sic etiam Natura ex eadem materia
Olim avos nostros, postea patres protulit,
deinde nos, ac deinceps alios
ex aliis evolver. Ac flavius
Ille ortus nostri absque intermissione
labens nunquam subsistet;
Sicut & interitus flumen huius
Contrarium, sive is Acheron est.
Prima ergo Causa, quæ nobis Solis offendit
Jubar, eadem at caliginosum Orcum adducit,*

As one that chafes the pliant clay, may bring
 The substance to the form of any things;
 Again, destroy the species, and by skill
 Repeat the same as often as he will :
 So nature also at the first, from clay
 Our Ancestors did to the World convey,
 Our fathers next ; to them do we succeed,
 Others to us ; and they shall others breed.
 This flood of Life, flows at a constant rate,
 Consuming still, as do the streams of Fate.
 This flood's *Cocytus*, or else *Acheron*,
 Which stream the Poets set those names upon.
 Thus the first cause, which shews us the Sun-light,
 Restores us back unto Eternall night.

120. *Receiv'd Love's flames.*] Those thoughts of glory, that would not suffer *Achilles* to consent to his kind Mother's advice, yield to Love's power, by which all the World is fettered. Which matter is excellently expressed by *Seneca*, *Hippolyt. act. 1. Chor.* The greatnesse of which power, joyned to the swiftnesse of its execution, made the Antients believe, it was a fascination ; So *Dido*, at the first sight of *Aeneas*, received a passion as durable as her life, since she could find no way but one, to end both. The amorous *Sappho*, having expressed all the symptoms of a powerfull passion, expecteth the same fate.

—*Velut herba pallent*

Ora : spirandi neque compos, Orco

Proxima credor.

My lips grow pale, and my disorder'd breath
 Is spent in sighs ; sure, the next thing is death.

Ex interpretatione Henrici Stephani. According to these examples, there is reason enough to believe *Claudians* amorous begger ;

Paupertas me seu domat, dirisque Cupido :

Sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

In Loves and Fortunes fetters I remain :
 One may endure the hunger, not the flame.

Ælian, Varia hist. lib. 12. c. 58 relateth the story of *Dioxippus*, the famous Wrestler of *Athens*; Who coming into the City, as the manner was, after those exercises, fell in Love with a Maid, (like *Achilles* here) at the first sight, as he passed along.

123. *Massagetans.*] A people of *Scythia*, inhabiting *Caucasus*, who used to break such in pieces, as died of old age, and to throw such to Wild beasts, as died of diseases, *Strabo. lib. 2.* They worshipped the Sun chiefly; to whom they offered an Horse. When they travelled through a wilderness, they were wont to drink Horses blood mingled with milk. So *Claudian*,

*Et qui cornipedes in pocula vulnerat audax
Massagetes.*

170. *Altars witnessing.*] It was an observed custom, when any thing of consequence was to be said, or petitioned for, to do it before the Altars of the gods. So when *Iarbas* heard of *Dido's* passion for *Æneas*, *Æn. 4.*

*Isque amens animi, et rumore accensus amaro,
Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina Divum, &c.*

Enrag'd ('t is said) at this unwelcome fame,
Among the Altars of his Gods he came.

This he did, that he might perform that usuall ceremony of holding the Altars; as a little below,

Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem.

And the same Prince of Poets, *Æn. 12.*

Tango aras, medios ignes ac numina testor.

And *Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. 3. c. 2.* saith, that *Jupiter* heard him, non quia orabat tantum, sed quia et aras tenebat. And he citeth *Varro, Divin. lib. 5.* who saith, *Aras primum dictas, quod esset necessarium ad sacrificantibus eas teneri. Ansis autem solere teneri vasa, quis dubitet?* *Alexander ab Alexandro, lib. 2. c. 18.* saith, It was a custom for those that were piously praying to the gods, to embrace their knees, i. e. the knees of their Statues. And this certainly, is the onely meaning of that in *Juvénal, Sat. 10. 55.*

— *genua incerate Deorum.*

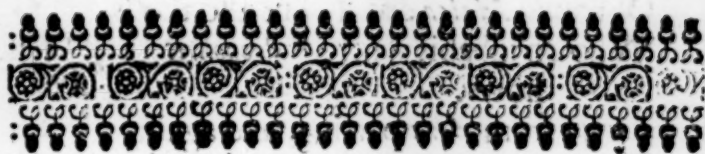
But because *incero* signifieth to cover with wax, some hold, that they waxed-on their Petitions on the knees of their Statues. Turnebus lib. 1. cap. 17. saith, That they held the Statues with such assiduous fervency, *ut sudore incrassarentur, & videretur illis quasi cera superposita.* Were it possible this place should still remain unperfect, after its having passed through so many learned hands, I should guesse the word *insuccare*, to make moist, more apt to the sense, especially to the interpretation of the most learned Turnebus.

199. *Nor Gymnick game.*] *Gymnadas*, from *Γυμνάσιον*, *Exerceo*; or rather from *Γυμνός*, *Nudo*. For they which exercised these Games were all naked. These were invented by *Lycaon* of *Arcadia*. And the *Spartan Virgins* used to practise all manly exercises naked. *Alexand. ab Alex. lib. 2. c. 35.*

208. *As Creet to Rhea.*] *Thetis* having now taken leave of her disguised son, and being entred the waves, turneth her eyes towards the Island, and beggeth of it to perform its trust as justly, as *Creet* had done to *Rhea*: Who, when her husband *Saturn* intended to murder all his children, being told that he should have one, who would depose him from his throne, hid her son *Jupiter* in *Diſſe*, a Mountain of *Creet*; where the *Corybantes* her Priests, with their sounding Brasse, drowned the noise of the child's crying; *Natalis Comes. lib. 2. c. 1.* *Saturn* was a great devourer of children, for to him the *Carthaginians* offered their sons, *Plato in Minoe*. By *Saturn* was understood Time; by *Jupiter*, Heaven, which is not subject to the power of Time: And therefore was it said, that *Jupiter* was not devoured by *Saturn*. *Gaffard* in his *Curiosities, part. 3. chap. 11. sect. 8.* saith, The ancient *Hebrews* stood in much dread of the malignancy of the Planet *Saturn*. And the *Chaldeans*, who gave themselves over to the worshipping of false gods, observing this Star to be hurtfull, thought good by some sacrifice to render it more propitious to them. And no sacrifice being fitter than that on which it wrought its sad effects, they began to sacrifice children to it under the name of *Moloch*. And this, he believeth, was the originall of the Fable, why *Saturn* was said to devour his children. And the Priests were said to have made a noise with their brasse, to drown young *Jupiter's* crie, from the custom which they had to make such noises

noises when the children passed through the fire to *Moloch*; which was no other then some particular Dæmon-rite. For *MOLOCH* signifieth as much as *BAAL*. So we read, Psal. 106. 37. *Masérunt filios suos & filias demoniis*, as Mr. Selden rendreth it, *De Dis Syris*, cap. de *MOLOCH*; to whom, and *Saturn*, children were the usuall sacrifices, as he there sheweth.

The



The Third BOOK.

The Argument.

*An Oath obligeth the revengefull Greeks,
At Aulis took. The sly Ulysses seeks
The wisk'd Achilles; who, disguis'd, doth move
Unto the Conquest of his Mistressse Love.*



N the mean while, the fatall love
of Arms

Stirrs the fierce Greeks. The Prin-
ces give th'alarms,

Soliciting revenge. The Ilians crime

They thus enlarge; that in a quiet time,

5 No wars, the *daughter of great [Helen
Jove by them

Was injur'd, with the Laws of god and men.

How shall the common people fare, if thus

They venture first their injuries on us?

Thus all prepar'd for war; not alone } *The Inhabi-
* those } tants of Pelo-
ponnesus.

10 Whom the two Oceans do almost enclose,

Or

Or round *Malea* dwell, but also those
Who do inhabit where * *Propontis*
flows.

{ The Helles-
Pont.

- Europe* from *Asia* parting, and again
Those where the waves spread in a larger Main.
15 The wretched love of war warm'd every breast.
Fam'd *Temesa* gave Brass; rigg'd Navies press'd
The waves of the *Eubœan* shores; and in
Mycæna, strokes of hammer'd Armor ring.
Her Chariots *Pisa* sends for warlick use,
20 *Nemeæan*-shades the skins of Beasts produce.
Cyrrha the Quiver fills; and for the Shields
Lerna gives Hides: the bold *Acarman* yields
Bodies of Foot, so doth th' *Ætolian*; Horse,
In Troops from *Argos* sent, compleat the force,
25 Fetch'd from *Arcadia*'s fair now-emptied plains.
For war her famous breed *Epirus* trains.
Aonian Woods and *Phocis* Arrows lend:
Their Engines *Pilos* and *Messana* send.
No place left free. They Arms from Pillars tore,
30 There by their Ancestors hung long before.
The gifts to gods the melting flames devour,
Alter'd to serve a far severer Pow'r.
No antient shades on th'hills must longer grow:
Taygetus now and *Othrys* naked show.
35 Great Oaks for Ships, lesse Trees for Oars they
trim:
Whole Woods do now on the vast Ocean swim.
Iron by skilfull workmen is design'd
For various use; the beaks of Ships to bind.

40 For Armor, and for Bridles, and for Nails
 On arming-coats, set like to fishes scales;
 For Swords, for Darts, which, dipp'd in poison,
 throw
 Death in the wounds they give. The whetstones
 grow
 With sharpned weapons thin. Some pieces bring
 45 In forms for Bowes, some Bullets for the Sling
 Prepare, some harden Stakes, some places gave
 To Helmets where th'advanced Plumes should
 wave.

Among these tumults *Theſalie* remains
 Alone unactive, and alike complains
 50 That *Peleus* was too old, his son too young.
 All-emptied *Greece*, now mad with fury, throng
 To Ships, the crowded shores do seem to glow,
 And sensible of heat the billows show :
 The julted waves seem to present a storm ;
 55 The Ships that raise it on the swellings born.
 Under their weight the Ocean almost fails ,
 And all the winds scarce serve to fill their sails.
 At first the waves by rocky *Aulis* bore
 The swarming Greeks, the much affected shore
 60 Of *Cynthia*. There loud **Caphareus* shows [**Proteus*
 His head, and back to th'waves , their clamors
 throws.

When all these swarms of sails came to his sight,
 Thrice he presag'd a sad prodigious night.
 Here first *Troy's* fatall foes united are ,
 65 And all by Oath oblige themselves for war ,
 Untill

- 65 Untill the Sun had pass'd one annuall course,
 And *Greece* appear'd in her united force.
 Into a formed Army they compose
 Their differing people, and a Generall chose.
 So the wild multitude that shades enjoys,
 70 Enclos'd with toils, frighted with fire and noise,
 Fly to imprisoning valleys, and admire
 To see their Mountain lessen by the fire.
 There the wild multitude know equall fear.
 The Boar, the Woolf, together with the Bear
 75 Imprisoned lie : the fearfull Harts by them
 The fetter'd Lions in the toils contemn.
 Though both th' *Atrida* with the Army came,
 And *Diomede* ambitious of great fame,
 With *Sthen'us*, and *Antilochus* appears
 80 More mindfull of the war, than of his years.
 Though *Ajax* brought his Shield off seven hides,
 In compasse like a swelling Mountain sides.
 Though lie *Ulysses* was among the rest ;
 Yet of *Achilles* all a want express'd.
 85 His name brings joy. He must be *Hector's* fate ,
 And ruine of great *Priam* and his State.
 " For whose first steps but his were taught to go
 " In the *Æmonian* Valleys thorough Snow ?
 " Whose youth such rigid principles was taught?
 90 " His line from Heav'n so directly brought ?
 " For whom, but him, such care would *Thetis*
 have,
 " To arm his fair limbs with the Strygian
 wave ?

This

This through the Camp while all the Greeks
proclaim,
The Captains joy, though vanquish'd, at his
fame.

95 So in Phlegræan fields when the gods were
Assembled, and great *Mars* assum'd his Spear,
Pallas her Snakes, his Bow *Apollo* took;
Yet Nature still wore an affrighted look;
Till *Jove* himself loud storms and thunders rais'd,
And from the clouds *Ætnean* lightning blaz'd.

100 Whilst here the Captains by their Troops en-
clos'd

Consulted on those ways to peace oppos'd,
Protesilaus, who most active show'd
I'th War, and on whom fate was first be-
stow'd;

105 Thus unto *Calchas* said; *Thestorides*,
Sure thou forgettest Phœbus Oracles:
For when can thy inspired lips relate
Better then now the hid decrees of Fate?
Dost thou not see how all amaz'd admire

110 *Æacides, the object of desire?*
The Calydonian Prince now all contemn,
Slight either-Ajax too, and me with them.
But since our Valour now is scorned thus,
Both Mars and ruin'd Troy shall speak for us.

115 *For him, the Princes all neglected are,*
And he is honour'd as a god of war.
Speak quickly, (or else why should we allow
Those sacred Wreaths on thy adorned Brow?)

where

- where lurks the Youth? for now, as men report,*
 120 *Hee's not in Chiron's Cave, nor Peleus Court.*
Speak then: if ever, now let thy desires
wish for Prophetick breast-inspiring fires.
Thou shalt secure from war and danger rest,
Those gentle wreaths with Helmets ne're be press'd.
 125 *Be happy in th'esteem which all will ow*
To thee, if thou to us Achilles show.
Calchas this while his eyes doth wildly throw,
And his pale looks the god's approach do show.
His cheeks straight glow with heat: nor can he
find
 130 *Or friends, or tents; so wild he is and blind.*
Now in the sky great troops of gods he spies,
Now from the Fowls he takes his Auguries,
Now asks the Fates below their hid designs,
 135 *And then consults the bright perfumed Shrines,*
Snatches the tops of the ascending fires,
And with the holy fume himself inspires.
His hairs erected stood: in no one place
His neck kept fix'd, nor keep his feet one pace.
Tired at length and trembling, a voice broke
 140 *Through the opposing furie, and thus spoke.*
whither dost thou Chiron's lov'd charge now
bear,
Thetis, with woman's craft? Return him here.
Hee's due to us: though waves obey thy will,
Yet Phoebus too a god my breast doth fill.
 145 *where dost thou hide the Trojan's fate? I see*
The Cyclades and shores sought out by thee,

where

- where thou of thy unworthy theft art eas'd,
 The guilty Land of Lycomedes pleas'd.
 O crime! those shamefull flowing garments tear;
 150 And be not subject to a Mother's fear.
 Ah me! now from mine eyes, hee's raviſh'd quite,
 what guilty Virgin's that ſalutes my ſight?
 Then ſtaggering, by his ſtrength and rage for-
 look,
 He ſunk down by the Altar whiſt he ſhook.
 155 Then to Ulyſſes, Diomede thus ſaid,
 This buſineſſe now ſeems to require our aid.
 For I ſhall ne'r reſuſe to go with thee,
 If the deſigne doth with thy thoughts agree.
 Though he in Tethys hollow ſounding caves
 160 Were hid, or wrapp'd by Nereus in his waves,
 Thou'ſt find him out. Let thy care be expreſſ'd
 From that great ſpring of counſels in thy breſt.
 For, which of all our Prophets can deny
 Thy judgment equall to their Propheſie?
 165 Ulyſſes pleas'd, repli'd, what thou wouldſt do,
 Great Jove aſſiſt; and 's blue-ey'd Daughter too.
 We run a hazard, 't is an act of weight
 To arm Achilles; and a ſhame as great.
 If our deſigne be frustrated by fate:
 170 Yet what the Grecians wiſh, I'll venture at,
 And with me, the Peleian Prince I'll bring,
 Elſe Calchas tongue did unſpired ſing.
 The Grecians ſhout: and Agamemnon too,
 Excites them unto that they meant to do.

- The Councell then dissolv'd, the Grecians rise,
 And with a gentle murmur shew their joyes:
 So at the night's approach, calm *Hybla* sees
 Return, with buzzing noise, her Laden bees.
 180 Now *Ithacus* a prosperous gale implores
 To fill his sails, the youths too ply their Oars.
 Farre off *Achilles* his disguise conceal'd,
 Who to *Deidamia* now must be reveal'd.
 She, though the crime were hid, did fear expresse,
 185 And thought her Sisters at the thing might gesse.
 For as *Achilles* stood among the bright
 Fair charming troupe, (his blushes put to flight)
 He chose his lov'd companion; (though the fair
 Enamour'd troupe for him had equall care)
 190 And practic'd the unknown designs of love,
 Which in her breast could no suspicion move.
 With haste, he follows her from place to place:
 His eyes no businesse find but in her face,
 Repeating looks; he useth to abide
 195 A close companion by her lovely side:
 Sometimes about her, flowry wreaths he strows,
 And sometimes at her, harmlesse javelins throws.
 Now chants he *Layes*, that *Chiron* taught, and
 brings
 Her courted fingers to the warbling strings;
 200 Straight his obliged lips to hers are fix'd,
 And praises with a thousand kisses mix'd.
 She gladly learns how *Pelions* top was rais'd,
 And who *Achilles* was, and hears amaz'd

His name, with his achievements of great things,

205 Whilst he himself, himself there present sings.
She teaches then his gentler arms to pull,
In long extended threds, the following wool.
Setling the shaken distaffe in its place,
And his full voice admires and strong embrace :
210 Observes his looks on none but her were fix'd;
And all his words with long-fetcht sighs were
mix'd.

Now going to reveal his flame, she flies
With Virgin-fears, and his design denies.
So Heav'n's great Ruler in his tender years,
215 Kiss'd his affected Sister without fears :
But Nature's laws being observ'd no more,
She fears that love, she blush'd not at before.

At length, his Mother's craft he did disclose;
A grove there was, whose top to Heav'n arose.
220 Sacred to *Bacchus*, in whose shades by nights
The women paid their Trieterick rites.
Whole herds they slaughtered, spears from Trees
they rent,

And to the God their gratefull furies sent.
The Law forbad all Males : yet that command
225 Was giv'n anew. Besides, a Priest did stand
To watch the bounds, lest they might be defil'd
By some rash man. At this *Achilles* simil'd.
Before the troupe he with the Ensigne goes,
And in unpractiz'd ways his arms bestows.

Such as became the sex, and help'd the tales
 230 His Mother told. Wonder on all prevails
 To see *Deidamia's* self excell'd, as the
 From her fair Sisters challeng'd victory.
 But from his snowy neck, that so exceld,
 When the Hart's skin was thrown with Ivy held,
 235 His shining brows with purple ribbands bound,
 And toss'd his spear with Vines and Ivy crown'd.
 The troupe then all amaz'd the sacrifice
 And rites forsook, on him to feed their eyes.
 So *Bacchus* look't, whil'st he had yet resign'd
 240 To *Theban* luxuries his loosened mind,
 Then leaves soft wreaths, his green spear head's
 with steel,

And now his nobler force the Indians feel.

Now *Cynthia*, in her Silver Chariot rode
 On heaven's highest road, when the dull God
 245 Of Sleep payes visits to the earth, and flings
 Over the silent world his heavy wings;
 The tired Company then weary grown,
 Lay down to rest. *Achilles* all alone
 Thus with himself begins, *How long shall I*
 250 *Endure a Mother's fearfull subtilty?*
And in this soft effeminate Prison lose
My noblest thoughts? May not my right hand chose
One armed dart, nor more pursue wild game?
Doth not Sperchios still for me complain?
 255 *And promisd hairs? Must I for nothing look,*
That's brave, who such a Master so forsook?

Or to the shades do all believe me fled,
And *Chiron* mourns me without issue dead :
My darts and bow are now employ'd by thee,

260 *Patroclus* too, and horses train'd for me ;
whilst I brandish a spear with Iuy dress'd,
Or learn to spin, I blush while't is confess'd.

Why dost thou hide thy passionate designe,
And in dissimulation bury time ?

265 Shall still these flaming words consume thy breast,
And leave thy sex and passion unexpress'd ?

This said, and pleas'd with the concealing time
Of night, sleep too assisting his designe,
She now no more his feign'd embraces found,

270 Whilst he by force his burning wishes crown'd.
The Stars all smil'd, whilst they the wantons
 spied,
And *Cynthia*, her bright horns with blushes
 did.

The Woods and Hills rang with her noise ; when
 all,
Rous'd from their sleep, thought it the signall
 call.

275 At which the echoing grove with clamours
 shakes,

Whilst he again, his wreathed *Thyrus* takes :
But his afflicted mistress first thus cheers,
'Tis I am he (*why dost thou shew these fears ?*)
Born of the Oceans Queen, who did bestow

Or 280 *My breeding on me in Thessalian snow.*

Nor had I e're endur'd this soft disguise,
 Had not I first been charmed by thine eyes.
 It was thy pow'r besides, that did command
 A Timbrel and a Distaff in this hand.

- 285 Why dost thou weep, since to the Ocean's King;
 Thou art a Child, that must Heav'n issues bring?
 And ere thy Father shall disturb my joy,
 Storms and unvanquish'd flames shall all destroy.
 I am not turn'd a woman quite with this,

- 290 But yet awhile conceal this stealth of blisse?

At this, new fears amaz'd th' affrighted *Queen*,
 Though still suspicious of him she had been,
 Trembling when he came near, now she fear'd
 more,

When he confess'd what she believ'd before.

- 295 Should she her Father tell, (what should she
 do?)

And with her self ruine the lov'd Youth too?
 For his dear sake, she rather chose to be
 By silence made as deep in guilt as he.

By joynt consent, one confident they chose,

- 300 To whom they did their secret theft disclose,
 Her womb now swells: and, all her heavy time,
 She cunningly conceals her shame and crime.
 Till Nature's just designed term did come,
 And kind *Lucina* did unload her womb.

ANNOTATIONS on the Third Book of STATIUS his ACHILLEIS.

Statius, in the beginning of his third Book, (according to the *Paris*-Edition, for that of *Amsterdam* maketh but two) representeth *Greece* preparing war against *Troy*, and declaring their affection to it. This was the first war we read the *Greeks* were engaged in, *Thucyd. lib. 1.* And therefore it is the lesse wonder that they loved war, seeing they understood it not. Since also we have monstrous examples of loine, that have been weary of peace, giving it no better a name than *Idleness*, and making it the scandal of a Nation. When it is wanted, it will be esteemed. Such is the fallolly of frail nature. *Sylla* told King *Bocchus*, that the gods advised him, when he chose any peace rather than war. And when some disliked the effects of the Treaty, *Salust. Bell. Jug.* excellently saith, *Scilicet ignari rerum humanarum, quæ fluxæ & mobiles sæpius in adversa mutantur.* Expectation of better is the great consequence of this world, at least the attempts and profession of it.

10. *Two Oceans.*] *Peloponnesus*, now called *Morea*, hath the *Ionian Sea* on the right hand, and the *Ægean* on the left, being a *Peninsula*, in whose *Isthmus* stood the City of *Corinth*.

11. *Malea.*] A Promontory in *Eaconia*, between which and *Tenarus* is the *Laconian Bay*, *Strab. lib. 8.*

16. *Temesa.*] A City of the *Brutians*, famous for *Brasse-mines*; after called *Tempsa*, *Plin. l. 3. c. 5.* There is a Town of this name in *Cyprus* also famous for *Brasse*. One of these afforded matter for the stately Horse of *Domitian*, *Statius Silv. lib. 1. in Equo Domit.*

*Et quis se totis Temese dedit hau-
sta metallis.*

Upon which large and stately Statue, shrines
The City *Temesa*'s exhausted Mines,

17. *Eubæan shore.*] *Eubæa* assisted with ships, being an Island opposite to the Continent of *Attica*, *Boeotia*, and *Locris*, extending from *Sunium* as far as *Thessalie*, *Strab. lib. 10.*

18. *Mycena*] A City so near *Argos*, that, as *Strabo* saith, their names were oftentimes promiscuously used for one another. It was once the head of *Argia*, distant from *Argos* but fifty furlongs, *Strab. lib. 8. & Pausan. in Corinth.* It received its name (as *Stephanus* saith) from the handle of a Sword, which the Greeks call *μύκητις*. The word signifieth properly a *Mushrum*. It is used also for the lower part of the handle of a Sword, which is like a *Mushrum*. *Mycena* had its name from hence, because *Persus* letting the handle of his Sword fall there, was commanded by *Mercury* there to build that City.

19. *Pisa.*] A City near the River *Alpheus*, where the Olympick Games were celebrated, seated in *Elis*, a Region, which with *Messena* takes up the West-part of *Peloponnesus*. Here *Salmones* once reigned, whose ambition and punishment is thus described, *Æn. 6. 585.*

*Vidi & crudeles dantem Salmonca pœnas,
Dum flammæ Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi.
Quatuor hic inuestus equis, & lampada quassans,
Per Graiûm populos mediæque per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovens, Divûmque sibi poscebat honorem:
Demens, qui nimbos & non-imitabile fulmen
Æie & cornipedum cursu simulârat equorum.
At Pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
Contorsit (non ille faces nec fumea tedis
Lumina) præcipitemque immani turbine adegit.*

I also saw *Salmones* cruell fate
In tortures held, who strove to imitate
Jove's lightning, and the noise that heaven makes.
By four Steeds drawn; a sputtering Torch he shakes,
And through fair *Elis* crowded streets he drives,
Ambitious of the gods prerogatives;
Mad man to think, that Flame which thought exceeds,
To imitate with Brasse and trampling Steeds.
But through the cracking clouds enraged *Jove*
A farall rushing Dart whirld from above,
(Nor Brands, nor smoaky Torches) and him cast
Headlong by that unimitable blast.

20. *Nemea.*] A Wood of *Achaia*, where *Hercules* slew a Lion. *Servius* saith, *Nemea est vicina sylva Thebis, in qua Hercules interemis Leonem.*

Leonem. But this is a great error in the learned *Servius*. For *Nemea* is a Forrest between *Cleona* and *Pblins*, *Strab. lib. 8. & Thucyd. l. 5.* which Towns are far distant from *Thebes*, which is in *Boeotia*.

21. *Cyrrha.*] A City of *Phocis*, in the Corinthian Bay, *Strab. lib. 9.* *Pausanias in Phocis*, makes it all one with *Crissa*; *Plinie*, not. Here *Apollo* was worshipped: And therefore the people haply said to have delighted in Arrows.

22. *Lerna gives hides.*] Near *Argos* is a Lake of this name, where *Hercules* slew the *Hydra*, notwithstanding that in the room of one head lopped off, three new ones still sprouted forth. *Servius* believeth, that in this place there was a swift River, which overflowed the neighbouring Towns, and being stopped in one place, broke forth in many others with greater impetuoussesse: Which mischief *Hercules* remedied, by damming up the whole Lake. There is a Town also, as *Britannicus* saith, of this name.

23, 24. *Acarnan* ——— with th' *Ætolian.*] *Ætolia* bordereth on *Phocis*, *Acarnania* on *Ætolia*, betwixt which runneth the river *Achelous*. The Bay of *Ambracia* parteth *Acarnania* from *Epirus*, *Strab. l. 9.*

[*Argos.*] Here *Juno* had a Temple, whence she was called *Juno Argiva*. It is commonly placed in Maps a great way from the Sea; but *Pausanias in Corinthiacis* saith, It is but forty furlongs off, which *Thucydides* also confirmeth, *lib. 5.* where he saith, that the *Argives* fearing the *Lacedæmonians*, and renewing League with the *Athenians*, raised large Walls from their City down to the Sea-shore, to the end, that if they were shut up by Land, they might, by the *Athenian's* help, receive in fitting provisions by Sea.

25. *Arcadia.*] A Region in the midst of *Peloponnesus*, *Strab. lib. 8.* remote every way from the Sea; famous for pasture, and much more, in having been the subject of so many excellent Pens. For which cause it needeth no more of mine.

26. *Epirus.*] A Country bordering on *Greece*, on the East divided from *Achaia* by *Achelous*, on the West by the *Acroceraunian* Mountains, which lie upon the *Adriatick* shore; on the North it is bounded by *Macedonia*: Its South-side is washed by the *Ionian* Sea. It was first named *Molossia*; afterwards *Chaonia*, from *Chaon* brother of *Helenus*; now, *Albania*. Once it was full of Cities and Inhabitants; but after it was vanquished by the Romans, it long retained the marks of a conquered Nation. Among other things it was famous for swift Horses, *Servius in Virg. Georg. 3.* That incomparable Poet (*Georg. 1.*) also ascribeth the same to it,

————— *Eleadum palmas Epiros equarum.*

Epirus

Epirus Breed by swiftneſſe gains
The Garland in th'Olympick Games.

Servius in loc. out of *Plinie*, giveth this reaſon of their ſwiftneſſe; that they ſtale in their courſes; which is not onely ridiculous, but impoſſible. *Georg.* 3. 273. The Poet relateth the fond opinion of Mares generating with the wind, which *Servius* alſo out of *Varro* confirmeth. In theſe latter days, *Epirus* gained its greateſt fame, by being the place for which the generous *Scanderbeg* performed ſo many glorious actions.

27. *Aonian* [*ſhades*, and *Phocis*.] Both Regions of *Bæotia*. The *Phocians* inhabit the Eaſt-ſide of *Parnaffus* the Muſe's Hill, *Strab.* l. 9. *Aonia* alſo had a Fountain dedicated to the Muſes: Whence *Juvenal Sat.* 7.

aprusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum.

28. *Pylos & Meſſana*.] *Pylos* is a City of *Meſſenia*, on the Promontory *Coryphaſum*. *Thucydides*, lib. 4. relating the advice of *Demosthenes* to fortiſie *Pylos*, taketh occaſion to ſhew its diſtance from *Sparta* to be four hundred furlongs; and that it ſtanderth in the Territory, called by the *Lacedæmonians* *Coryphaſum*, that once belonged to the *Meſſenians*. This was *Neflor's* Country. There is alſo in *Elis* a City of this name; *Strabo* ſpeaketh of them both, and alſo of a third in *Arcadia*. *Meſſere*, here called *Meſſana*, is a City and Region on the Weſt-part of *Peloponneſus*, confinig on *Arcadia*, *Elis*, and *Laconia*. But *Meſſana* is a Town in *Sicilia*, near *Pelorus*. *Strabo* lib. 8. ſaith, it was called *Zancle*: Which name, *Thucydides*, lib. 6. ſaith, the *Sicilians* gave it, becauſe it was like a Sickle, which they called *ζακαβύ*. After, it received the name of *Meſſana*, from *Anaxilos* the Tyrant of *Rhegium*, being the name of the Country whence he was anriently deſcended; but others ſay from the *Meſſenians*, a people in *Achaia*.

34. *Täygetus*] A Mountain of *Laconia*, beginning at the Sea, and reaching up towards *Arcadia* as far as *Lacedæmon*, *Strab.* lib. 8. It was ſacred to *Bacchus*, as *Servius* ſaith on theſe words, *Georg.* 2,

et virginibus Bacchata Lacanis
Täygeta.

— And on *Täygetus* top, where all
Laconian Virgins pay their *Bacchanalls*.

Cicero

Book III. Statius his Achilleis. 235

Cicero *de divinat. lib. 1.* saith, The Lacedæmonians being warned by *Anaximander* to leave their houses, they were suddenly thrown down by an Earth-quake, with part of the mountain *Tægetus*.

45. *Stakes*] The Antients made use of stakes in war, sharpened at one end, and hardened in the fire, *Virg. Æn. 11.*

Stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obusis.

57. *Aulis*] An Haven (or an Island, as *Servius* saith, in *Æn. 4.*) of *Beotia*, where the Greeks made their great rendezvous, and took an Oath to destroy *Troy*, or never to return, *Senec. Agam. 170.*

Cruore ventos amimus, & bellum nece

& v. 172.

Non est soluta prospero classis Deo.

Ejecit Aulis impias portu rates.

War and th'obliged Winds by blood were brib'd.
Not a propitious Power was their guide,
When from the Port of *Aulis* first they fled,
And their swell'd sails the impious Navy spread.

This blood was *Iphigenia's*, who was sacrificed to *Diana*, because *Agamemnon* her father had killed a Hart which the goddesse loved. Much contention there is concerning her transformation; Most agree she was turn'd into a Hinde. *Ludovicus Cappellus* in his *Diatriba de voto Jephtha*, compareth the condition of *Agamemnon* and *Jephtha* together, and maketh them contemporary, and fetcheth the name *Iphigenia* from *Jephtha*, quasi *Iephthigenia*; and conceiveth the fable of her transmutation arose from the story of *Iephthah's* daughter wandering on the Mountains. Of this sacrifice speaketh *Nazianzen*, *Orat. 20.* And *Eusebius*, *de preparat. Evang.* hath much of human sacrifices; which are said to have been performed by divers Authors. The Fable of *Agamemnon's* daughter is set down by *Hyginus*, *lib. 1. cap. 98.* *Ovid*, *Metamorph. lib. 13.* *Euripides*, in *Iphigenia*, *Seneca* in *Agam.* *Dictys Cretensis*, and many others.

79. *Antilochus*] the son of *Nestor*, famous for his actions against *Troy*. *Statius* here giveth him this character,

— nec cogit annos

Antilochus.

This

This, *Britannicus* interpreteth of his youth, and his doing actions, that such years as his were not wont to produce. But had he remembred, that his Father had been at the hunting of the Bore with *Meleager*, *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 8. fab. 4.* and had already lived two ages, when he came against *Troy*, *Hom. Il. á 250.* he might with more reason, have believed *Juvenal*, concerning the age of *Antilochus*, *Stat. 10. 250.*

— Oro, parumper
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de flamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum querit ab omni,
Quisquis adest socius, cur hac in tempora duret,
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit avo.

Hearken a little, how old *Nestor* cries
 Against the Fates, and too kind destinies;
 The beard of brave *Antilochus*, while he
 Upon the funerall pile doth flaming see.
 Of every one, demanding what strange crime
 Prolong'd his age to such a wretched time :

85, 86. He must be *Heſſor's* fate ; And ruine of great *Priam*] The death of *Heſſor*, I have above set down. The ruine of *Priam* is justly attributed to *Achilles*, in that he begat *Pyrrhus*, who killed him before the Altar, *Virg. Æn. 2. 554.*

Hæc finis Priami fatorum ; hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit, Trojam incensam & prolapsa videntem
Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
Regnatorem Asia, jacet ingens littore truncus,
Avulsūque humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.

This was of once-great *Priam* the hard fate,
Troy seen on fire, and his ruin'd state ;
 He who o're part of *Asia* late did reign,
 Now headlesse lies, a corps without a name.

We read of few examples, of so great alteration of fortune, unless this later age hath produced them ; Who now perhaps, take such a prospect of their scorned bodies, as *Lucan, lib. 9. v. 10.* giveth pompey of his from Heaven,

— Illic postquam se lumine vero
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, & astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.

There with true light inspir'd, the wandering fires
And fixed stars for ever he admires.
The day sees wrap'd in night, which us beguiles,
And at his scorn'd and headlesse carcase smiles.

95. *Phlegrean fields*] *Phlegra* is a valley in *Thessaly*, where the mountains *Pelion* and *Ossa* stand, on which the Poets feigned the Giants assailed heaven. There is another *Phlegra* in *Campania*, near *Cuma*, which some make the stage of that bold attempt, *Strab. lib. 5*. Some reduce it to a truth, as ridiculous as the fable; How that a proud Nation, of monstrous dispositions, rather than stature, warred against *Hercules*, and were here overthrown by help of lightning, which arose by agitation of winds, the earth being sulphurous, and so subject to burning: From whence it had the name *Phlegra*, *oxya* signifying to burn. *Cicero*, in his *Cato major*, saith the War of the Giants with the gods, was nothing but Men's rebelling against Nature. And *Macrobius*, *Saturn, lib. 1. c. 20*. describeth them to have been an impious race of men, who, denying the gods, were therefore said to attempt the dethroning of them; And their lower parts, feigned to be like the winding voluminous tails of Dragons, signified their indirect and crooked affections. *Vadianus*, in his learned Notes on *Mela*, understandeth this Gigantomachia, of the enclosure of air in the earth, which forceth its way forth, as it were with defiance to Heaven, which is *Jupiter*; And this glanceth at the Mythology, that *Macrobius* giveth. *Ovid, Fastor. 5*. thus expresseth the Fable.

Terra feros partus immania monstra gigantes
Edidit, ausuros in Jovis ire domum.
Mille manus illis dedit, & pro cruribus auges;
Atque ait, In magnos arma movete Deos.
Exstruere hi montes ad sidera summa paraban;
Et magnum bello sollicitare Jovem.
Fulmina de cæli jaculatus Jupiter arce,
Vertit in autores pondera vassa suos.

The Earth brought forth Giants to vastness grown,
 That durst attempt to storm *Jove's* starry Throne.
 A thousand hands she gave them, crooked thighs
 Like snakes, and bids them war with Deities.
 They hills on mountains pil'd to reach the stars,
 Attempting *Jove* himself with impious wars.
 From whole revenging hand, the lightning blaz'd,
 Turning those mountains on them which they rais'd.

This, learned *Bochartus* accurately applieth to the builders of the Tower of Babel, *Geograph. Sacr. lib. 1. c. 13.*

175. *Hybla.*] A City in Sicily, abounding with flowers and bees. *Seneceæ, Oedip. 601.*

Nec vero flores Hybla tot medio creat.

Nor doth the fragrant *Hybla* bring
 So many flowers in the spring.

213. *Heaven's great Ruler.*] *Jupiter* was bred with his sister *Jano* in *Crete*. See on Book II, verse 208. He was said to marry her by reason of the propinquity of the Fire and the Air; Hence also it was, that he could not match with *Thetis*, that is, the Sea. He is call'd *Zeus* in Greek, and *Ζεύς*, from being the giver of Life. *Aulus Gellius, lib. 5. c. 12.* *Jovem Latini veteres à jurando appellavere; eundemque alio vocabulo juncto Patrem dixerunt:* Which by the cutting off, and altering some Letters, is *Jovis pater*, as *Mars pater*, or *Maispiter*. This, unimitable *Selden* condemneth, *Syntagm. 2. de Bpal and Belo.*

219, 220, 221. *A grove there was — Sacred to Bacchus, in whose shades by nights, The women pay'd their Trieterick rites.*] I shall venture to be judg'd impertinent, rather then neglect these two subjects, consecrated Groves, and the Rites of *Bacchus*; Of these, with as much brevity as is possible. A Grove is call'd in Latin, *Iucus, quod non luceat; non, quod sint ibi lumina causa religionis, ut quidam volunt*, as *Servius*, in *Æn. 1.* And in *Georg. 3.* he affirmeth, that all Groves were consecrated to *Diana*; Perhaps, it was generally believed so, by reason that she was reputed the Goddess of the Woods. For *Servius* certainly, could not forget that verse, *Æn. 7.*

— *Et viridi gaudens Feronia luo.*

On which both himselfe and *Sabinus* relate, that the grove of this Goddesse, *Peronia*, being burnt down, and the people going to carry away her Statues, immediately it sprung up again, fresh and green. *Suetonius* in *Augusto*, speaketh of a grove, sacred to *Liber* or *Bacchus*, where *Octavius* consulted concerning his son; These Groves were used for Temples by the Germans, *Alexand. ab Alex. lib. 4. c. 17.* And *Tacitus, de morib. Germanor. cap. 9.* saith, *Lucos ac nemora consecrant, Deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud quod solâ reverentiâ vident*: A description of these groves, see in *Seneca, Oedip. act. 3.* and in our Poet, *Thebaid. 4.* I have in some of these Notes, given short intimations, that there was nothing in the worship of *Demons*, which was not an imitation of the worship of the true God: Larger proofs whereof, time perhaps may favour my intentions to produce. Among other things, Groves will appear to have had such an originall; Learned Mr. *Mede*, on *Josh. 24. 26.* sheweth that the Jewes had their praying places, besides their Synagogues, out of a notable place of *Epiphanius*, a Jew bred and born in *Palestine*. Which, he saith, were open places, and calleth them *Proseuchas*. Of which *Juvenal, Sat. 3. 296.*

— In quate quaro proseucha?

On which words, the Scholiast and *Lubine* say, *Proseucha* signifieth a place, where Beggars use to inhabit. For *προσευχεται* is *Orate, to beg or pray*. Yet the Scholiast immediately addeth, *Est Proseucha, locus Judaeorum, ubi orant*; Mr. *Mede* also citeth a place of *Philo Judaeus*, in his *de legat. ad Cajum*, where he commendeth the exceeding clemency of *Augustus Caesar*, in allowing the Jewes their *Proseucha's*. But he denieth not but that, under that name, *Philo* comprehendeth Synagogues also; *Politian Miscell. cap. 30.* saith, the word is used, *pro Templo & Synagoga Judaeorum*. Some held the Jewes had no Synagogues before the Captivity: and their reason, perhaps, is the silence of the Scripture, which mentioneth them not, till the Jewes were returned from *Babylon*. This Mr. *Mede* taketh notice of, and letteth it passe for current; But as for *Proseucha*, or consecrated Groves, he proverth them to be near as antient as *Joshuah*: shewing the Oak of *Shechem*, to have been such an one, and not a single Tree, as the common interpretation rendreth it. That Trees were in these *Proseucha's*, may be gathered from another place of *Philo*, cited by the same worthy Author, where relating the outrage of the Gentiles, at *Alexandria*, against the Jewes, there dwelling in the time of *Caius*, he saith, *Of some of the Proseucha's, they cut down the Trees, others, they demolished*

lified to the very foundations. This also is implied by that of Juvenal,
Sat. 6. 542.

*Arcanam Iudæa tremens mendicat ad aurem,
Interpres legum Solymarum, & magna sacerdos
Arboris.*

And Sat. 3. 12. he complaineth, that the Jews had leave to live in the wood, which had been sacred to the Muses. Whence this joyning of Trees and Jews together, but from their having their Profuecha's ordinarily set with them? I could set down many Texts of Scripture, which directly distinguisheth between these Groves and Temples, as *Psal. 74. 7.* though not rendred so in the Vulgar Translation. So *Gen. 13. 4.* it is said, that Abraham went unto the place of the altar which he had made at first, and there called on the name of the Lord. Which is explained by *Gen. 21. 33.* a place expresse to our purpose. And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God. *Luk. 6. 12.* we meet with one of these praying-places. There it is said of Jesus, *ἐξῆλθεν ἰς τὸ ἔρος πρὸς εὐχάσαι, καὶ ἔειπεν ἡμετέροις ἐν τῷ ὄρει, ὅτι ὁ Θεὸς, He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued there all night praying to God.* So Beza rendreth the place, *Abiit in montem ad precandum, & pernoctavit illic precans Deum*, which certainly will not seem a just interpretation to any eyes: but it would be much more genuinely translated in *profuecha Dei*, than, taking τῷ Θεῷ for a Genitive case of the Object, in *precatione ad Deum*. And in this sense, without doubt, the word is to be understood, *Act. 16. 16.* πρὸς εὐχὰς ὡν ἡμεῖς ἐσμὲν πρὸς εὐχὰς, *cumtibus nobis ad profuecham*, or *locum orationis*. Beza here also translateth it *ad precationem*. But *v. 13.* it is said, that Paul and his company went on the Sabbath day out of the city Philippi by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made. If the word *πρὸς εὐχὰς* be here taken for prayer, nevertheless it importeth a place where it was used, and that by a river's side: And it could not be a Temple, because they went out of the city to it, and Temples always stood in Cities. Therefore I judge the word most properly to be taken for a place, that is, a *Profuecha*, or grove. These Demons taught the Gentiles, in imitation of the Jews, to use such places of devotion. Herein abominable ceremonies were practised, as frequently appeareth in Scripture, and therefore were they forbidden. See *Isa. 57. 5. Hos. 4. 13. Ezek. 6. 13.* Thus much of Groves. Now for *Bacchus* and his rites, I shall first set down the Fable, which hath more reflexion on the truth

truth than is generally conceived. The Poets say, that *Semele* desiring to embrace *Jupiter* as *Juno* was wont; and being burnt for her ambitious appetite; *Jupiter* caught his little imperfect Infant from within her, and having sewed it up within his own thigh, kept it there till the time was compleat that it should have lien in the womb. Then issuing forth, he was bred up by Nymphs, and became the inventor of Wine. Of which, see *Eusebius de preparat. Evang. lib. 2. cap. 2.* who there speaketh of another *Bacchus* the son *Jupiter* and *Proserpine*, much antienter than the son of *Semele*. But this is rather from others fancies, than from proofs either of his own or theirs. As little will it be necessary to take notice of the endeavours of *Macrobius*, to make *Bacchus* all one with *Apollo*, *Sat. l. 1. c. 8.* Which opinion is condemned by *Eusebius, de preparat. Evang. l. 3. c. 13.* It will be onely in some small manner convenient, to take some slight notice of some Physicall applications of the Fable. *Bacchus*, they say, was feigned to proceed from his father's thigh, because Vines prosper best in a warm soil. His lips were anointed with Honey by the daughter of *Aristaeus*; for the Antients held Wine a friend to Eloquence. He continueth still young; for Wine preserveth the heart from cares, which are a greater cause of wrinkles and gray hairs than age. Hence also was he called *Liber*. Other reasons of which name, see in *Plutarch, Quaest. Roman. qu. 25.* Many other appellations of his see in *Ovid Metam. l. 4. Ælian Var. hist. l. 3. c. 41. Alex. ab Alex. l. 6. c. 4. Natal. Com. l. 5. c. 13. Pier. Hieroglyph. l. 27. Gyrard. Syntegm. 8.* All which, having no relation to the truth, I forbear to meddle with. For declaring who *Bacchus* was, and what his rites and ceremonies were, I hold it requisite to shew who *Saturn* the Father of *Iove* was, by whom *Bacchus* was begotten; and herein I shall wholly follow learned *Bochartus*. *Saturn* he accurately proveth to be *Noah*. For, as the Scripture styleth a Souldier, a man of war, *Josh. 5. 4.* a murderer, a man of blood, *2 Sam. 16. 7. &c.* so it styleth *Noah* onely; a man of the earth, that is, an Husbandman: Which title *Saturn* had, and was, as *Noah*, believed the first planter of Vineyards. Therefore to him they attribute the use of the Reap-hook, and picture him with one, *Plutarch Quaest. Rom. 42. Macrobi. Saturn. l. 1. c. 7, & 10.* And as if *Noah*, by his being a man of the earth, had indeed married the earth, *Saturn* was said to be the husband of *Rhea*, which seemeth to be derived of *ῥέω*, to flow, and signified the earth, which is the seat of moisture. For, according to ancient Philosophers, all Rivers are generated, and have their courses under-ground. This *Virgil* sheweth, *Georg. 4.* who saith,

That when *Aristeus* was admitted into his mother's kingdom,

*Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra
Spectabat diversa locis.*

———— There under ground he spi'd
How severall ways the wandring Rivers glide.

Macrobius *Saturn l. r. c. 10.* deriveth *Saturn's* name à *satu*, to wit, from planting or sowing. *Satur*, that is, plenteous or abundant, is nearer to it; and *Sator*, that is, a Sower or Planter. From *Noah's* being drunk, *Bochartus lib. 1. cap. 1.* bringeth the use of the *Saturnalia*; and inserteth a pretty observation concerning his cursing of *Cham*, because he had seen his secret parts. The like the Heathens held proceeded from *Saturn*. For *Minerva* having stricken *Tiresias* blind for seeing her naked, thus excuseth her self to his mother, *Callimach. Hymn.*

———— non per me, perdidit ille oculos:
Nec mihi luminibus pueros orbare voluptas,
Ast à falcigero lex Sene lata jubet.
Ut pœna graviore luat, temeraria quisquis
Ausit in invitos lumina ferre deos.

'Twas not by me; nor do I take delight
Or pleasure to rob any of their sight.
The Law from *Saturn* came, That he should be
Punish'd, who e're th'unwilling gods should see.

For this, *Astæon* suffered. And to this Law *Propertius* alludeth,
lib. 3. e. 12. speaking of the Golden age,

Non fuerat nudas pœna videre deos.

The son of *Noah* or *Saturn* which was cursed, was *Cham* or *Ham*; who, by reason of his being the youngest, or rather because cursed by his father, inhabited the sandy and barren parts of *Africk*, where he was worshipped by the name of *Jupiter Hammon*, or *Ham*. Now *Ham* had a son or grandson called *Nimrod*, who was all one with *Bacchus*, as *Bochartus*, without any question, concludeth, *lib. 1. cap. 2.* For *Bacchus* is the same with *BAR-CHUS*, that is, the son of *Chus*, or *Cush*, as *Nimrod* was, *Gen. 10. 8.* So *Darmesek* and *Darmeseu* is all one with *Darmesek*. One of *Bacchus* his ancient names is

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is Ζαγρεύς, which signifieth a mighty Hunter, as Nimrod was, Gen. 10. 9. And this is the reason why some held Bacchus the same with Pluto, *Pluto enim defunctorum animas venatur & captat.* Bacchus was also called Νεβρώδης, from νεβρός, an Hind's Calf, because himself and his frantick adorers were usually clad with Stags skins. This also hath relation to Nimrod's being termed an Hunter: And Bochartus sheweth Nimrod and Nebrod to be all one. Bacchus was said to be born of Jupiter's thigh: Now some will not have μῦξ to signifie a thigh, but to be the name of an Hill where he was born, by Nyssa in India; so Mela, lib. 3. cap. 7. and Plinie, lib. 6. cap. 21. Others conceive, it signifieth the side of a mountain, as Iudg. 19. 1. ἐν μυρσίς ὄρες Εφραιμ, in the thighs, or sides, of mount Ephraim. And 2 King. 19. 23. μυρσίς τῷ Λιβάνῳ, to the thighs, or sides, of Libanus. So perhaps Bacchus was said to be born out of his father's thigh, because he was born on the side of some mountain, not that of India. But I much rather believe this part of the Fable arose from mistake of the originall word γῆν, femur, that is, the thigh, or the leg; which the Scripture useth for a modest expreffion of the place of generation, as Mr. Mede teacheth on Gen. 49. 10, where he interpreteth also the words, [from between his feet] to signifie his posterity. Gen. 46. 26. it is said, All the souls that came with Jacob into Egypt, which came out of his loins, &c. And Exod. 1. 5. All the souls which came out of the loyns of Jacob. But in both places the Hebrew signifieth thigh, as the Marginall Notes in our Bibles shew. And learned Bochartus saith, the Phœnician words, which properly signifie the thigh, signifie also the generating parts. Thus Bacchus his proceeding from the thigh of Jupiter, according to the Orientall expreffions, (from whence this Fable came) implieth no more, than that Bacchus was the son of Jupiter. Now I shall briefly consider their Rites, which will appear the same with the worship of Heroes and Dæmons. Jupiter the son of Saturn or Noah was the same that was named Baal or Belus, as Bochartus sheweth, Geogr. sacræ. pag. 189. Bell was the proper Chaldean word, Baal the Phœnician, as the most learned Selden saith, Syntagm. de Baal & Belo; both which names (as he sheweth) are promiscuously used by Fl. Josephus. The same illustrious Author proveth Baal to be Jupiter; and withall maketh it appear, that Baal was a generall name for all the gods of the Gentiles. And Belus might be taken for Heaven: and so perhaps the Altar which Manasseh raised to the host of heaven was erected to Baal or Bell. Eusebius de prepar. Evang. l. 1. c. 10. saith, Beel-sames signifieth the Lord of Heaven, who by the Greeks is called Ζεύς, Jupiter. As the Altars of Baal which Josiah threw down

were in high places, so Delrius in *Senecam. Hercul. Oer.* citeth a place of *Herodotus*, to prove that sacrifices were performed on the Tops of high mountains. *Onnis autem mons*, saith he, *Jovis mons dicitur, quoniam mos fuit antiquorum ut supremo Deorum in sublimi loco sacrificarent.* This he citeth out of *Melanthes*, that every mountain was called the mountain of Jupiter, because it was the custom of the antients, to sacrifice to the most high God in an high place. Now as the Babylonian *Bel*, differed from the Phœnician *Baal* or *Bel*, so *Jupiter Hammon*, from *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and others. *St. Paul, 1 Cor. 8. 5. saith, Sunt dii multi, & domini multi.* Which Mr. *Selden* alloweth to be many Bels; or, as the Europeans speak, many Joves. And thus the name of *Belus*, was conferred on many; But that *Baal* or *Jupiter* who was the son of *Noah* or *Saturn*, was the first we read of, that was worshipped; though the worship of *Baal's*, was the worship of Heroes or Dæmons; To which we now descend. And that it may appear most reasonable, to apply this worship to the most early persons, that we read of in the World; two things are to be thought on, 1. That the Devill no sooner fell from Heaven, but he began to act against God: as we see in his tempting of *Eve*, 2. That he found, all men would be apt to adore most, what they knew here, and from which they received most benefit; Which was the sole reason, that *Plato* and other Heathens give for the worshipping of Heroes. And in the time of *Noah*, there being none besides him and his sons to leave beneficiall directions for the succeeding age, it is likely, that they were the first, who, by the Devil's means, were worshipped as Heroes: To whose worship, the Dæmons joyned their own. That their worships were the same, *Cicero* confirmeth, making Gods and Heroes all one. *Divos, & eos qui cœlestes semper habiti, colunt; & illos quos in cœlum merita vocaverint*, that is, *Those Gods which have ever been in Heaven, are to be worshipped; and those also, whom their deserts have called thither.* And again, *By death they came to be Gods; Apuleius also, Est superius aliud augustiusque Damonum genus, &c. There is, saith he, a more high and excellent kind of Demons, which never were imprisoned in bodies: And these Plato believed, were the directors of the minds of men.* And *Plato* in his *Craylus*, giveth the same Title unto Heroes; affirming, that *Hesiod* and other Poets, say excellently well, that good men, when they die, attain great Honour and Dignity, becoming *Δαίμονες*, wise ones. And in his *de Republ.* he would have all that die valiantly in the field, to be worshipped as Dæmons, and all that did any thing profitable for their Country; *Cicero*, also in his *Sempronius Scip.* maketh him say, that all which died in the service of

of their Country, be rewarded with Divinity: On which, see *Macrobius*, lib. 1. c. 4. There are some, that believe *Serapis*, whose Idol had a Bushell on its head, was *Joseph* worshipped by the Egyptians; Mr. *Mede*, in his *Apostasy of the last times*, citeth *Philo Byblinus*, who in his Preface, to *Sanchuniathon*, the ancient Phœnician Historian, saith, The Phœnicians and Egyptians, account those as the greatest Gods, who had found out any thing profitable for the Life of man, or deserved well of any Nation. See *Eusebius*, de *prepar. Evang.* l. 2. c. 6. about the middle; To these also, were Temples erected as well as to their Dæmon-gods. *Thucydides*, lib. 2. saith, The *Athenians*, who after the Persian War, inhabited the Country, altering their resolutions, went to dwell in the City; but finding it not large enough to receive them, they filled also the Temples and Chappels of the Heroes. *Clemens Alex.* in his *Protrept.* and *Strom.* giveth many the like instances, which I forbear to adde; Onely shewing, that the Dæmons joyned their own worship to that of *Heroes*, or deified men, as being the aptest course to draw men from the worship of the true God; Religion, in the infancy of the World, being most confirmed by visibilities: Which way God himself was pleased to allow, and the Devils imitated. The worship of these *Heroes*, or *Baalim*, we find to have been wholly Tragically, as *Plutarch*, de *defectu oraculor.* describeth it: *ut colligimus ex utrorumque sacrificiis, orgiis & ritibus sacrorum multa admixta funebria & lugubria cernentes.* Now this was an expression of sorrow for the deceased; which grew a part of the religion. Wherefore we read, *Lev.* 19. 28. *Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead.* So *Lev.* 21. 5. *They shall not make baldnesse on their heads, nor make any cuttings in their flesh.* This cutting off hair, we find often an expression of sorrow among the ancient Poets; And its being forbidden by God, is a plain Demonstration, that it was part of the Idolatrous worship of Dæmons or *Heroes*. Yet sometimes it was used onely, for an expression of sorrow, See *Jer.* 48. 37. To this effect, *Saint Augustine* de *civ. dei.* l. 6. c. 10. quoteth a place of *Seneca's*, not extant in his works, but præfixed by *Lipsius* in his Edition; who thus describeth this Idolatrous and Tragically employment, *Ille viriles sibi partes amputat, ille lacertos secat. Sc ipsi in templis contrucidant, vulneribus suis & sanguine supplicant.* An exacter description, cannot be had of their cutting and lancing themselves, and making their wounds their supplications. This sad manner of worship, we may plainly see to be no other then that of *Baal* or *Jove*, as it is expressed, *1 Kings* 18. 28. *And they cried aloud, (that is, the Priests of Baal) and cut themselves after their man-*

ner with knives and lancers, till the blood gushed out upon them. Thus have we seen the worship of of Baal or Jove; that is, Cham or Ham the son of Noah; Whose ill mind, it is probable, was easily enticed by Spirits, to cause himself to be worshipped when dead. We shall find his son Bacchus to have had no other rites but those of his. I will not stand to dispute when Bacchus lived, whom Clemens Alex. lib. 1. Strom. placeth after Moses. Neither will I set down the reasons of learned Vossius, who saith he was Moses. This would be too large a field to walk over, and at this time not greatly to my purpose. I will onely shew, that his worship was the same with that of Dæmons or Heroes, as Baal's or Jove's was. First, it will not be amiss to take notice, that Bacchus had the title of *Heros* given him, *Plutarch Quæst. Græc. 36.* His name BACCHUS signifieth somerhing *furious*. So he is also called *Manoles, ab infania*: of which, see Eusebius, *Præp. Evang. l. 2. c. 3.* who expresseth it according to Clemens Alex. in *Protreptico*, where he applieth the word *Evan*, which when they kept their *Bacchanalia*, they used to howl out, being crowned with Serpents, to the first Serpent the Tempter, *Et signum Bacchicorum orgiorum est Serpens initiatus mysteriorum.* And, by the way, this perhaps was the cause why in these rites they used to be crowned with Ivy: This, being always young and flourishing, is the hieroglyphick of the Serpent, who, by casting his skin, reneweth his youth. Bochartus sheweth, how Bacchus his name commeth *à ludu*, from the funera'l rites and howlings used in his worship. But such were not proper to Bacchus, but common to all Dæmons or Heathen gods, *Alexand. ab Alex. lib. 3. c. 12. Non animali victimâ, nec hostiâ, sed suo cruore sacrificant.* And perhaps these sad ceremonies of wounding themselves, were by some over-devout Zelots extended to human sacrifices, which were offered to divers Heroes, and among them to Bacchus, as Clemens Alex. in *Protreptico*, reporteth from *Dositæ* and others. Eusebius *Præp. Evang. l. 4. c. 16.* relateth the same out of *Porphyrius*, where he mentioneth others besides Bacchus, to whom human sacrifices were offered. The furies of his Priests we often met with, leaping and dancing on the mad *Chorus's*. So Baal's Priests are described, 1 King. 18. 26. *And they leapt upon the altar which was made.* The Marginal Note, according to the Hebrew, is, *They leapt up and down at (or about) the altar.* The cries and wailings in the *Bacchanalia* were no other, than the howls which accompanied these ceremonies. As Isa. 15. 2. *Moab shall howl over Nebo and over Medeba: on all their heads shall be baldness, and every beard cut off.* And that the rites may appear the same in all things, we may see the very cutting

ting and lanching, that is, the effusion of blood, mentioned in Baal's Worship, to be also performed in the Feasts of Bacchus; as Statius intimateth, describing the wandring Polynices, who leaveth

——— *Ogyiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, & pingues Baccheo sanguine colles.*

Those caves which furious rites with howlings fill,
And with Bacchean blood th'enriched hill.

Upon which, Lactantius saith, *Citheronem significat, ubi se Baccha secant in honorem Liberi*; that is, By the hill is meant Citheron, where the Baccha, the Priests of Bacchus, cut themselves in honour of Liber, or Bacchus. Thus have I made it appear, that the worship of Bacchus was exactly the same with his father Jupiter's, and both no other than that of Heroes and Dæmons. And herein was there an imitation of the worshippers of the true God, as may be gathered from Jer. 41. 5. *There came certain men from Shechem, from Shiloh, and from Samaria, even fourscore men, having their beards shaven, and their clothes rent, and having cut themselves, with offerings and incense in their hand, to bring them to the house of the Lord.* And because the Lord saw that this would be converted to Dæmon-worship, it was therefore perhaps forbidden in the above-quoted places of Leviticus, and Deut. 14. 1.

254. *Doth not Sperchios.*] A river in Thessalie, to which Peleus promised his son Achilles his hairs, if he returned safe from the Trojan war. Maturantius saith, It was a custom to offer the hair of Youths to the gods of Rivers, because moisture is the cause of encrease: But I read of no such custom. I have rather given an understanding of this in the precedent Note, where I shewed, that the cutting off of hair was a sacred ceremony, performed to Heroes or Dæmons. And no River antiently being thought to be without a Deity, Peleus vowed the hairs of Achilles to Sperchios, that is, he promised he should be worshipped by him with the performance of that Dæmon-rite. And these words of Achilles, which Homer II. ↓, maketh Achilles speak over the body of his dear Patroclus, shew, that Peleus had built Temples to Sperchios.

Σπερχῆϊ, ἄλλως σοὶ γὰρ πατὴρ ἠήσατο Πηλεὺς,
Κεῖτέ με νοήσαντα φίλῳ ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,
Σοὶ περὶ κόμην κείνην, ῥέξιν δ' ἱερὴν ἐκατέμβλω,
Πεντήκοντα δ' ἐτορχα παρ' αὐτοῖσι μῆλ' ἰεῦσεν

Ἐσπρας, ὅτι τοι παῖδος βωμόν τι θυῖης.
 Ὡς ἰεὺς ὁ γέρων σὺ δὲ οἶνον ἐκ ἐτέλεσσας.
 Νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἔτι μὲν γὰρ φίλῳ ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,
 Πατρίκῳ ἦρσι κόμην ὁπάσαιμι φίλῳ.
 Ὡς εἶπεν, ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἑταίροιο φίλοιο
 ἔθηκεν· τοῖσι δ' πατρὸς ἱερὰν ὥρσε γούνο.

*In vain, Sperchios, Peleus vow'd to thee
 At my return to Greece these Locks from me,
 Besides a Hecatomb, should then be paid,
 And on thine altars fifty Weathers laid,
 Near to those fountains where thy Temple's rais'd,
 And odors on thy fragrant altars blaz'd.
 So Peleus vow'd. But he's unsatisfi'd.
 And since my Country I am now deni'd
 For ever, these hairs to the Stygian shade
 In my Patroclus hand shall be convey'd.
 This said, in his friends hand his hair he press'd,
 Whilst every one affected grief express'd.*

Alexander ab Alexandro lib. 5. cap. 25. saith, This Ceremony was performed by the Delian Youths and Maids, over the Hyperborean Virgins, the Men laying their hair on the Sepulchers; the Virgins upon the Tombs. And lib. 3. cap. 7. that it was used by the Barbarians, not onely in funerals, but in any great adversity; and that the Persians at funerals *non tantum seipfos sed & equos & jumenta tondabant*: But, that the Romans and the Greeks were wont for expressing their grief, to let their hair grow, and onely their women to shave theirs. Hence it appeareth, that the Ancients thought it the greatest expression of grief to take away those Ornaments, which they preserved in conditions of better satisfaction. That which he saith of the Greeks, is to be understood of the later Greeks, who, by letting their hair grow long, did expresse an alteration from content: And because that could be no expression in women, they still retained the old custom of cutting off their hair. In these later times, it hath been usuall to neglect our selves, when the World or Fortune have seemed unkind to us, letting our hair grow to rudeness and undecency, quitting vanity upon no other cause but misfortune, nor ceasing to care for our selves, till Fortune appear careless of us.

304. *Lucina*] Juno and Lucina are taken for the same, *Macrobi. Saturn. l. 1. c. 15.* And Alexander ab Alex. lib. 6. c. 4. giveth Juno the

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the name of *Lucina*, and *Opigena*, quod parturientibus opem ferat. Therefore haply was she held the goddess of Marriage. *Virg. Æn.* 4. 59.

Junoni ante omnes, cui vinc'la jugalia cura.

———— and Juno most of all,
Propitious to the marriage-thrall.

And after, *ver.* 166.

———— *et pronuba Juno.*

But the confusion of the names of the Heathen gods I will not here stand upon, having spoken something thereof else-where. The etymology of *Lucina* Ovid thus delivereth, *Fastor.* l. 2.

———— *dedit hac tibi nomina Lucus ;*
Aut quia principium tu, dea, lucis habes.
Parce, precor, gravidis, facilis Lucina, puellis,
Maturumque utero molliter aufer onus.

From sacred groves they thee *Lucina* call ;
Or else because thou givest light to all.
Spare, kindest goddess, every teeming Maid,
And gently too their fruitfull wombs unlade.

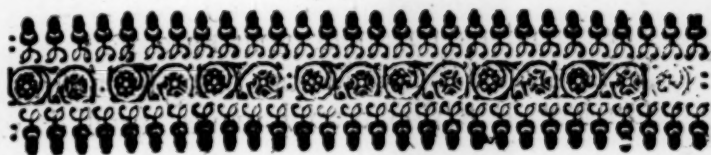
Mr. Selden *Syntagm. de Astoreth*, condemneth those who seek the etymology of *LUCINA*, that is, *Lucina*, from the Greek ; and he deriveth it from the Arabick word *Alileth*, which signifieth *Night*. The Hebrews also from *Lailah*, that is, *Night*, called this goddess *Lilith*, which may be rendred *Nothiluca*, or *Nothurnus demon*. To keep this Dæmon away from women in travell, the Jews at this day are wont to write this charm on the walls of the chambers where they are, ADAM, CHAVAH, CHUTZ, LILITH ; Be far hence, *Lilith*. Perhaps the Moon was adored by women in that condition, by reason that it maketh their labours easier when it is at the full. *Ier.* 7. 18. she is called the *Queen of heaven* : The women knead their dough to make cakes to the *Queen of heaven*. Some testimony of that custom remaineth in these days, cakes being still commonly made at such times, and the children themselves being called by the name of *Cake-bread*.

The

B

5

10



The Fourth BOOK.

The Argument.

*The Grecians at the last Achilles find,
who is betray'd to what the fates design'd.
Fair Deidamia mourns her Love with tears;
whose theft had more of joy, though more of fears.*



*Ulysses now through the Ægean seas
Chang'd, as he pass'd, the scatter-
red Cyclades.*

*Oleiros and Paros hid, they by
Lemnos next sail, and lessen as
they flye*

- 5 *The Isle of Naxos : Samos bigger grew,
And Delos made the Ocean lesse in view.
Here they with offerings did the God implore,
For to confirm what Calchas told before.
Apollo heard. From Cynthus-top kind gales*
10 *Ended their doubts, and stretch'd their swelling
sails.*

Their

Their ship in safety rode. For *Jove* forbid
Thetis to strive to hinder what Fate did ;
 Who griev'd she could not, being so confin'd,
 On loath'd *Ulysses* throw waves swell'd with
 wind.

- 15 Now *Phæbus* near his journey's end arrives,
 And to the waves his sweating Horses drives,
 When *Scyros* shew'd. *Ulysses* bids them all
 Furl up their sails, (At his Command they
 fall)

And with united strength to reach the shores :

- 20 The sinking wind, the Youths supply with Oars.
 Now all perceiv'd that *Scyros* they had found,
 And saw the shore with *Pallas* Temple crown'd.
 Leaving their Ship, the Heroes went on shore,
 And there the kind *Tritonia* they adore :

- 25 When wise *Ulysses*, lest the City might
 At sight of all his Troup receive affright,
 Commands them all within the ship to stay,
 Whilst they alone attempt the rocky way.
 But *Abas*, that kept watch, had told before

- 30 Of strangers, though all Grecians, on the shore.
 Like Wolves the Heroes went, who although
 prone
 To ease their young ones hunger, and their
 owne.

Yet on they slyly creep, dissembling want,
 Lest dogs should make their Masters vigilant ;

- 35 So slow, they took the nearest way that bent
 Towards the gates, discoursing as they went.

Tydidēs

Tydides first began ; *How we should find
This truth, is alway running in my mind.*

Why were these Thyrsi and these Timbrels bought ?

40 *Why Mires, Drums , and gilded Stags-skins
brought*

*Hither with us ? Must these soft things employ,
And arm Achilles for the war of Troy ?*

To him Ulysses smiling said, To thee

Let this suffice : If that Achilles be

45 *Under a Virgin's habit here conceal'd,
By these fond Toyes, thou'lt see the Youth reveal'd.
In these attempts let this alone be thine,
To bring the things when't is a fitting time.*

And joyn to these the fairest painted shiela,

50 *On which the Gold doth radiant lustre yield.*

This shall suffice. But let Agyrtes too

His Trumpet bring, to help what we must do.

Then seeing to the Gates the King was come,

Shewing an Olive branch, he thus begun.

55 *I do believe that Fame hath fill'd your ears,
Best Prince, with Europe's and with Asia's fears,
Preparing war. If you our names would know,
On whom great Agamemnon did bestow*

This trust, Hee's Diomed, who hath giu'n Fame

60 *The bravest tales ; Ulysses is my name.*

To tell the cause I come I need not fear,

Since you're a Greek, in friendship too so clear,

'T is that in safety we may still employ

Our ships this way against injurious Troy ;

65 The King thus stops his speech, *May ye still find*

In all ye do the Gods and Fortune kind.

But now let me be honour'd by your stay

Within my Court. This said, he leads the way.

The Tables straight were spread, the Beds laid out,

70 In the mean time *Ulysses* sought about

If any Virgin, of too large a size,

Might give suspicion to his doubting eyes,

Thus roam'd he round the house. So every way

Through fields the Huntsman his undoubted prey,

75 Trails with Molossian hounds, till in the shade

He finds the Beast, his head on cool Turfs laid.

By this the news was to the Virgins got,

How that a Ship had Grecian Princes brought.

They all expresse their sexes fears, besides

80 *Aeacides*, who scarce his new joy hides,

Greedy to see the Greeks. The room with guests

Was fill'd, who on rich Beds receiv'd their feasts.

The Princesses came, sent for by the King,

Like those fair Amazonians that did bring

85 Their Trophies with them by *Meotis*, round

With Scythian and with Getan conquests crown'd,

(Whose ruin'd walls in their own ashes lie)

Now seated at their feasts, their Armes laid by.

Then

Then straight *Ulysses* with his busie eyes
90 Obsery'd them all. But night, that great disguise,

Deni'd the Heros should be quite reveal'd,
Whom lying on the bed the boord conceal'd;
Yet * to his friend, he shew'd his { * To Dis-
wandering eye, med.

How unconfin'd by Laws of modesty.

95 For had not kind *Deidamia's* care compell'd
His temper, and his arms from moving held,
And with his veil, his mighty shoulders hid,
And naked breast, the full bowls too forbid.
And on his head, settled his tottering Crown,
100 *Achilles* then had to the Greeks been known.

Three courses now had satiated their souls,
When thus, inviting them to crowned bowls,
The King began, *The glory of your deeds,*
I do confesse, in my breast envy breeds.

105 *I wish I were now with that Youth inflam'd,*
Wherewith the Dolopes on these shores I tam'd:
As tokens of which victory, their torn
And shattered ships do still our walls adorn.
Had but kind Nature, made my children men,

110 *To serve you now, my joyes had perfect been.*
You see old age's witnesse on mine head,
And these soft pledges of my marriage-bed,
When shall the wish'd-for issues from these come?

Ulysses catching at these words begun.

115 *Thy wish is just. For who would not have fled*
To see such swarms, by troops of Princes led?

- Th' united strength, that Europe now affords
 All sworn to just revenge upon their swords.
 Cities are empti'd, mountains naked show,
 120 Sails without number on the Ocean throw
 A darkning shade: Fathers deliver arms
 To the inflamed Youths, who rush in swarms.
 Fame for attempting-spirits ne're did yield
 So fair an object in so just a field;
 125 Whilst thus he spake, he saw how the Youth's
 cars

- Drank up his words, the rest expressing tears:
 Then thus proceeds, who ere proud in the name
 Of Ancestors, or in his Nation's fame,
 who manageth his Horse, or else can throw
 130 His dart with fatall aim, or use his bow;
 Here all their æmulating deeds are paid,
 Virgins and fearfull women scarce are staid.
 But that base wretch, who this brave action fears,
 Hated by Heav'n, shall spend his fruitlesse years.
 135 At this how the Youth mov'd, Deidamia's
 eyes

- Soon found, and gave her sisters signes to rise,
 Leading him forth. Yet he departed last,
 And still his eyes upon Ulysses cast.
 Who having paus'd a little, thus again
 140 Assum'd his speech, May you, best King, remain
 In peace, providing marriage-beds for these,
 whose heav'nly beauties equall Deities.
 How much their looks amaze, in which doth shine
 Mingled with beauty something masculine!

145 The King replies, *If now their looks invites,*
What would it do at Bacchanalian rites,
Or circling Pallas shrines? This shall appear,
If the kind crossing winds detain you here;

At this new hope, their silent wishes blest'd,
150 With haste accepting it. The Court in rest
Was now laid free from cares; only the night
To wise *Ulysses* seem'd too slow of flight.
The morning scarce appear'd, when *Diomed*,
Bringing the gifts, with him *Agyrtes* led;

155 The Scyrian Virgins too rose with the day,
Unto their guests the promis'd rites to pay.
Before the rest, *Achilles* with the Queen
Appears. *Pallas* and *Cynthia* so were seen,
With the Elysian King's lov'd *Proserpine*,

160 By *Aetna's* rocks among the Nymphs to shine.
Now they began to move in measur'd time,
And from th' *Ismenian* pipe they took the sign.
Four times the strokes on *Rhea's* brass re-
bound,

As many times the *Evian* *Timbre* is found.

165 Four times their measures chang'd: at once they
threw

Their spears all up, which fell together too.
Now they like the *Curetes* all advance,
Then they present the *Samothracian* dance:
Now all do fide like *Amazons*, then all

170 Into *Lacænian* circling figures fall.
Achilles now most plain appears, and stands
Neglecting the just time of joining hands,

Scorns the soft measures, and to be so dress'd,
Forgets his part; disturbing all the rest.

175 Afflicted *Thebes* saw *Pentheus* thus despise
His mother's tymbrels and the sacrifice.

The praised *Chorus* from their sacred sport
Were now dismiss'd, and all return'd to th'

Court:

Whither the gifts *Tydidēs* had convey'd,
180 And all before their eyes in order laid.

With these they seem their welcome to require,
And every one unto her choice invite.

The King consents, too innocent to find
The Greeks, and what *Ulysses* had design'd.

185 They (by their nature to such choice apply'd)

The *Thyrsus* took, or else the Tymbrell tri'd,
Or Jewels chose. The shining Arms they view,
And thought them presents for their father too.

But fierce *Apacides*, still kept his sight
190 Upon the Shield, as if prepar'd to fight.
His face with fiery blushes grew inflam'd;
Then to the warlike spear his eyes were chain'd.

His brows in furrows knit, his staring hairs
Grew stiffe, and he forgot his Mothers cares.

195 With his owne Love: Nothing durst then em-
ploy

His high-erected thoughts but War and Troy.
So from the teat, when a young Lion's brought,
And against nature an obedience taught,
Nor is an anger of his own express'd:

200 But if the shining steel threaten his breast,

His

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His faith then flies ; he makes his Lord his prey,
Scorning a fearfull Master to obey.
But when he neater came, and in the bright-
Reflecting shield, saw the contemned sight
205 How he was cloth'd , then his fierce looks pro-
claim

In his inflamed blushes rage and shame.
Then lie *Ulysses* coming to him, said
With a low voice, *Why are we thus delay'd?*
We know where thou wert bred , how thou dost
Spring

210 *Both from the Ocean's God and Heaven's King.*
For thee the Grecians doubting-Armies,
And at thy name Troy shakes her wadding walls.
Let Ida shrink, and please thy Fathers ears,
who blusheth at thy crafty Mother's fears;

215 At this, his garments from his breast were cast,
Agyrtes straight gave the commanded blast.
Throwing their gifts away, the Virgins run
For shelter, and believ'd a War begun.

His robes untouch'd, fell down at the alarm,
220 Snatching the spear and shield upon his arm.
He taller far then *Ithacus* appears,
Or *Diomedes*. Swift dispersing fears,
Fill the affrighted Court, whilst in his gate
He seem'd now seeking to be Hector's fate.

225 The fair troupe the Pelcian Virgin seeks ,
At whose discovery *Deidamia* shrieks. breast,
Whose well known voice , no sooner fill'd his
But Love began to plead his interest.

- His shield sunk down, and on the King his eyes
 230 Fixing, amaz'd at all these prodigies,
 He still thus arm'd to *Lycomedes* said,
'T is I, dear Father, (be not now afraid)
Whom the immortal Thetis bore. To you
This glory to oblige the Greeks is due,
 235 *In giving them Achilles. Thou shalt be*
(If it be just to say) dearer to me
Then Peleus or lov'd Chiron. Yet attend
These words with kindnesse, and attention lend ;
Peleus and Thetis adde a child to thee
 240 *By either side sprung from a Deity.*
They do require one of these Virgins here.
Dost thou agree ? or else do I appear
Degenerate from them ? Our hands then joyn
With free consent, and pardon those are thine,
 245 *With thy Deidamia's rape. who can restrain*
These limbs attempting to appease their flame ?
If thou 'lt revenge, to me it's onely due,
See how I wait it thus unarmed too.
Why do thy angry eyes so madly run ?
 250 *Thou art a Father-in-law. Then throws his son*
Before his feet, and then again proceeds,
By this a Grand-father. Now rigour needs (him
More then such troupes to punish. Th' Greeks with
Joyn all their reasons to appease the King.
 255 *He with his daughter's injury though press'd,*
And with the words of Thetis still poss' s'd,
And loth to break his trust, yet fears to stay
The Grecian War; and Fate's designs delay.

- His Mother now, if there, in vain might use
 260 Her power : Nor could he such a son refuse.
 Thus he was vanquish'd ; When yet full of fears
 The fair *Deidamia*, blushing still, appears ;
 She could not think her Father yet was made
 So kind, the crime upon *Achilles* laid.
- 265 The news of all to *Thessaly* he convoid,
 And to his friends and subjects sends for aid.
 The King for his new Son, two ships prepares,
 And blames his power short for such affairs.
- The day was spent in feasts ; the Lovers ty'd
 270 In Hymen's knot : The gentle night comply'd
 Now to their bold embraces. He in dreams
 Fancy's the war, *Xanthus* and *Ida's* streams.
 The Grecian ships ; whilst unto her a fright
 The thought of waves did give , or morning's
 light.
- 275 About her Lovers neck her arms she spread,
 And mingled with her tears these words she
 shed.
*Shall I e're see thee more, and thus remain ?
 May we be worth thy visit once again ?
 Will not Troy's ruine, your swel'd mind forbid*
- 280 *To think where you were like a Virgin hid ?
 Ought I to beg, or onely to have fears ?
 Should I use words, that scarce have time for tears ?
 Is this our nuptiall bed's designed right,
 To be bestow'd and ravish'd in one night ?*
- 285 *Is this free Hymen ? O thou kinder theft !
 What we have leave to love, must thus be left.*

- Go, go : I dare not ask thee to remain,
Go then ; Yet think not Theris fear'd in vain.
Go, and return again to me, but mine
290 I wish too much. Those charming eyes of thine,
will give such passion to Troy's beauteous Dames,
That they'l forget their Country's for thy flames,
Perhaps on Helena, thou'lt be inflam'd,
whose beauty by her rape is so much fam'd ;
295 whilst I shall ne're be mention'd to be thine,
Or made the subject of thy youthfull crime.
But yet, why should not I still go with thee,
And bear thine ensigne ? Thou hast born with me
The distaff, and the arms of Bacchus too ;
300 which Troy will hardly credit you did do.
Your Image though, the comfort of my breast,
Never forget ; nor yet this one request.
Let not a barbarous Love enjoy my place,
And bring to Theris an unworthy race ;
305 This said, the shaken Youth comforts her fears,
Swears her his faith, and seals it with his tears :
And promiseth she should alone enjoy
The Captives, and the wealth of ruin'd Troy.
His fruitlesse words thus strove to ease her care,
310 And his vain promise lost it self in air.

ANNOTATIONS on the IV Book of STATIUS his ACHILLEIS.

3. **P** *Aros.*] One of the Cyclades, famous for clear Marble.

s. Naxos.] Another of the Cyclades, sacred to Bacchus, who is said to have been here nourished. Here, they say, Ariadne was married to Bacchus, haply because being here forsaken by ungratefull Theseus, she here found a remedy, at least an end of her miseries. Bacchus, from his easing of cares, received the names of Liber and *Lycus*, and from his pity, of *Eleleus*, from *ἐλεος*, *Misericordia*. But this I conceive rather cometh from *ἐλαίζω*, *clamo*, and hath relation to his rites.

Samos.] An Island famous for the birth of *Pythagoras*. There be three Islands of this name: One but a little distant from the Continent of *Asia*, an Ionick Island, having a City of the same name, *Strab. lib. 14*. Here Juno lived whilst a Virgin: whence the Island was called *Parthenia*. Another, not far from the Bay of *Ambracia*. The third, in the *Ægean* sea, over against the mouth of the *Thracian* River *Hebrus*, *Plin. lib. 4*. This is here meant.

24. *Kind Tritonia.*] Pallas was ever kind to the Grecians, and the Trojans enemy. So *Ovid*,

Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.

And *Virgil Æn. 1*. saith, that among other Pictures that *Æneas* saw at *Carthage*; one was of Trojan women going to the Temple, *nun-æque Palladis*, of unjust, or ungentle, Pallas. And *Æn. 2*.

*Omnis spes Danaum, & cæpti fiducia belli,
Palladis auxiliis semper flevit.*

All the Greeks hopes and confidence which chose
Th'attempted war, from Pallas helps arose.

Her particular kindness to Diomedes Homer sheweth, *Iliad* 5. Servius in *Æn.* 2. saith, she was called *Tritonia*, *ἡ πρὸ τοῦ τριῶν*, to fear; Pallas being commonly represented terrible with her Snakes. Or else she was called so, in relation to the three concerns of Wisdom, Memory of things past, Judgment in things present, and Providence for things to come. Or she had this name from a River, as Lucan there cited,

Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab unda.

She was called *Trigemina* by the Egyptians, *Alexand. ab Alex.* l. 6. c. 4. the same perhaps with *Τριγώνος*, and *Τριγώνεια*, from *τριῶν*, which in the Cretian Language signifieth a Head.

85. *Maotis.*] A Lake of Scythia, receiving the River Tanais, with many others, and divided from the Euxine Sea by the Cimmerian Bolphorus.

86. *With Scythian and with Getan conquests.*] Scythia was divided into two parts, the European, and the Asiatick. The European from the banks of Tanais, by the shores of Maotis, and the Euxine Sea, reacheth to the mouth of Ister. The Asiatick from the opposite shore extendeth to the East, and is bounded by the Ocean on the North, and by the mountain Taurus on the South. The *Getæ* were a People of *Scythia Europæa*, called *Dacians*, as Britannicus affirmeth, and Plin. l. 4 c. 12. But Strabo lib. 7. placeth the *Getans* towards Pontus and the East, but the *Dacians* towards Germany. The *Getæ* were famous, or rather infamous, for cruelty. So Ovid,

Nulla Getis toto gens est truculentior orbe.

One of their cruell customs was, to kill the wife, that by her death they might appease the ghost of the husband, *Alex. ab Alex. lib.* 5. c. 26.

102. *Inviting them to crowned bowls.*] It was a custom observed by the Antients, especially at their Entertainments, to drink freely after their feasts, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

*Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaque remota,
Cratæas magnos statuunt, & vina coronant.*

The first Feast ended, on the tables shine
The weighty bowls, crown'd still with sparkling wine.

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At the beginning, small glasses went about, but at the end they enlarged their draughts, *Alex. ab Alex. lib. 3 cap. 21*. The Greeks had a Law, *ut biberent, aut abirent*. How Anacreon liked this custom of drinking, appeareth from this Ode of his concerning himself, *H. Stephano interprete*.

*Ut me subit Lyaus,
Tunc cura dormit omnis,
Crasumque sperno pro me.
Dulcis repente nostro
Erumpit ore cantus:
Hederâ comâsque cingens
Proculco mente cuncta.
Ad arma currat alter,
Ad pocula ipse curram.
Puer, ocyus scyphum da:
Nam praeestas ebrium me
Quam mortuum jacere.*

When powerfull Bacchus rules my breast,
Then I am from all cares releas'd:
Scorn'd *Crassus* too seems poor to me,
Whilst charming Lays take liberty
Through my melodious lips, and round
My brows with winding Ivy crown'd,
Contemning all things in my mind.
Some are for war and arms design'd;
But the crown'd bowls do fill my head:
'Tis better to lie drunck than dead.

106. *The Dolopes.*] A People on the borders of Thessalie, overcome, as it seemeth, by *Lycomedes* in a Sea-battle. See *Servius in Aen. 2. vers. 7.*

162. *Ismenian pipe*] *Ismenus* is a River of Beotia, not far from Aulis, where the Greeks made their great *Rendez-vous*. In this Country stood Thebes, where Bacchus was much worshipp'd: For which City, Statius here putteth the River *Ismenus*. A liberty frequently taken by the Poets. So *Achaia* and *Pelagias*, being but Regions of Greece, are commonly put for Greece it self. There is also a Hill of this name by Thebes, whence Apollo was called *Ismenius*. *Plutarch in Pericle* speaketh of a Trumpeter of this name, of whom *Antisthenes*, *Si probus esset, tibicen non esset*.

163. *Rhea's*

163. *Rhea's Brasse*. J. Rhea was held the mother of the gods; Who had divers other names set down by Alexander ab Alexandro lib. 6. c. 4. She was Saturn's wife, and taken for the Earth: The reason whereof see on Book III. vers. 220. Alexander ab Alex. lib. 3. c. 12. saith, A Sow, which was called *Præcidanea*, was offered to Ceres, or Rhea, because (as some conceive) a Sow, being a fruitfull creature, was thought a fit Present for the Earth, which was understood by Ceres. But I rather chuse the reason of Servius in Georg. 2. where he observeth, that the sacrifices to the gods were all performed, either by similitudes or contrarieties: By Similitude, as a black Beast to Pluto: By Contraries, as a Sow to Ceres, because an enemy to Fruits; a Goat to Bacchus, because an enemy to Vines. This Agellius l. 4. c. 6. seems to confirm, where explaining the word *Præcidanea*, he addeth, *Porca etiam Præcidanea appellata, quam piaculi gratia ante fruges novas captas immolari Cereri mos fuit*; that is, *A Sow was called Præcidanea, or a preceding sacrifice, by reason that it was a custom to offer one to Ceres before harvest*. Rhea was commonly represented with Towers upon her head, and drawn by Lions. And hereby the Earth is signified. Which Macrobius Saturn. l. 1. c. 21. affirming, addeth also, *Hæc dea Leonibus vehitur, validis impetu atque fervore animalibus. Quæ natura Cæli est, cujus ambitu Aer continetur, qui vehit terram*; that is, *This goddesse is drawn by Lions, creatures of great strength force and fervour: Which is the nature of the Heaven, in whose compass the Aire is contained, which carrieth the Earth*. On which words Pontanus citeth these Verses of Lucretius;

*Hanc veteres Græciæ docti cecinere Poetæ
Sublimem in curru bijuges agitare Leones,
Aeris in spatio magnam pendere docentes
Tellurem; neque posse in terra sistere terram.*

The learn'd and ancient Grecian Poets sung,
This goddesse was by Lions drawn along;
Teaching that round the resting Earth is laid
In Aire: for Earth by Earth could not be staid.

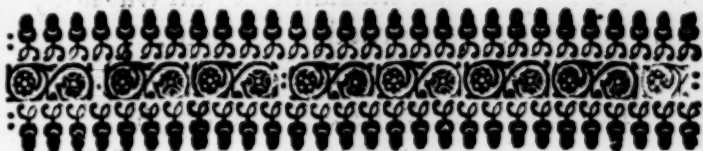
A Philosophy contrary to that which is now received. This goddesse's Priests were called *Galli*, from Gallus, a River of Phrygia; and *Corybantes*, which some derive from *κορυβαν*, which signifieth to rattle the head in any violent motion: Which frantick action they used in their mad ceremonies. But Turnebus Advers. lib. 13. c. 24. understandeth

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derstandeth the word otherwise. Their rites set down by Clemens Alexandrinus *Protrept.* and repeated by Eusebius, *de Prepar. Evang.* l. 2. c. 3. little differed from those of Bacchus, altered only by the fancy and interest of severall people. And all the worship that we read to have been performed to severall gods, was no other, than that which from the beginning of the world was taught by Dæmons.

175. *Afflicted Thebes saw Pentheus.*] Pentheus was killed by his zelous mother *Agave*, and other frantick women, for contemning their *Bacchanalia*. Natalis Comes, *lib. 5. cap. 13.* thinketh Pentheus was some just and temperate Prince, who striving to suppress those rude ceremonies, was murdered by his displeased subjects.

The



The Fifth BOOK.

The Argument.

*For fatall Troy Æacides now goes :
And as they sail, he from Ulysses knows
The wars originall; which having known,
Desir'd, he payes the story with his own.*



- ight's shadowes now began to flye a-
way,
When from the waves, the Ruler of
the day
Began to spread the promises of light,
Yet injur'd by the struggling shades of night.
5 When now Æacides, (his soft robes scorn'd)
Appears in his first courted arms adorn'd.
For now the winds invited. Now no more
Durst they remember how he liv'd before.
So chang'd, as if he were not now the same
10 That liv'd in Scyros, but from Pelion came.
Then, as they us'd, Ulysses did advise
To offer to the Ocean Deities.

To

To Neptune on the flames a bull was laid,
 To *Thetis* an adorned heifer paid.

- 15 *Achilles* having then the entrails flung
 Into the briny waves, he thus begun,
*I have obey'd thee, Mother, though 't was such
 A hard command; I have obey'd too much.
 Now with the Greeks, I go fam'd Troy to find,*

- 20 This said, into a snip he leapt. The wind
 Drove them from shore : the clouds still thicker
 grew,

And *Scyros* lessen'd to their hindred view.
 The whilst *Deidamia* on a Tower appears,
 Accompany'd with her sad Sisters tears,

- 25 Holding young *Pyrrhus*. Still the waves she
 view'd,

And that which bore him with fond eyes pur-
 su'd.

He too his looks sends to th' affected walls
 And widow'd house ; then with a sigh recalls
 What he had left : His fire burns again,

- 30 And his great thoughts give way unto his
 flame.

Ulysses guess'd his passion by his grief,
 And sought by this diversion his relief ;
*Wert thou, (to whom the fate of Troy is due,
 Whom Oracles and Grecians call for too*

- 35 *And war within the open threshold stay'd)*
*Deas'd by thy crafty Mother like a maid ?
 Could she be self to all be so unjust,
 To act such thefts, and yet expect a trust ?*

Her

*Her fears were much too great in all she did,
40 Should so much virtue in a shade be hid.
which at the Trumpet's summons, freed thy breast
From thought of friends, and thy lov'd flames sup-
press'd?*

*Nor is this glory to our selves assign'd,
To bring thee now: It was above design'd.
45 Æacides reply'd, Too long 't would be
To tell my Mothers crimes. This sword for me,
And my disguise shall at a handsome rate,
Plead an excuse, though 't were the guilt of Fate.
You rather, whilst soft Zephyrus conspires
50 With the smooth Ocean calm'd to our desires,
Relate, why Greece thus for revenge prepares,
That my resent may be as just as theirs.*

*Slie Ithacus repli'd, If that we may
Give credit to the tales of Fame, they say;
55 Once on th' Hættorean shore, three goodly fair
Dissenting Goddesses had equall care.
For their disputed beauties: And all three
Agree'd the Trojan Swain, their Judge should
be.*

*Sowre Pallas pleas'd not his deciding eyes,
60 Nor the immortal Mistresse of the skies:
Onely fair Venus looks his mind inclin'd,
This strife arose when first the Gods design'd
Peleus for Thetis, and their happy seed,
Thy glorious self, was for our aid decreed.
65 The vanquish'd Goddesses hid passion fires:
The Judge his fatall recompense requires;*

Straight

- Straight sees in Sparta his admired Love ;
Then fells the holy shades, and Cybele's grove
Falls on the earth, and the forbidden Pine,
70 Though sacred, must assist his foul design.
His ships, now built, do through the Ocean passe
To the Achaian shore. His crime, alas !
The injury on potent Europe leaves,
which first the stained marriage-bed receives
75 Of Menelaus, when he his ravish'd joy,
Helen, with captive Argos bears to Troy.
The news through every City Rumour flung,
And to their arms the willing Grecians throng.
For who can bear at so unjust a rate,
80 Stains on a marriage-bed, with such deceit ?
Plunder of grain, or cattell, cause affords
To men of valour, to employ their swords.
Agenor brook'd not such a rape, when Jove
Had through the waves born his affected Love ;
85 But sought Europa, when the fact was done,
Scorning the God of Thunder for his son.
Æetes so follow'd his child's escape,
Though Semi-gods were guilty of the rape ;
Yet he pursu'd the ravishers with war,
90 And that fam'd ship, in Heaven now a Star.
Shall we endure these Phrygians, but half-men
Seeking upon our shores their plunders then ?
Are we grown bankrupt and unarmed thus ?
Or will the waves be lesser friends to us ?
95 What now, if from the Scyrian shores should flie
Unto thine ears, thy lov'd Deidamia's cry,*

Ravish'd

Ravish'd by some, and calling on thy name ?
 With that unto his sword his fingers came,
 And 's face with angry blushes grew inflam'd,
 100 *Ulysses* then in silence pleas'd remain'd.

Then *Dicmede* succeeding him begun,
Thou worthy Issue from a Godhead sprung,
Tell thy admiring friends, from thy first age,
what practice did thy youthfull thoughts engage ;

105 *The wayes to virtue taught by Chiron too,*
And how thy limbs and mind enlarged grew.
Let this requite our seeking Scyros shores,
Through tedious waves, and plying of the Oars :
You need not be asham'd to tell your deeds.

110 At this he blushing, as compell'd, proceeds ;
when Chiron first receiv'd me to his care,
The food which to my tender years he gave,
I've heard was much unus'd. For from the breast
My hunger with soft milk was ne're suppress'd,
 115 *But with firm flesh of Lions ; and I suck'd*
The marrow from wild Beasts yet-dying pluck'd.
This was my first cheer : Chiron bred me so,
Till time with larger strides taught me to go.

He led me then to th' Woods, without amaze,
 120 *Teaching mine eyes upon wild beasts to gaze,*
And not to fear the noise which billows made
On Rocks, nor th' horrid silence of a shade.
I now a quiver got, and with a spear
To arm my youthfull hand was all my care.

125 *As unconcern'd, I suffer'd the ex'treams,*
Of binding cold and Sol's reflecting beams.

- My tired limbs, as if bed never press'd :
I with my Master on a stone took rest.
When now almost to twice six years I came,
110 He taught me to pursue the swiftest game.
And the fierce Lapithæ ; and when I threw
My darts, to overtake them. Sometimes too,
Chiron would follow me through fields and plains,
Till age deni'd ; and tired with my pains,
125 Would lay me on his neck. He made me bold
To passe the frozen Rivers bound with cold.
These were my youthfull sports. Why should I need
To tell my warres, i' th' woods from roars now freed ?
He taught me, not to hunt those beasts whose fear
140 Urg'd their swift flight, the Lynx, and fallow Deer ;
But force the Bear to her affrighting roars,
The cruell Tigres, and the scining Boars.
Or from the mountains fetch the Lions young ;
Whilst in his cave he lock'd to see me come
145 Bloody ; Nor took me in his arms before
He saw my spear colour'd with blushing gore.
And now my Age, and Chiron, did designe
My arms for nobler wars. All discipline
Of Mars I us'd. I practis'd how to throw
150 The Macedonian pile : I learnt to know
The use, as Sauromatians do, of spears ;
Or Getais, of their crooked semitars :
And how the fam'd Gelonians use the bow,
And how the Balearian slingers throw,
155 With so unerring aims the circling slings,
Which wound as sure and oft as motion slings.*

- I scarce remember all. I learn'd the art
To leap vast dikes, whose banks were far apart ;
And the high tops of airy hills to gain,
160 To get me breath and swiftnesse for the plain.
Then, the true image of a fight to yield,
He made me take huge milstones on my shield;
To enter burning hovells, and with force
And speed, to stay swift Horses in their course.
165 Once I remember, how dissolved snow,
And constant showres had swel'd Sperchios so,
That with its furious stream it drove a throng
Of torn-up Trees, and rowling stones along :
Then where the waves, the horrid'st force express'd,
170 He bad me to oppose my youthfull breast,
And stop the swelling billows as they run ;
which he with all his feet could scarce have done.
Nor could th' impetuous stream a conquest gain,
whilst Chiron threatned, urging still my shame.
175 Thus glory I attain'd by his command,
who still a witnesse of my toils did stand.
To fight with arm'd fists, and th' Oebalian stone
To throw and wrestle with oil'd limbs, alone
were sports, nor seem'd more toils then when
180 I took my harp, and sung of famous men.
He taught me too , which herbs for health were
good,
And which would stop effusion of much blood.
which would close wounds , and which procure kind
rest,
How gangrain'd parts to sever from the rest.*

- 185 *What ulcers herbs would cure. He also taught
Still to make Justice guide of every thought.
Thus the Thessalians he made happy still,
And thus he wrought his Centaurs to his will.
Y^e have heard, my friends, those acts that did employ*
190 *My early years : These I recount with joy.
The rest my Mother knows. Thus he gave o're
His tale, and came unto the Trojan shore.*
-
-

ANNOTATIONS on the 5th Book
of STATIUS *his* ACHILLEIS.

13. **A** Bull.] This was the usuall sacrifice to Neptune. Yet Ovid, *Metam.* 4: when Andromeda was freed, saith, A Bull was offered to Jupiter. And Silius Italicus, *lib.* 15.

————— *cadit ardua Taurus*
Victima, Neptuno pariter, pariterque Tonanti.

And Virgil, *Æn.* 3.

Calicolûm Regi massabam in littore Taurum.

————— upon the shore
To Heaven's King a Bull I flew ———

On which place Servius saith, that *Æneas* did this contrary to reason, in relation to the event, a Bull being the sacrifice of Neptune, resembling the roughnesse of the waves, and the nature of Neptune, and other Sea-gods, as ungentle as the waves that bred them: as Agellius *l.* 15. c. 2. *Ferocissimos & immanes & alienos ab omni humanitate Neptuni filios dixerunt*; that is, Neptune's sons were said to be most fierce and ungentle, and Strangers to all humanity. See Macrobius, *l.* 3. c. 10.

15, 16. Having then the entralls flung Into the briny waves] This manner of throwing the entralls into the Sea, when sacrifice was performed to the Sea-gods, Virgil setteth down, *Æn.* 5.

*Dii quibus imperium pelagi, quorum aquora curro,
Vobis latus ego hâc: candelentem in littore taurum.
Constituam ante aras voti reus, extaque salsos
Porriciam in fluctus.*

You

You gods whose empire in the Ocean lies,
 Over whose waves I sail; this sacrifice,
 A snowy Bull as due to you, I pay,
 And in the briny waves the entralls lay.

For in all sacrifices, the entralls were a chief part of the dedication; as Juvenal, Sat. 10.

*Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasque sacellis
 Extæ, & candiduli divina tomacula porci.*

That thou maist something wish, and at the shrine
 Offer the sacred entralls of white Swine.

This ceremony of throwing the entralls into the Sea, was, because Neptune, to whom the sacrifice was offered, there reigned. Suetonius in Augustus hath these words, *Nunciata repente hostis incursione, semicruda exta rapta foco profecuit: atque ita prælum ingressus, victor rediit*; that is, Hearing of the incursion of the enemy, he cut off the entralls half raw, snatched from the fire; and so going out to Battle he returned victorious. On which words, Salmalius, *Partem extorum profecandam & Diis porriciendam ara super-imponebant, & diis adolebant*; They laid that part of the entralls on the Altar that was to be cut off, and sacrificed it to the gods. *Reliquam partem vescebantur qui sacrificio intererant*, The rest was eaten by such as were present at the sacrifice. All the actions about the entralls, looking into them and examining them, laying them on the Altar, eating what is to be eaten, Arrianus compriseth under this one Verb, *σπλαγχνισσαςθαι*. This custom, among others, which in the Notes I have given short hints of, was taken up by the Heathen in imitation of the true God's worship; as will appear from Levit. 1. 9, 13. *The inwards and the legs shall be wash in water, and the Priest shall burn all on the Altar*. Of the Priests eating part of the sacrifice, see Levit. 23, 10. and 6, 26 Ecclesi 7. 31. Likewise the baked and broiled meats were the Priests, Lev. 7. 9. Here imitated by the word *semicruda*. And we read but of few ceremonies

Book V. Statius *his* Achilleis. 279

ceremonies among the ancient Gentiles, that had not such a beginning.

35. *War within the open threshold staid.*] The Poet meaneth the Temple of Janus, which in Peace was ever shut, and open in War. From Janus the gates of any private house were called *Januæ*. The gates of Janus were shut but twice before the time of Augustus. *Janum Quirinum semel atque iterum à condita Urbe memoriam ante suam clausum, in multo brevioris temporis spatio, tertâ marique pace partâ, ter clusit*, saith Suetonius, in *Augusto*, c. 22. That is, The Temple of Janus, from the beginning of the City, was but twice shut before the reign of Augustus; but in his reign, in a much lesser space, he being at peace with all the world, it was thrice shut. The first time it was shut was in the reign of Numa Pompilius; The second, when T. Manlius Torquatus, and Attilius Balbus were Consuls: but it was opened again (as many say) the same year, and so continued till Augustus. Perhaps Rome's not enjoying peace was not the least cause of its prosperity. For in troublous times, mens endeavours commonly are united for the publick safety, but pursue private interests in times of peace and idleness; so hard it is to make true advantage of God's greatest blessings. Augustus first shut Janus his Temple, *Anno ab U. C. DXXV.* after the overthrow of Antonie; Himself the fifth time, and Sexrus Apuleius being Consuls. Four years after he shut it the second time, M. Junius Silanus being Consul with him. The third time he shut it was about the time of our Saviour *CHRIST*, the Prince of peace. The next time we read of its being shut, was, when Nero, and Valerius Messala, were Consuls, *Anno U. C. DCCCXI.* which Tacitus and Orosius reckon not, because Nero shut it upon no just grounds. So Suetonius in his life, *Janum geminum clausit tam nullo quam residuo bello*; which Faernus readeth, *Tanquam nullo residuo bello*: that is, *He shut the Temple of Janus, as if there were no signes of war remaining*. The seventh time it was shut (or, more truly, the sixth time) was, *Anno U. C. DCCCXXIV.* Vespasian and Nerva being Consuls. After this time, Historians say nothing concerning the gates of this Temple. Yet Capitolinus in *Gordiano Juniore*, affirmeth, that the custom still remained. Alexander ab Alexandro *lib. 1. c. 14.* conceiveth the reason, why Janus his

Temple was the testimony of peace and war, was, his being the Pr sident of the revolutions of times; so his Statue intimated, having on its hands the number of the days of the year figured. As he was figured with two faces, so he had also two gates, one toward the East, the other toward the West. These Macrobius, *Saturn. l. i. c. 9.* useth for arguments, to prove Janus the same with the Sun, according to his designe. But I rather judge this arose from Saturn, (by vvhom Time vvas meant) his being perhaps all one vvith Janus. But Macrobius *cap. 7.* believeth, Janus's tyvo faces related to the prudence and care of a Prince, who looketh both on what is past, and also on what is to come. Janus made Saturn partner with him in the Kingdom, for the benefit he received from his instructions about Hu bandry: And after his death, in honour of him, and in memory of the ship which brought him to Italy, he caused the figure of a ship to be stamped on one side of his Coine, which on the other had his own Image. Hence came the Game, *cum pueri denarios in sublimi jactantes*, CAPITA AUT NAVIA, *lusu teste venustatis, exclamant*; which in our days still remaineth, being now called Crosse or Rile. *Cap. 9* he telleth this originall story of the opening of Janus's gates in War; *When the War of the Sabines was in favour of their ravished Virgins, the Romans basted to shut the gate at the foot of the Hill Viminalis, (which from the event was after called Ianualis) by reason the enemy was rushing in that way. After it was shut, it straight opened again of its own accord. Which having hapned twice or thrice, they stood to defend it with Souldiers, because they could not shut it: when suddainly there came a report, that on another side of the City the Romans were beaven by Tatius: At which, the Romans that defended this gate, affrighted fled. And when the Sabines were breaking-in, it is said, that from the Temple of Janus a violent torrent of hot water issued, and overthrew the pressing enemy. For this cause, in war the gates were always set open, as it were in expectation of such help, and as representing the god himself going out to their assistance. And this no doubt proved very advantageous, for the encouragement of the common people, who are apt enough to believe any, that tell them of a god's going out with them. To this purpose also, Servius relateth the story, in *Æn. 1.* and saith, the reason of Janus his being figured with two faces, was the confederacy of the*

two Princes, *Romulus* and *Tatius*. The best reason he giveth, as he thinketh himself, is, *That those that go to war wish to return*. But certainly he is unjust to himself, having before said, *vel quod ad bellum iuri desunt de pace cogitare*, that is, or because that those that are going to war ought to have their thoughts on peace

55. *Hefforean shore*.] That is, *Trojane*.

58 *The Trojan Swain*.] Paris, so called, from his having been bred up among the shepherds. See *Annot. on Book 1 v. 33*.

62 *So rose the strife*, &c.] For they fell out, when they were at the marriage of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, about a golden Apple cast among them by *Discord*.

73. *Europe*] is here put for *Greece*.

83. *When love*, &c.] Love ravished *Europa* in the shape of a Bull. See *Ovid Metam. lib. 2*.

87 *Aetes*.] The father of *Medea*, who pursued the Argonauts that carried her away in the Ship *Argo*, which was after made a Constellation.

150. *The Macedonian Pile*] See on *Book 2. v. 6*.

151 *Sauromattians*,] a people of *Scythia*, commonly called *Tartars*.

152. *Getans*.] See on *Book 4. v. 86*

15. *Gelonians*,] a people also of *Scythia*, so called from *Gelonus* the son of *Hercules*. They are now comprehended under the name of *Tartars*. They were wont to paint and discolour their faces, that they might appear the more terrible in Battle. Hence *Virgil* calleth them *Pilos Gelonos*, *Geor. 2*. They were famous Archers: Hence *Horace*, *lib. 3. od. 4*. calleth them *pharetratos Gelonos*: And *Virgil Aen. 8. Sagittiferos Gelonos*. They used, as the *Massagetans*, to drink Horses blood mingled with milk.

154. *Balearian Slingers*.] The *Baleares* are two Islands belonging to *Spain*, commonly called *Majorica* and *Minorica*. Some hold, they received their name from *Baleus*, a companion of *Hercules*, there left by him. But rather they were so called *α-ρε-λα-ειν*, from *Slinging*: For the inhabitants were very skillfull in the use of the sling, and bred their children to it. When their children were hungry, they laid their victuals on a high beam, and they were to strike it off with a sling before they had it, *Flor. l. 3. c. 8*. and *Alex. ab Alex. lib. 2. c. 25*.

The

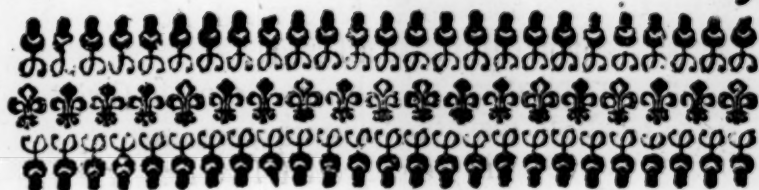
The Greeks formerly called them *Gymnestsians*, from their custom of going naked.

177. *To fight with armed fists.*] See on Book I. v. 219.

Oebalian quoits.] This was a weight with a ring in it, which they used to throw. At this Exercise Apollo killed his beloved Hyacinthus. See *Alexand. ab Alex. lib. 3. cap. 21.*

178. *And wrestle with oil'd limbs.*] I have shewed above, why places of Exercises are called *Gymnasia*. Those that wrestled were naked, and had their limbs annointed. Thucydides, *lib. 1.* saith, The Lacedæmonians first instituted Wrestling naked, with oyled limbs: but he there affirmeth, that the more ancient custom was to wear Breeches. This exercise was in such esteem, that one that was excellent in it was valued as much as the bravest Souldier, *Alex. ab Alex. l. 2. c. 25.* For which reputation's sake, they used assiduous practise before they came to the place: And then, as Clemens Alexandrinus *lib. 7.*

Strom. relateth, looking on the Statue of Iupiter, they made this prayer to him, *If all things. O Iupiter, are rightly performed by me for the Combat, give me the deserved Victory.*



A

P A N E G Y R I C K

to Generall MONCK.

'T Is not your pow'r, that has inspir'd my muse,
T'were mean to praise that which you scorn
to use.

'Tis that above the reach of pow'r in you
I praise, Victorious over Conquest too.

Yet you more truly glorious will appear,
To dispose Scepters, than you could to wear.
For ravish't Crowns are still another's due,
But thus bestow'd, they are all ow'd to you.
How much your Debtour is our Nation grown,
People their freedom owe, the Prince his Throne.
Brought from his barbarous exile to be Crown'd,
And practice mercy that he never found.

So when the * Trojan Prince was a'most
lost

In Storms, among ungentle billows to'n,
Displeased *Neptune* from the surges rose;

And storms of frowns among the tempests throws.

* *Aeneas* so
described
by Virg.
lib. 1.

At

At which the waves no longer durst aspire,
But to obedient calmness all retire.

At your approach, phanatique storms so shrink,
And factious waves to seeming quiet sink.

That * Wave which to the vastest swelling
rose, { * Lam-
bert.

Found destiny in attempting to oppose.
Under your weight and principles they sunk,
And his unto your brighter Genius shrunk.

So common fires seem to be undone

At the victorious shining of the Sun.

He too that hated King's, just fate designs
Should stoop to one sprung from a Prince's loins.
Yet little does your birth share with your deeds,
Your Godlike acts, your Princely race exceeds.
Whilst you despise those long prevailing charms
Of pow'r, ready with its open arms.

So holy men, in heavenly firmness staid,

Refus'd those honors others would have paid ;

T'was such a Temper only could have brought,
That which we strongly hop'd, and weakly sought.
Such conquests as to mighty minds are due,
Sought your embraces ; whilst alone for you
So clearly victory it self declar'd,

That neither common sword, nor fortune shar'd.

Whilst we amaz'd your perfect conquest find,
Wrought only by your conduct and your mind.

Their pow'r and fates that you before you saw,
Did not excite your thoughts, nor could they awe :

You

You took no measure from their fates or them,
Whilst pow'r and danger you alike contemn;
For their ambitions were not your designs,
You did not fear their fates, but fear'd their crimes.

Yet by degrees you mov'd, as after Night
The Sun begins to shew the World its light.
At whose approach, darknesse its place resignes,
And though it seems to move not, yet it shines.

So softly you began to spread your beams,
Through all our factions dark in all extreame.
And though at first, you scarce a motion show'd,
Yet early glory from your actions flow'd.
May you still shine, as now at your full height,
Till you to greater glory passe through fate.

You that a KING a Scepter gave to sway,
And taught rebellious Subjects to obey;

FINIS.
